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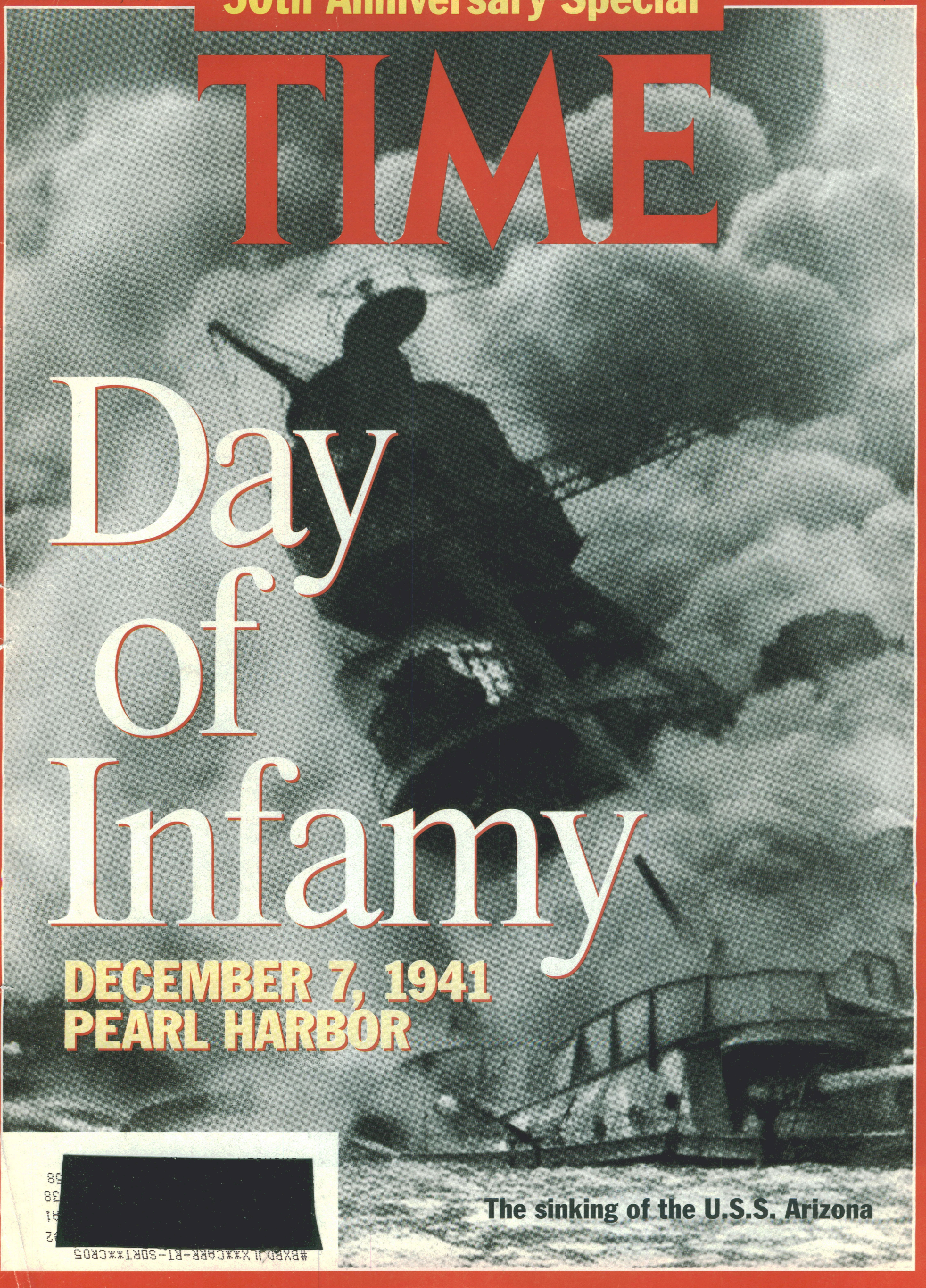

Day of Infamy

DECEMBER 7, 1941
PEARL HARBOR

The sinking of the U.S.S. Arizona

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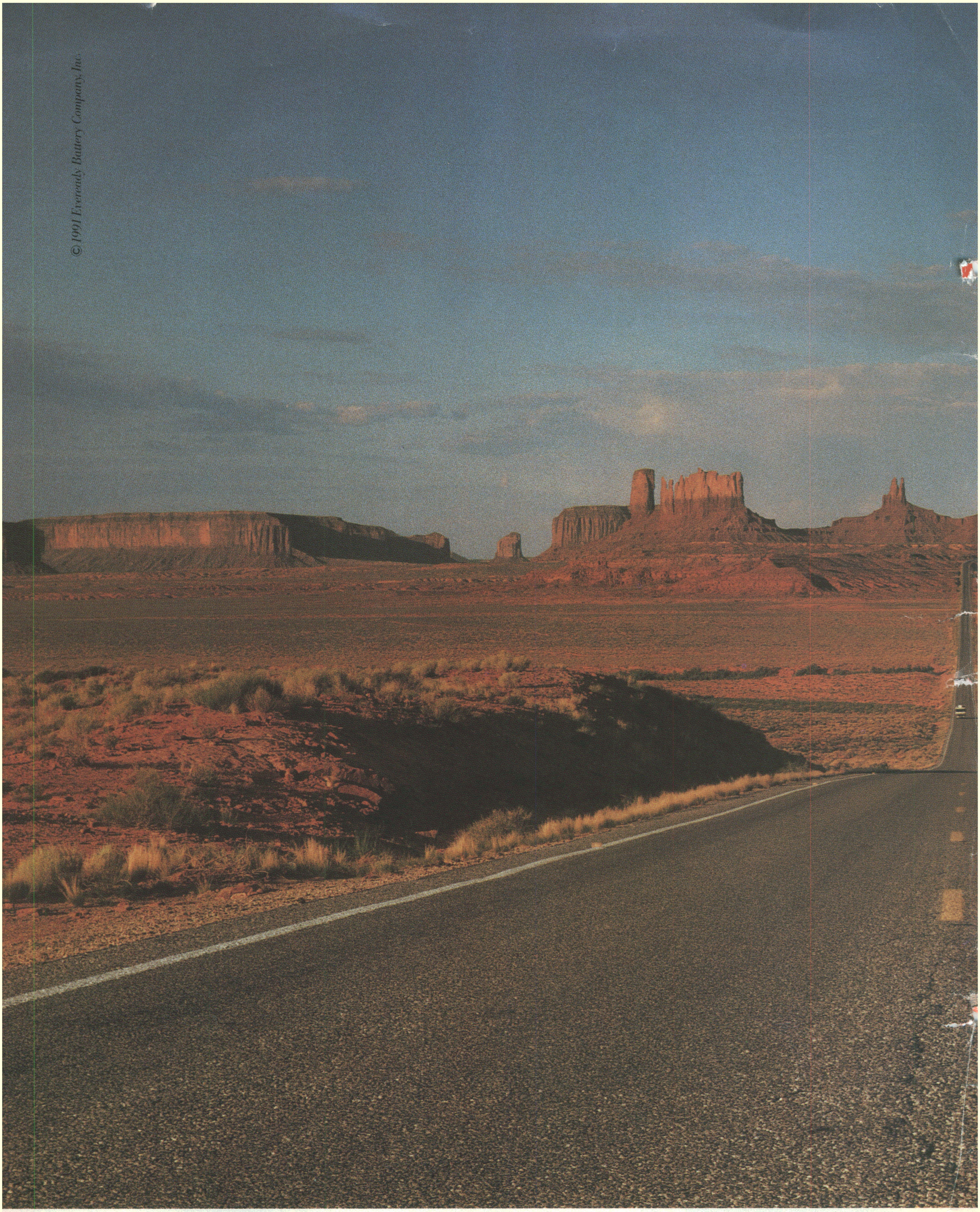

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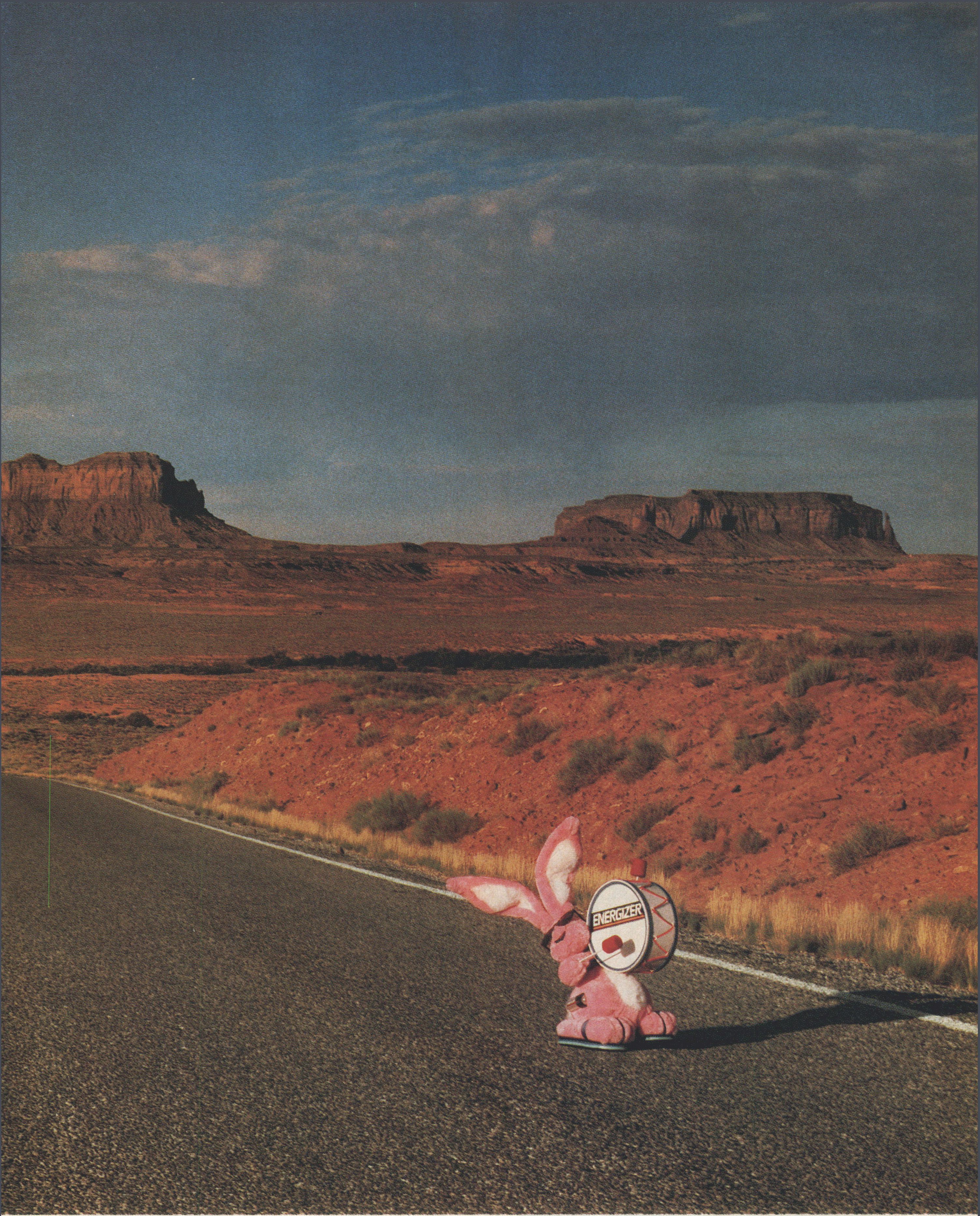

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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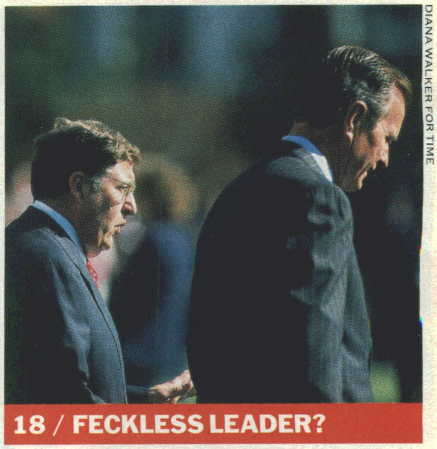

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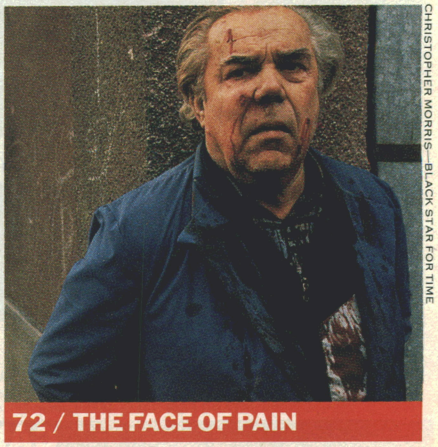

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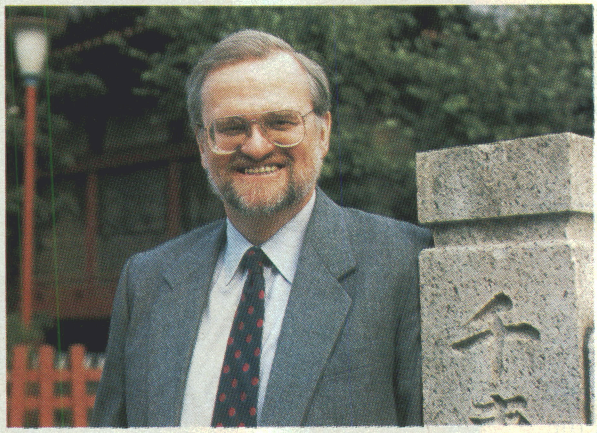
FROM THE PUBLISHER



CAROLINE PARSONS—ARIA FOR TIME

Peeling away the layers: Barry Hillenbrand in Tokyo

Our Tokyo bureau chief, Barry Hillenbrand, has come to think of the Japanese as remarkably focused on the present and the future, in contrast to Americans' fascination with their history. So it struck him as unusual when the mayor of Hiroshima, in a speech last August on the anniversary of the atomic devastation of his city, apologized for Japan's aggression during World War II. The mayor's openness prompted Barry to take a closer look at Japan's attitudes toward the war and the West.

Hillenbrand requested an interview with former Finance Minister Kiichi Miyazawa to discuss his wartime experiences, and they made a date for early October. Meanwhile, politics intervened, and two hours before the meeting Miyazawa suddenly found himself the front runner to be Japan's next Prime Minister. A surprised Hillenbrand and reporter Hiroko Tashiro were whisked past envious battalions of Japanese journalists for their appointment with the future Premier. For 40 minutes Miyazawa sipped a fruit drink and recounted his days as a young bureaucrat visiting newly conquered nations in the early 1940s. "There are Japanese who are eager to talk about the war," says Hillenbrand. "But Japan is like an onion, and just as you peel one layer, there is another to strip away. It's a constant struggle not to stop and settle for the usual view." The result of Barry's reporting is a story, written with senior writer James Walsh, that accompanies this week's account of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

"All of the elements in the way the world is organized today derive from World War II."

TIME's master historian, senior writer Otto Friedrich, tried in a different way to retrieve truths from the past in this week's account of the attack. He was assisted by history lover Anne Hopkins, who has worked closely with Otto on a number of special projects, including the 40th-anniversary report on D-day that we published in 1984. "All of the elements in the way the world is organized today derive from World War II," says Friedrich. "It's part of our lives, and we need to go back and examine and explain it." Friedrich has come to believe that the different ways in which Americans and Japanese remember the war affect their views of each other today. Our stories this week, in a unique pairing, explore that linkage between history and current events.

Elizabeth P. Valk

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LETTERS

SOMEBODY'S WATCHING

"What's so terrible about everybody knowing everybody else's business once again?"

Cyril H. Nute
Avalon, Calif.

BCCI SCANDAL: Why Is Washington Stalling?
TIME
Somebody's Watching
How business, government and even the folks next door are tracking your secrets

Your report "Nowhere to Hide" on how privacy is at risk in the U.S. was enlightening and intimidating [NATION, Nov. 11]. Maybe one day the firms that amass data will be able to estimate how often one goes to the bathroom by calculating how many rolls of toilet paper people buy each month. I think the whole information-collection process has gone too far.

Christi Gardner
Houston

So what's new about credit reports other than the use of high-tech gadgets to compile them? Thirty-five years ago, as an inspector for one of the credit-bureau compani~~es~~ you mentioned, I saw the report on one unfortunate soul who had applied for life insurance and was rejected because of "morals." The report said young John Doe was cheating on his wife and recounted in some detail a sexual escapade in a haystack. Whenever my colleagues wanted a laugh, they ferreted out poor Doe's file. I wonder if he ever got this account erased from his credit history.

Murray Findley
Las Vegas

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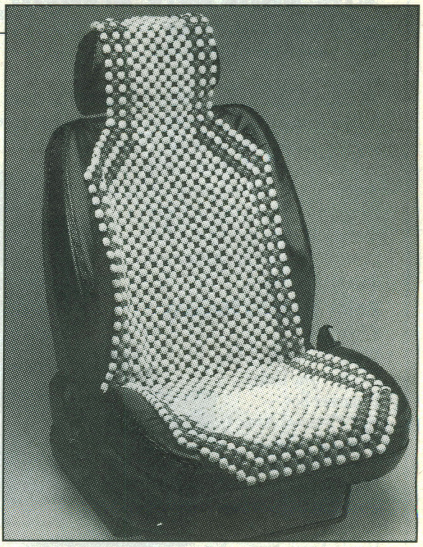

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LETTERS

The Founding Fathers may have had good reason for not including privacy in the Bill of Rights. Back then, the U.S. was largely composed of small towns, where everybody knew everybody else's business, and only a Peeping Tom had to fear censure. The country has since grown enormously, but technology has brought us back to Square 1, in the sense that it is possible to know everything that is going on. But what's so terrible about everybody knowing everybody else's business once again?

Cyril H. Nute
Avalon, Calif.

Many consumers, myself included, feel victimized by the invasion of privacy that produces revenue for credit bureaus. When a stranger grants access to facts about me and my finances without my written authorization, it is a violation. The credit companies should provide me with a minimum of one free copy of my credit report every year and should notify me when someone checks my credit record without my authorization. I've known of situations where a family member or even a prospective boyfriend has checked someone's credit report out of curiosity. The credit bureaus are playing a corporate game with the consumers as powerless pawns.

Ann Reeves
Baltimore

Although my father died last year in a distant state, I have been inundated with correspondence addressed to him at my house. This mail, which welcomes him to this city, where he never lived, includes offers to sell him many goods and services and comes just about every day. It is very painful for me to have to deal with it. How did his name and my address get on so many mailing lists? So that I could handle his affairs, I gave a change-of-address card to his local post office and no one else. Is this branch of our government also involved in violating our privacy by selling lists of names and addresses?

Macalyne Fristoe
Lafayette, Ind.

The only list I would like to be on is one where companies can find out how often I hang up on telephone solicitors and stop calling me.

Diane Groth
Syracuse

In the past few years, I have noticed the persistent request for my telephone number whenever I buy an article by credit card or cash. The latest reason I got was that the number was needed "to obtain your address so we can mail you a circular." I've found the best way to put a stop to these snoopers is to say I don't have a phone—or a home—even if I have just spent $300.

Peter Virgo
Derby, Conn.

What about unscrupulous employees, those who are in a position to see confidential information and misuse that trust? I know of someone who works in a very sensitive area and continuously gives friends and acquaintances confidential information. Who watches these guys?

Lawrence H. Greenstein
New York City

In Search of Peace

I think the Israeli government is inept, but I certainly did not trust the Arabs across the negotiating table in Madrid [WORLD, Nov. 11]. Bush, Baker and Gorbachev want to slap any old settlement on the Middle Eastern countries and turn to other things. The Palestinians and we Israelis will be left like a pot of *haminados* stew simmering on a low flame. Sooner or later, the beans are going to burn.

Jonathan Misheiker
Jerusalem

You say that during the Madrid talks, Israel's Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir "blew it, big" when he failed to change his stance of vowing "never to give up an inch of territory." According to whom did the Israelis blow it, and by what stick was this assessment measured: ethical, moral, social, historical, political? This oversimplification fails to take into account the fact that perhaps Israel has its own valid priorities (recognition of the state of Israel and its right to exist *before* territorial compromise can be brought to the table).

Andrew K. Kantar
Trondheim, Norway

Getting Arab, Palestinian and Israeli delegates into one room to talk, even indirectly, is an accomplishment. All parties, for different reasons, are interested in peace. But not everyone seems to realize that the 1979 Camp David agreement tac- tly set parameters for future transactions, primarily that the word land in U.N. Reso- ution 242 be construed to mean all occupied land. With his knowledge of the area and of Middle Eastern pride, Shamir should not expect any Arab government to accept anything less in return for peace han what Egypt's Anwar Sadat obtained rom another Israeli leader a decade ago.

Tony Hadaya
Geneva

Of all the monumental challenges the sraelis are facing on the road to peace, one issue stands out: the "open-ended" Zionist ideology that seems to have inspired Shamir's speech in Madrid. History has aught us about the incredibly successful ole of Zionism in setting the goals and motivations that led to the creation of the ewish state in 1948, but, on the other and, today's realities are proof of its fail- re to provide Israel with blueprints for

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Air bags, Hugo Mellander believes, are giving people a false sense of security.

Mellander is head safety engineer for Volvo in Sweden.

"I don't think people realize an air bag is designed to work in conjunction with a seat belt and only in frontal impacts," says Mellander, "furthermore, frontal impacts account for only 36% of all accidents."

How will a car react the other 64% of the time? In side impacts (20% of all accidents)? In rear end collisions (7%)? Rollovers (12%)? Multiple impacts (17%)?

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Volvo began putting a steel reinforced passenger cage into all their cars not last year, or five years ago, but three decades ago.

"The increased focus on safety by the car industry and the public pleases us," says Mellander.

"Now that people have their eyes open to the importance of safety," he adds, "they should understand the differences between how car companies approach safety."

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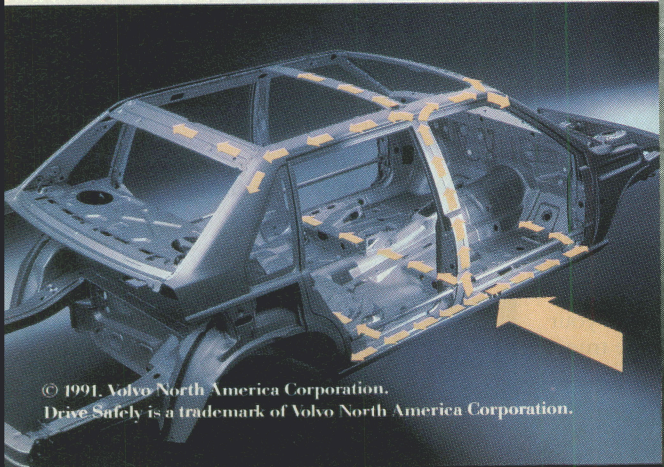

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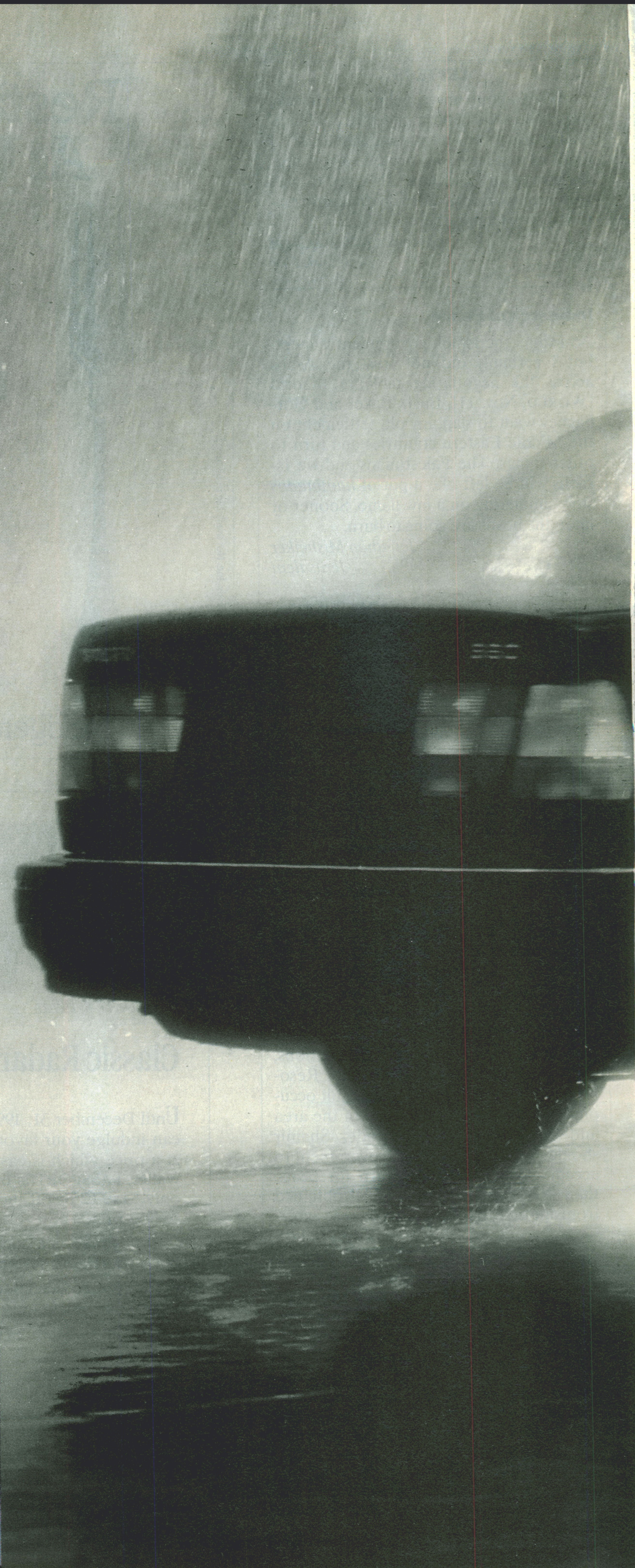

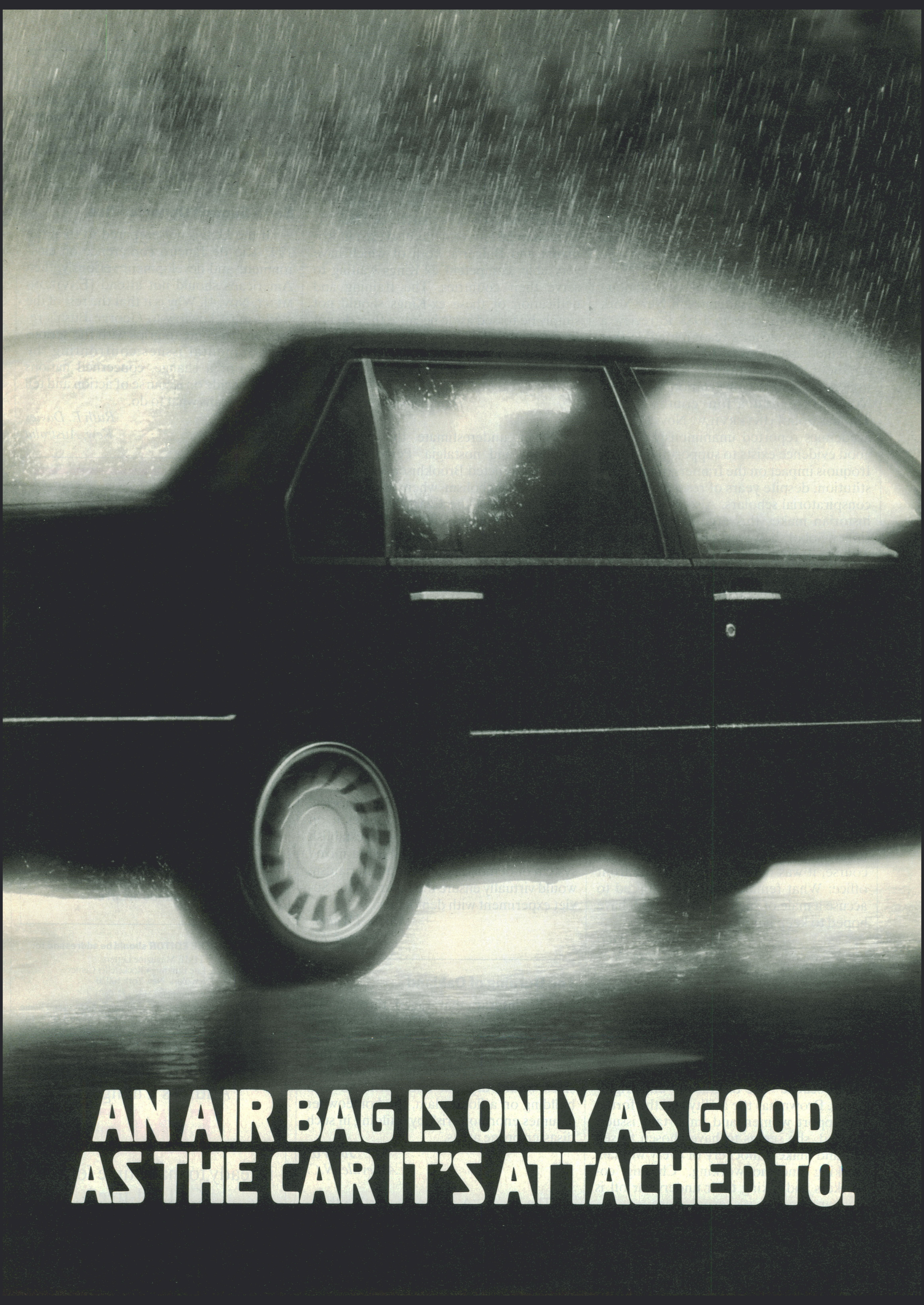
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peace. The demonstrations in Israel may indicate that new values are emerging within Israeli society.

Perhaps the next elections will give the Israelis a chance to elect a leadership capable of negotiating pragmatic solutions in order to give peace a chance.

Magda H. Seif
Herndon, Va.

Iroquois's Constitutional Influence?

I was one of five university-based non–Native American academics in New York who were contracted in 1988 to review a draft of the teacher's resource guide that contained assertions of Iroquois influence on the U.S. Constitution, a topic mentioned in TIME's conversation with New York State education commissioner Thomas Sobol [INTERVIEW, Nov. 11]. The academics reported unanimously that no good evidence exists to support the idea of Iroquois impact on the framers of the Constitution, despite years of research by nonconspiratorial scholars. Also, no informed historian makes this argument. Commissioner Sobol, however, chose to go along with the ill-conceived and disingenuous efforts of a small group of Native American writers and their partisans, essentially turning history on its head. Our criticisms were dismissed by Sobol, and we have since been locked out of the review process.

William A. Starna, Professor
Department of Anthropology
State University of New York at Oneonta
Oneonta, N.Y.

Scorning the Scuttle Panty Game

Please tell me that I didn't read right—*Cosmopolitan's* Helen Gurley Brown can't possibly have thought the practice of having a secretary's panties removed by male co-workers 50 years ago was "a playful professional pastime" [NATION, Nov. 11]. Of course, it was never reported to the front office: What female would have dared to accuse a male of such a thing and still have hoped to keep her job?

Linde A. Pinto
Castle Creek, N.Y.

As a professional woman in the securities industry, I realize that at times women must have a thick skin and a sense of humor in order to survive in a male-dominated workplace. However, Brown's tolerance and fond memories of "a dandy game called scuttle" are disgraceful and frightening. Brown has the ability and the forum to support women and important issues. Instead, she seems to have chosen to sell out and make a mockery of every woman, working and nonworking. Chasing coworkers and taking their underwear off is not harassment—it's sexual abuse.

Pamela Van Tassell
Hillsborough, Calif.

It's in the Czars

Richard Brookhiser raises some excellent reasons why bringing back the Romanov dynasty would help heal the former Soviet Union [ESSAY, Nov. 11]. This idea is already being considered: 16 deputies of the Russian parliament have openly proclaimed themselves monarchists. Dedicated monarchist movements also exist in Romania and Bulgaria, both of which have very able, competent ex-Kings waiting to serve their countries. The training and dedication of these ex-Kings should not simply be tossed aside because they do not fit our "modern" conceptions of political reform. Both traditional and constitutional monarchy are greatly underrated.

Joseph Karpenski
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Never underestimate the power of boredom and nostalgia. Perhaps this is what has afflicted Brookhiser, who unduly magnifies symbolism when asking "Why Not Bring Back the Czars?" Contrary to what Brookhiser says, it is implausible that with a monarchy post–World War I Germany might have withstood the onslaught of Nazism. Under monarchy, Hitler would still have been able to make his convoluted, evil and captivating appeals to a receptive culture. Rather than propose a yearning for the all-too-imperfect past that surrounded the monarchy, Brookhiser should have suggested that the focus of the Soviet Union be on creating genuine pluralism, under which both individuals and minorities are protected, and on exposing demagogues concerned with their own agenda.

Elliott A. Cohen
New York City

The Soviet Union's lack of a historical democratic tradition already places it on tenuous ground in attempting to establish a free society. To try to establish a mixed system of democracy and authoritarianism would virtually ensure the failure of the Soviet experiment with democracy.

Michael Walters
Newport, Ky.

The Burning of Oakland

The inferno that raged through the Oakland hills was tragic [NATION, Nov. 4]. But anyone with even a rudimentary understanding of wildfire behavior knew that someday these lovely, densely wooded hillsides would dry out and burn. As with building on a flood plain, the homeowner assumes enormous risk by building in such disaster-prone areas.

Jim Fox
Asheville, N.C.

The adage "A picture is worth a thousand words" has never been more graphically illustrated than in the photo captioned "Sifting through the ashes," which showed acres of the charred suburban wasteland of Oakland. I hereby nominate it for "Photo of the Year."

Charles R. Ehrhardt
Laporte, Pa.

Earth Summit Opportunities

If the U.S. is not prepared to treat the 1992 Rio de Janeiro conference on environment and development seriously, then Americans should not attend [ENVIRONMENT, Nov. 4]. Why is it that the rest of the world must kowtow to George Bush's reluctance to come to grips with the serious environmental issues confronting the globe? For a change, concerned nations should decide on a course of action and tell the Americans what to do.

Ruth E. Davies
Kew, Australia

What's Next—Tranquilizers from the Saliva of Tibetan Monks?

The drug "for years was derived from the *urine* of postmenopausal Italian nuns . . ." That statement should make any reader curious. Ann Olderman of Bethesda, Md., certainly was. She wrote to us, "My husband and I have been trying to figure this one out. Was someone pulling our leg?" No, the drug we described, Pergonal (menotropin), contains a combination of hormones that is used to treat infertility [MEDICINE, Sept. 30]. These hormones are found in significant quantities in the urine of postmenopausal women. Serono, the firm that produces Pergonal, originally devised a novel solution to the problem of getting a steady supply of this urine. It made special arrangements to collect and gather it in Italy, from nunneries, where there were large numbers of postmenopausal women. It only sounds bizarre.

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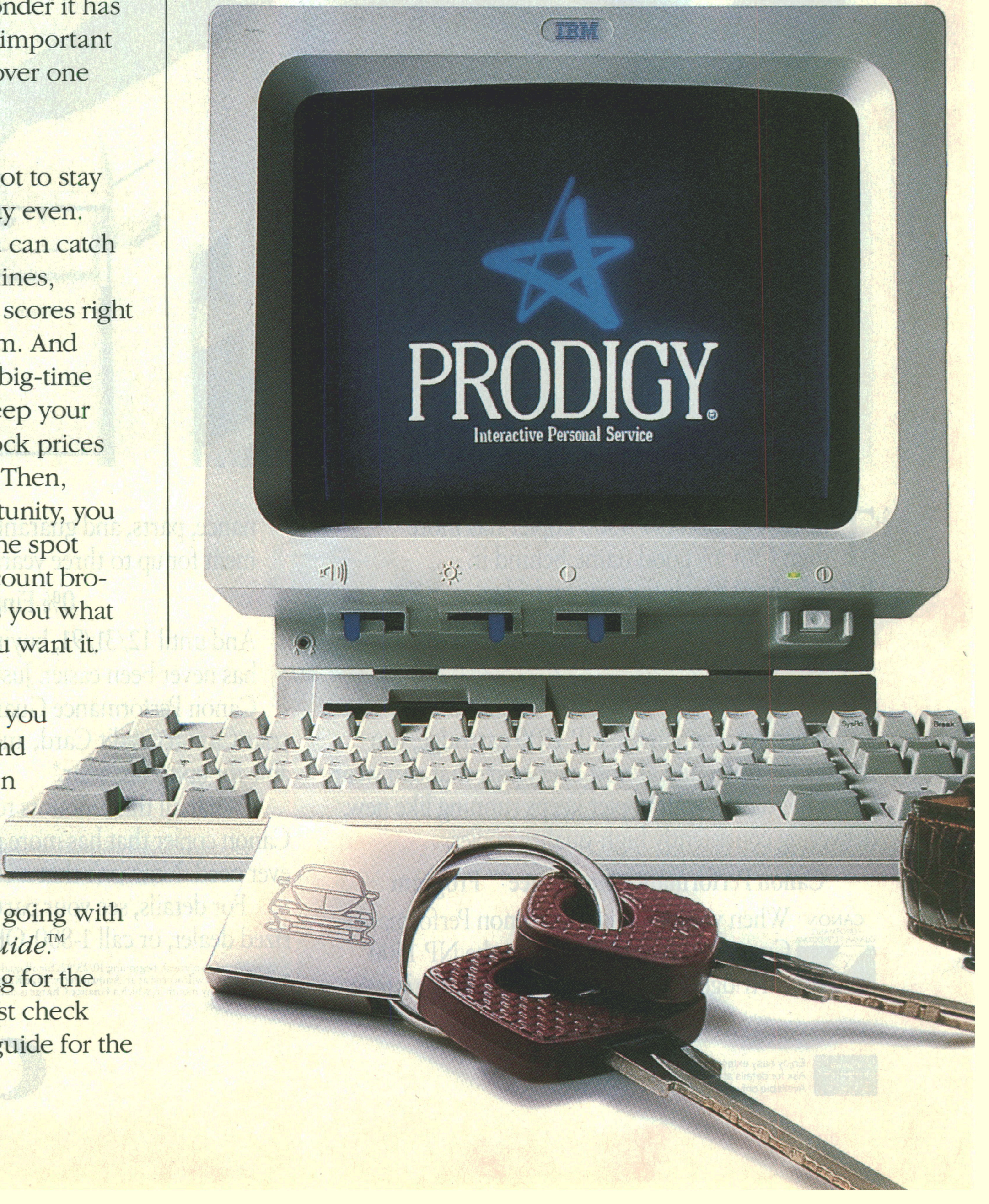

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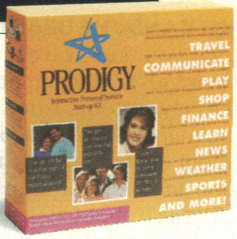

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CRITICS' VOICES

BY TIME'S REVIEWERS. Compiled by Linda Williams

MOVIES

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. One day your kids will be taking their kids to this sumptuous Disney cartoon. Adults will be touched too, by a parable about the tyranny of convention and the liberation of love. It's also about magic mirrors, singing candlesticks and the art of drawing pictures that move people. A fairy tale for all ages.

PROSPERO'S BOOKS. Shakespeare illustrated by Peter Greenaway *(The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover).* Not the British director's best film but certainly his *most:* two chockablock hours of Sir John Gielgud intoning *The Tempest* while surrounded by naked babes and boys. It's as if God lived in the Playboy Mansion. The true version of this coffee-table film is the accompanying book: script, photos and drawings.

MALA NOCHE. Come to the wild side of . . . well, Portland, Ore., for a drugged-out slice of lice in artfully grungy black and white. The first feature by Gus Van Sant, who was later beloved by critics for *Drugstore Cowboy* and *My Own Private Idaho,* this 1988 homo-erratic melodrama remains his boldest and best.

BOOKS

THE RUNAWAY SOUL by Harold Brodkey (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $30). Perhaps the most anticipated first novel in history, the volatile short-story writer's magnum opus—nearly 30 years in the making—is at times precious, incoherent and self-indulgent.

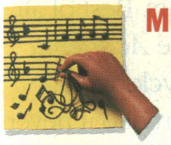
A THOUSAND ACRES by Jane Smiley (Knopf; $23). Based on a family feud over inherited farmland in Iowa, this modern-day *King Lear* has an exhilarating sense of place and a sheer Americanness that give it its own soul and roots.

TELEVISION

MTV 10 (ABC, Nov. 27, 9 p.m. EST). Michael Jackson, Madonna and a few other stars you may have heard of join in the music channel's 10th anniversary celebration.

E.T., THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL (CBS, Nov. 28, 8 p.m. EST). The most popular movie of all time makes its television debut—on Thanksgiving night, when many families are otherwise occupied. Looks like it will be pumpkin pie in front of the tube this year.

GARRISON KEILLOR'S HOME (PBS, Nov. 29, 9 p.m. on most stations). Lake Wobegon's favorite son brings his folksy radio humor to TV in the first of three specials. Along with a Keillor monologue on the death of Buddy Holly, Bobby McFerrin offers a nifty a cappella version of *The Wizard of Oz.*



MUSIC

PHIL SPECTOR: BACK TO MONO (1958-1969) (Phil Spector Records Inc./Abkco). The Wagner of rock, celebrating his own Wall of Sound glory, in a four-CD box featuring 60 of his biggest hits and wildest productions. This is rock at its grandest and giddiest. Spanning nearly a quarter-century, classics like *Be My Baby* and *Then He Kissed Me* are three-

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minute operas of teen passion, which have endured because of the grandeur and unapologetic delirium of the Spector style. His production techniques are elaborate and near legendary, but even if they could be duplicated, it wouldn't be the same. The Wall of Sound may have been created in the studio, but it's truly the fragile insulation around Spector's wild heart.

MAJEK FASHEK: SPIRIT OF LOVE (Interscope). Well, as Bob Marley used to sing, "one love, one heart." Here's a wonderful, soulful singer from Nigeria who's a master of those gentle African rhythms from which Paul Simon drew such inspiration. Fashek sounds distinctly Jamaican into the bargain—not unlike Marley, in fact—and writes funky tunes with a spry political spirit and a winning sense of humor.

O MISTRESS MINE (Dorian Recordings). These 27 English lute songs, many composed by John Dowland (1563-1626), possess a timeless charm and pith that are captured with effortless grace by the remarkable lutenist Ronn McFarlane and Frederick Urrey's sweet tenor.

THEATER

PERICLES. Last year film star Campbell Scott *(Longtime Companion, Dying Young)* was an extraordinary Hamlet at San Diego's Old Globe, proving himself a fit heir to his parents, George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst. Now he is at New York City's Public Theater, portraying another Shakespearean royal in a psychologically rich but chaotic narrative, perhaps the Bard's weakest.

NIGHT DANCE. Novelist Reynolds Price *(Kate Vaiden)* proved himself a splendid playwright in *New Music,* a trilogy about the tarnishing and disillusionment of a golden boy. Staged at the Cleveland Play House in 1989, it deserved a wider life.

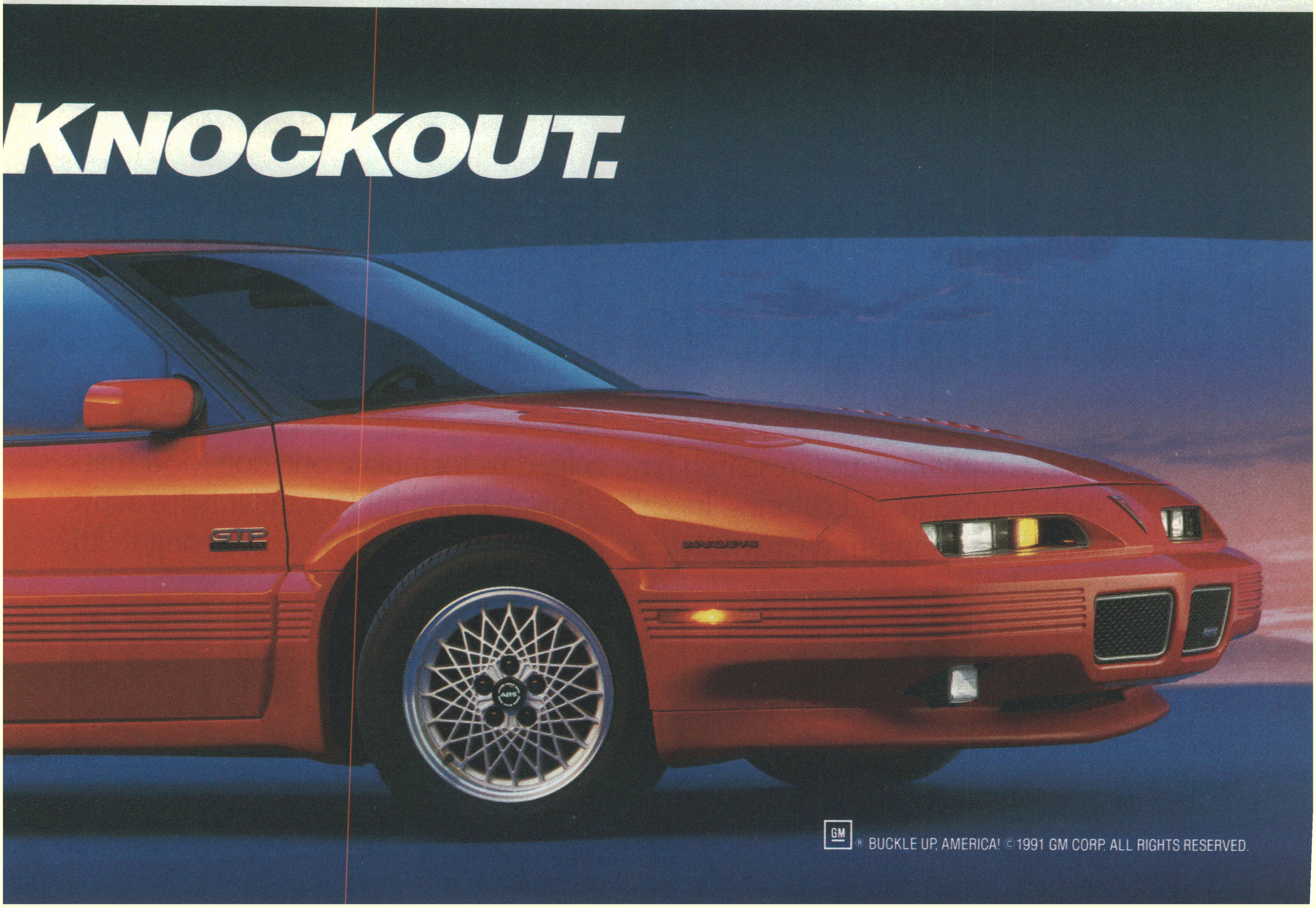
Now at least the poignant middle play is being mounted off-Broadway.

THE POINT. Harry Nilsson's 1971 animated video fantasy about prejudice has been imaginatively adapted for a small stage in Los Angeles. The show, equally suitable for children and parents, blends broad acting, balloon characters, Bunraku-style puppetry, fog effects, strobe lighting and choreography by former Martha Graham troupe member Janet Eilber.

MY YIDDISHE MOMA

They were made in Poland, Austria, the Soviet Union and even rural New Jersey, but they spoke a common language to a most uncommon people. They were **YIDDISH FILMS**—affectionate, often artless, now priceless curios of the '20s and '30s. In musicals (like Molly Picon's charming *Yiddle with His Fiddle*) and melodramas (Maurice Schwartz's powerful *Uncle Moses*), they traced the wanderings of Jews from the village shtetl to the urban ghetto and beyond. During World War II, the genre nearly vanished, along with many of those who produced and patronized it. As director Joseph Green says in the new documentary *The Yiddish Cinema,* "Six million of my best customers perished." Never again. Thanks to restoration magic performed by the National Center for Jewish Film at Brandeis University, this movie heritage is being celebrated in a 38-feature retrospective at New York City's Museum of Modern Art (MOMA), through Jan. 14, and in an invaluable critical history, J. Hoberman's *Bridge of Light* (Schocken Books; $40). Go. Read. Enjoy. It couldn't hurt.

ANNA WALKER FOR TIME



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GRAPEVINE

By **JANICE CASTRO**/Reported by Sidney Urquhart

DEAD COMMUNISTS TELL NO TALES

What's the hardest way to kill yourself? Three bullets to the head certainly ranks. According to Moscow police sources, that was the actual cause of death for coup conspirator **BORIS PUGO,** the Soviet Interior Minister who was officially described as having "committed suicide" when the August putsch fizzled. As for two other top Communist officials reported to have killed themselves by leaping from windows, sources say they probably were pushed in order to silence them. They apparently knew too much about the smuggling of Communist wealth out of the country as the party collapsed.

Boris Pugo before the putsch

WHEN YOU LIE DOWN WITH DONS . . .

It's kind of like a marriage. The longer **BRUCE CUTLER** represents **JOHN GOTTI,** the more the lawyer begins to look and act like the Godfather. Soon they may have even more in common. Government investigators say that with the help of information from Salvatore (Sammy the Bull) Gravano, the Gotti sidekick who turned state's evidence, Cutler may soon be indicted on criminal charges. A grand jury has been probing Cutler and **GERALD SHARGEL,** another Gotti attorney, on charges including jury tampering and tax evasion.

BILL SWERSEY—GAMMA-LIAISON

Cutler: Heading for an indictment of his own?

DON'T ASK WHERE THE SCENERY WENT

In an ad in the New York *Times* last week, Syrian President **HAFEZ ASSAD** courted American investors and tourists, touting his country as "a land of castles, citadels and colonnades." Trouble is, some of the locals have grisly tales to tell. Most notable is the story of the ancient city of Hama, whose spectacular ancient waterwheels are pictured in the ad. Just nine years ago, Assad quashed dissent in the town. His army slaughtered as many as 25,000 townspeople and razed most of the picturesque old quarter Assad urges the world to visit.

BRUNO BARBEY—MAGNUM

A Hama waterwheel in the 1970s

HE'S GOT A CALLING AFTER ALL

JIM BAKKER knows a vice when he sees it. The convicted preacher has kept busy in the Rochester, Minn., slammer by exhorting fellow prisoners to quit smoking. And he gets results. Prison officials say Bakker, who co-founded the eight-day smoking-cessation program in May 1990, used his "inspirational and motivational" skills to help 116 of the first 125 "students" throw away the packs.

A TRADE IMBALANCE IN SOCCER STARS

English soccer fans are devastated. Their top scoring ace, **GARY LINEKER,** is moving to the Grampus Eight club of Nagoya, Japan, in a deal worth nearly $9 million. Japan, where professional soccer will get under way in 1993, wants to become a global force in the sport. Such companies as Matsushita, Mazda and Toyota, which have invested in soccer teams, are luring world-class players to kick-start the action.

MAKE ROOM FOR DADDY

The fund-raising reception for the young Rhode Island legislator took place at his father's posh Virginia home. Speaker after speaker praised the candidate's support of important issues and predicted great success in his quest for higher office. He "will be a major force in progressive national politics for at least the next 20 years," said an emotional supporter. "So will I," boomed the father, to laughter. The candidate: **PATRICK KENNEDY.** The father: **TED KENNEDY.**

A SLUMP BY ANY OTHER NAME

GEORGE BUSH hates the *R* word. Rather than refer to the recession, he likes to talk about the recovery. But skeptical Midwestern business leaders have coined their own *R* word. When they discuss the state of the economy, they speak sarcastically of Washington's "recovery-ette." ■

SIMON BRUTY—ALLSPORT

Lineker will score points for Nagoya

TIME/DECEMBER 2, 1991

THE WHITE HOUSE

Nervous and Nasty

Bush's feckless efforts to have it both ways on civil rights and the economy have plunged his Administration into disarray

By DAN GOODGAME WASHINGTON

George Bush trusts his gut in foreign policy. He knows what he wants to do and he does it. But on the home front, the President fears that his moderate instincts will only land him in trouble with the Republican conservatives who have distrusted and dogged him throughout his long career. Thus a hallmark of Bush's governing style has been his determination to have it both ways on contentious domestic issues. On civil rights, for instance, Bush declares himself an opponent of racial hiring "quotas" reviled by the right. Yet he supports "set-asides" that reserve a share of federal contracts for women and racial minorities.

The President came face to face with that contradiction last Wednesday evening when he returned to the White House from a campaign fund-raising dinner. He was scheduled to sign the compromise Civil Rights Act of 1991 in a major Rose Garden ceremony the following day. But unbeknown to him, a senior aide had prepared a directive designed to undermine the spirit if not the letter of the new law.

This eleventh-hour rearguard action was launched by C. Boyden Gray, the White House counsel, who had opposed the bill from the start. Between 4 and 5:30 p.m. on Wednesday, Gray instructed his staff to fax to federal departments an order that, in Bush's name, "terminated" all government programs that give preference to racial minorities and women in hiring, promotion, federal contracting, college admissions and scholarships. Gray's view that the new law should be blind to color and sex is popular not only with conservatives but also with a majority of voters. Yet his position flatly contradicted both the compromise on the civil rights law that the White House had reached with Congress and Bush's longstanding support for affirmative action to overcome discrimination. The civil rights compromise, according to congressional negotiators from both parties, was not intended to have any effect on affirmative-action programs but was designed to make it easier for women and racial minorities to prove discrimination, while not forcing employers to hire and promote according to rigid racial quotas.

Gray's unauthorized directive was immediately leaked from the agencies that received it, and angry calls from Capitol Hill jammed the White House phones. Democrats and moderate Republicans denounced the directive. It was, said Ralph Neas, executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, "an attempt to gain by Executive fiat what the White House could not pass through the Congress." A senior White House official agreed: "Boyden and his staff were just too close to the civil rights bill, and too many animosities built up. When it was over and the compromises were made, they still couldn't let it go."

Moving to quell the protests, Bush irritably ordered Gray and other White House officials to rewrite the offending statement and eliminate the challenge to affirmative-action programs. Yet any good faith that Bush might have won for that gesture dissipated at the signing ceremony when he declared his support for a minimalist interpretation of the civil rights law, entered into the Senate record by Republican leader Robert Dole. Said a disgusted White House official: "We have managed to incur the wrath of both the supporters and the opponents of this bill."

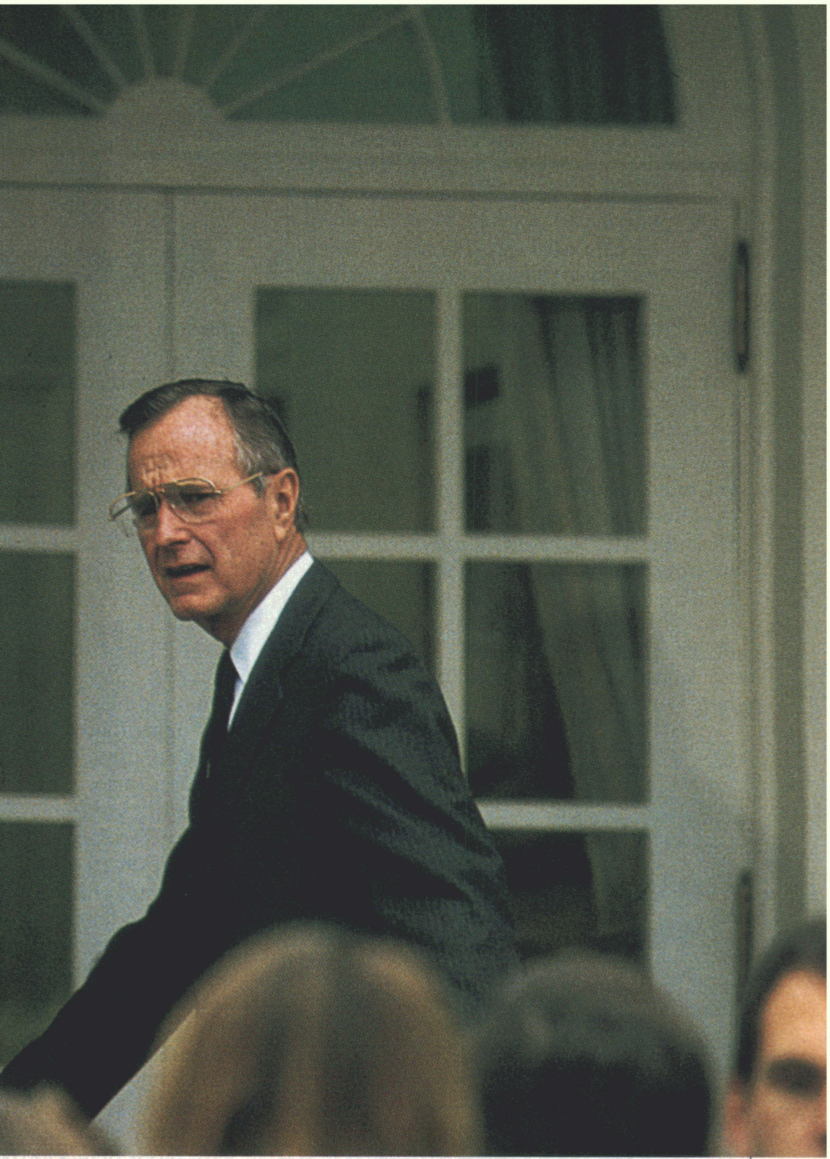
These flip-flops, like half a dozen others that have occurred at the White House in recent weeks, grew out of Bush's persistent efforts to placate conservatives without alienating moderates. As the civil rights act percolated through Congress, Bush expressed his opposition to any bill that seemed to encourage racial hiring quotas. But he did not want to appear to tolerate job discrimination. Walking that tightrope, Bush vetoed a version of the act that Congress passed last year, blasting it as a "quota bill." But the law he signed last week is essentially the same. By claiming that his exertions had vastly improved the legislation, Bush in effect retreated while trumpeting victory.

Such straddles have often worked for Bush, who as a boy was nicknamed "Have Half" for his habit of sharing candy bars with friends. And they have been necessary up to a point, because Bush's electoral coalition is more ideologically diverse and volatile than was Ronald Reagan's largely conservative constituency. But as the economy has soured, Bush's attempts to split the differences between moderates and conservatives have infuriated both. Republican pollster Linda DiVall says voters are dismayed that the resolute and decisive leader of the gulf war has appeared so uncertain in addressing their economic worries.

The Administration's message is the responsibility of the White House domestic operation, which is stifled by the arrogant amateurism of chief of staff John Sununu and cannot approach the savvy of Bush's crack foreign-policy crew. Democratic consultant Mark Mellman quips that the shift in public attention from Bush's foreign triumphs to his domestic dithering has transformed

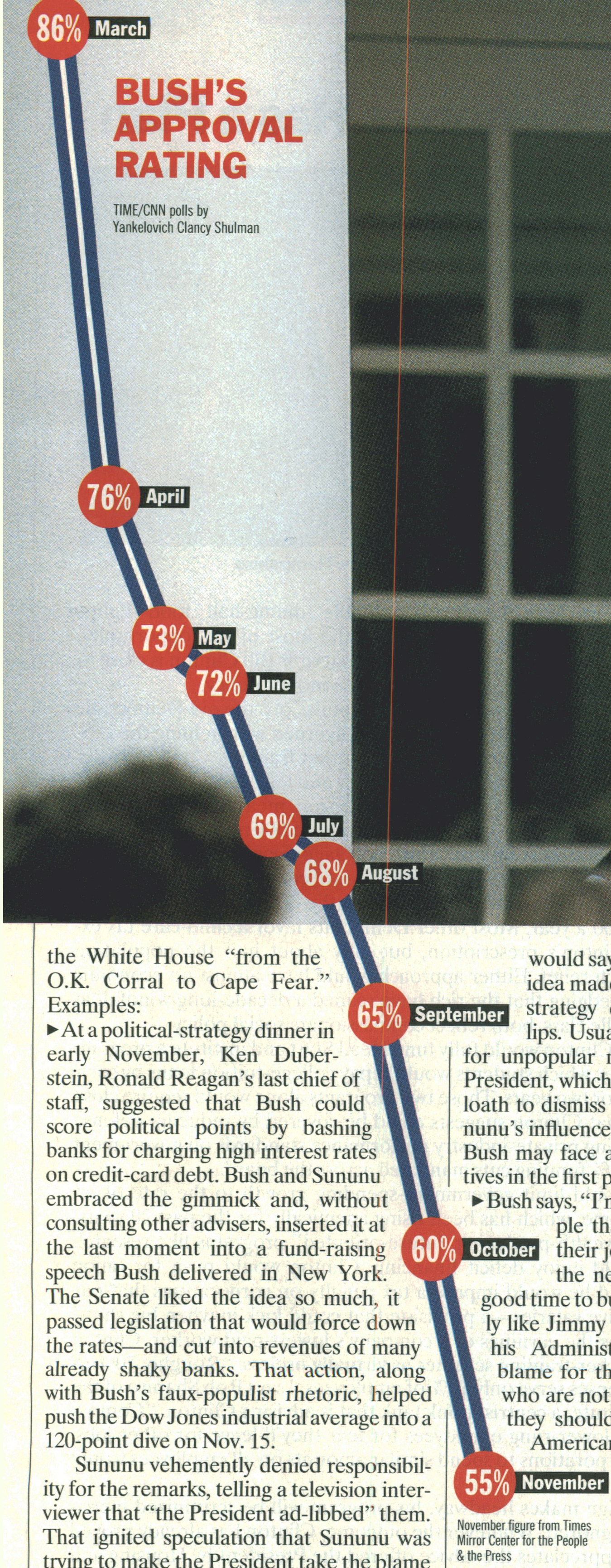
DIANA WALKER FOR TIME

Gray and Sununu: a domestic policy stifled by arrogant amateurism



Leaving the Rose Garden after signing the Civil Rights Act: talking about the economy, Bush sounds eerily like Jimmy Carter

DIANA WALKER FOR TIME



BUSH'S APPROVAL RATING

TIME/CNN polls by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman

November figure from Times Mirror Center for the People & the Press

the White House "from the O.K. Corral to Cape Fear." Examples:

▶ At a political-strategy dinner in early November, Ken Duberstein, Ronald Reagan's last chief of staff, suggested that Bush could score political points by bashing banks for charging high interest rates on credit-card debt. Bush and Sununu embraced the gimmick and, without consulting other advisers, inserted it at the last moment into a fund-raising speech Bush delivered in New York. The Senate liked the idea so much, it passed legislation that would force down the rates—and cut into revenues of many already shaky banks. That action, along with Bush's faux-populist rhetoric, helped push the Dow Jones industrial average into a 120-point dive on Nov. 15.

Sununu vehemently denied responsibility for the remarks, telling a television interviewer that "the President ad-libbed" them. That ignited speculation that Sununu was trying to make the President take the blame for the mistake and that Bush might move to replace him. But the President confirmed the chief of staff's account to at least one confidant, though neither he nor Sununu would say just how the bank-bashing idea made its way from the political-strategy dinner to the President's lips. Usually, Sununu takes the heat for unpopular moves or missteps by the President, which is the main reason Bush is loath to dismiss him. Another factor is Sununu's influence in New Hampshire, where Bush may face a challenge from conservatives in the first primary.

▶ Bush says, "I'm concerned about the people that are hurting" and losing their jobs in the recession. Yet in the next breath he adds, "It's a good time to buy a house." Sounding eerily like Jimmy Carter in the last phase of his Administration, Bush often pins blame for the recession on consumers who are not spending as confidently as they should. Then he says he wants Americans to save more. Says Bruce Thompson, a senior Treasury official in the Reagan Administration and now director of government relations for Merrill Lynch, "They're all over the map."

▶ The Administration has long maintained that modern communications allow the President to remain in constant touch with Washington while he travels the world. But when Bush came under fire for neglecting the U.S. economy, he and Sununu abruptly postponed a long-planned trip to Asia because, in Sununu's words, they didn't want to leave Congress without "adult supervision." Two weeks later White House press secretary Marlin Fitzwater was asked whether Bush would push for Congress to work through the holidays to pass economic legislation. Said Fitzwater: "They don't need the President to hold them in session overtime to get them to do something. It's not a schoolhouse full of kids up there."

Despised by much of his staff and many G.O.P. lawmakers, Sununu has drawn most of the blame for the Administration's foul-ups. Yet the problem really lies with the President. He bungles domestic policy because he has seldom made clear to his staff, the Congress or the public precisely where he wants to go, and by what means, on the economy, civil rights or most other homegrown issues. Several top Bush aides approvingly quote pollster Bob Teeter, who for years has urged Bush to "tell people what you would do if *you didn't* have a Congress, if you were a dictator."

Bush has resisted that advice out of fear that it might open him to attack from critics on all sides, make it easier to tell when he has compromised and prevent him from presenting his capitulations as victories. When Bush does take an unambiguous stand on a domestic issue, as he did in vetoing a law that would have allowed low-income women to obtain abortion counseling at federally funded clinics, it is usually out of fear of Republican right-wingers.

Bush is also worried that if he sends any new economic legislation to Congress, he will only cause the public to hold him more personally responsible for the recession. Bush fears that any economic-revival plan he puts forth will be outbid by the Congress, which will propose some combination of new taxes on the wealthy and new deficit spending.

Some of Bush's economic advisers have suggested ways to finance a stimulative tax cut without increasing the deficit: for example, through cuts in spending on defense and on Medicare and farm subsidies for the wealthy. But Bush so far opposes further defense cuts or any politically explosive fight over welfare for the well-to-do. Most of his advisers believe that unless the economy turns sharply downward, Bush will content himself with rejiggering the "growth package"—centered on a cut in capital-gains taxes—which Congress has failed to adopt for almost three years. Only if economic growth dips further is Bush expected to risk proposing a broad-based tax cut for the middle class.

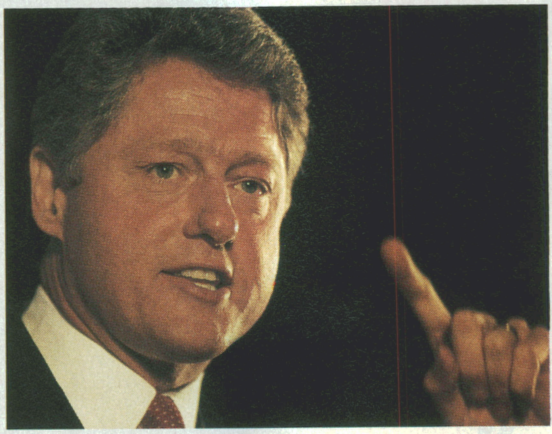
Aides have urged Bush to "tell people what you would do . . . if you were a dictator," but he has resisted the advice because it might open him to attack from critics on all sides

Instead, Bush's current economic policy consists mainly of blaming congressional Democrats for the decline and turning nastier in his retorts to their criticisms of his failures to act. The President hopes that approach will pay off when he runs for reelection. But it is no substitute for a coherent attack on the nation's economic and social woes. ■

The Political Interest

Michael Kramer

At Least Someone Has a Plan


ALEX QUESADA—MATRIX

Clinton campaigning in New Hampshire

George Bush's popularity is vaporizing faster than teardrops in a blast furnace. Matched against an unnamed challenger in recent polls, the President actually loses the 1992 election. Unfortunately, you cannot beat somebody with nobody, and Bush still trumps the current Democratic field in head-to-head pairings. But each bit of bad economic news heartens the opposition and reveals a paralyzed Administration whose divisive domestic policy sessions have come to resemble dining-hall food fights.

The Democratic contenders have yet to make the most of this opportunity. They are all great on diagnosis, but only Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton is close to cobbling together something resembling a coherent economic policy.

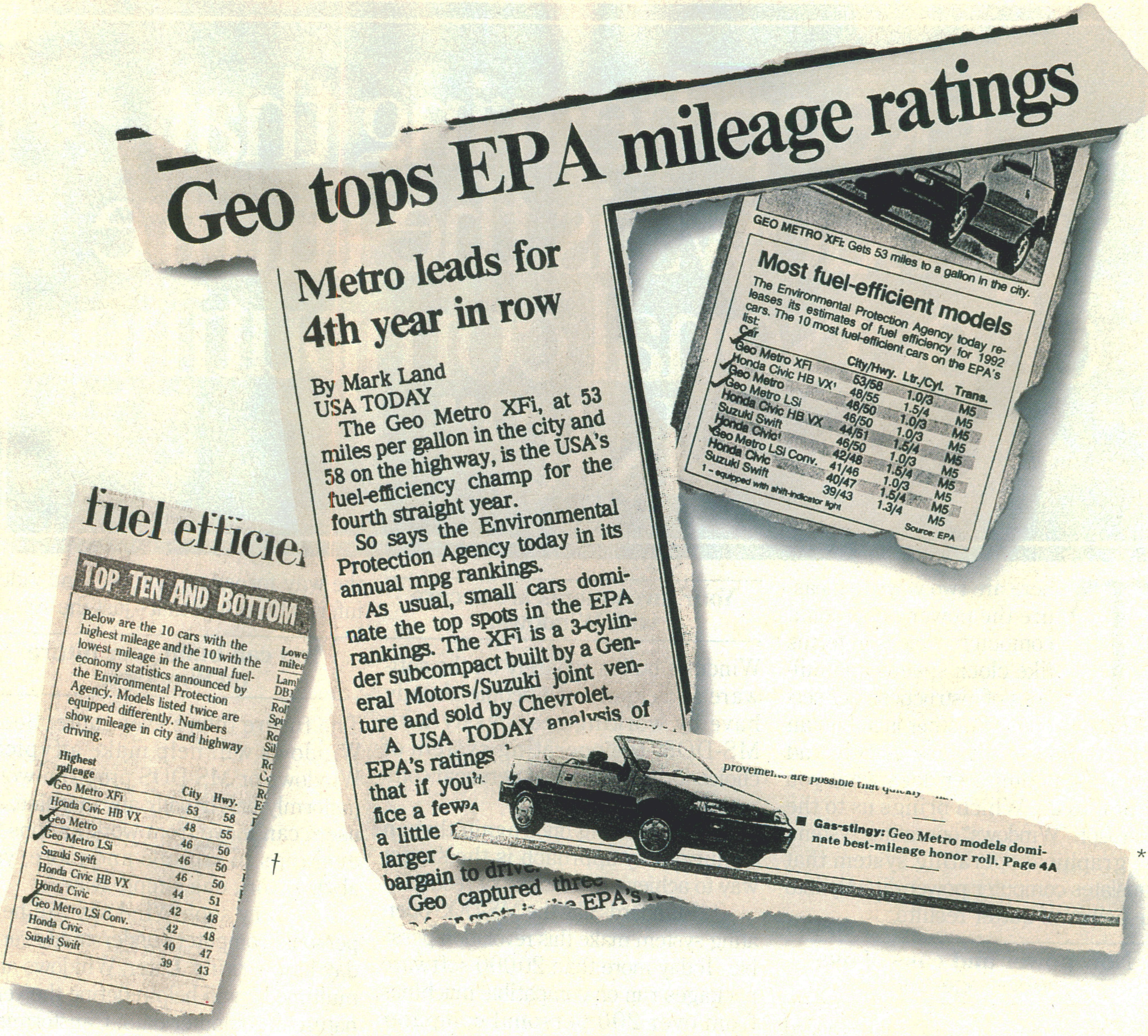
Clinton has little use for either supply-side economics or "the old Democratic theory that we can just tax and spend." He is most concerned with helping the U.S. compete globally, so he emphasizes education and worker training.

Clinton's plan is best perceived as a series of short- and long-term steps. To deal with the immediate crisis, he says, three antirecession measures are needed: 1) quicker spending on highway construction to provide 45,000 new jobs; 2) a higher ceiling on Federal Housing Administration mortgage guarantees to aid half a million first-home buyers; 3) a revenue-neutral tax-rate cut averaging $350 a year for middle-class families, to be paid for by increasing the tax burden on those who earn more than $200,000 a year. Most other Democrats favor a child-care tax exemption instead of Clinton's prescription, but only about half the population would be helped by such relief. Either approach would have almost no economic impact, but by acknowledging that the rich have reaped a decade-long windfall at the expense of the middle class, both reflect compassionate social policy.

Over the long haul, Clinton would fully fund Head Start and institute a program of national service under which students would repay college-tuition loans by serving their communities for two years. Those two programs alone would require close to $10 billion, a cost that Clinton suggests could be covered by reducing defense spending and by imposing private-industry performance standards on government programs, with yearly 3% funding cuts mandated across the board.

Overall, Clinton would limit government-spending growth to the rate of increase in personal income, which has been rising anemically for the past 20 years. Only investments in "wealth-producing, future-oriented" programs like research and development would enjoy deficit financing. Clinton would push for union work-rule revisions, and he would impose a tax penalty on corporations that pay their executives excessive salaries—a provision that could kick in when big shots' salaries exceed 25 times the earnings of a company's lowest-paid worker. Clinton views most current worker-training schemes as virtually useless. "Roughly 70% of corporate training expenses serve only 10% of employees," says Rob Shapiro of the Progressive Policy Institute, a centrist think tank that is advising Clinton. "Companies are loath to train lower-rung employees for fear they'll leave for other jobs. Compelling all U.S. corporations to spend similar amounts on all employees would solve the problem."

If Clinton's campaign makes headway, his program will be scrutinized mercilessly. If not, it will be ignored. Whatever the outcome, Clinton has already proved that he, unlike Bush, appreciates the advice offered the President by Housing and Urban Development Secretary Jack Kemp. The people will "forgive you for trying" to innovate economically even if you fail, says Kemp. "They will not forgive not trying at all." ■



Geo tops EPA mileage ratings

Metro leads for 4th year in row

By Mark Land
USA TODAY

The Geo Metro XFi, at 53 miles per gallon in the city and 58 on the highway, is the USA's fuel-efficiency champ for the fourth straight year.

So says the Environmental Protection Agency today in its annual mpg rankings.

As usual, small cars dominate the top spots in the EPA rankings. The XFi is a 3-cylinder subcompact built by a General Motors/Suzuki joint venture and sold by Chevrolet.

A USA TODAY analysis of EPA's ratings that if you'd- fice a few a little larger bargain to drive. Geo captured three EPA's

GEO METRO XFi: Gets 53 miles to a gallon in the city.

Most fuel-efficient models

The Environmental Protection Agency today releases its estimates of fuel efficiency for 1992 cars. The 10 most fuel-efficient cars on the EPA's list:

Car	City/Hwy.	Ltr./Cyl.	Trans.
✓ Geo Metro XFi	53/58	1.0/3	M5
Honda Civic HB VX[1]	48/55	1.5/4	M5
✓ Geo Metro	46/50	1.0/3	M5
✓ Geo Metro LSi	46/50	1.0/3	M5
Honda Civic HB VX	44/51	1.5/4	M5
Suzuki Swift	46/50	1.0/3	M5
Honda Civic[1]	42/48	1.5/4	M5
✓ Geo Metro LSi Conv.	41/46	1.0/3	M5
Honda Civic	40/47	1.5/4	M5
Suzuki Swift	39/43	1.3/4	M5

1 – equipped with shift-indicator light

Source: EPA

fuel efficie

TOP TEN AND BOTTOM

Below are the 10 cars with the highest mileage and the 10 with the lowest mileage in the annual fuel-economy statistics announced by the Environmental Protection Agency. Models listed twice are equipped differently. Numbers show mileage in city and highway driving.

Highest mileage	City	Hwy.
✓ Geo Metro XFi	53	58
Honda Civic HB VX	48	55
✓ Geo Metro	46	50
✓ Geo Metro LSi	46	50
Suzuki Swift	46	50
Honda Civic HB VX	44	51
Honda Civic	42	48
✓ Geo Metro LSi Conv.	42	48
Honda Civic	40	47
Suzuki Swift	39	43

Lowe mile
Lam DB
Rol Spi
Ro Sil
Ro C
Ro E

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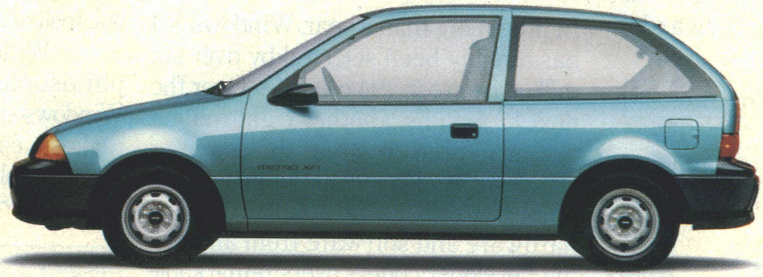
provements are possible that quickly

■ **Gas-stingy:** Geo Metro models dominate best-mileage honor roll. Page 4A

*

Reasons to get to know Geo come up almost every day.



Geo Metro XFi is the highest mileage car in America.
EPA est. MPG city 53/hwy. 58.

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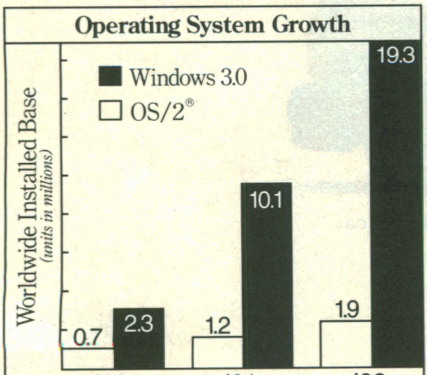
Windows replaces traditional keyboard commands with onscreen symbols and menus you control with a pointing device called a mouse. And it displays your work exactly as it will appear in print, so everything, from memos to entire slide shows, is far easier to create. Windows is a giant leap forward in power *and* ease of use.



Source: International Data Corp., 1991.

Every 10 seconds, someone moves to Windows.

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Windows builds squarely on the software and experience people already have by working seamlessly with MS-DOS®, the operating system of choice for 90 percent of personal computers worldwide.

Suggesting once again that an evolutionary approach is the surest way to achieve revolutionary results.

Standards like the MS-DOS operating system make this revolution possible. Today more than 20,000 software packages run on compatible machines from over 200 personal computer makers. Standards move computing ahead. And Windows is a commitment to standards, to evolution, and to a future you can count on.

Windows is working worldwide.

In little more than a year, Windows 3.0 has already been selected by over six million people in 194 countries. Over the next 12 months, another eight million are projected to make the move to Windows. And because Windows is an open system, a skyrocketing list of hardware and software from all leading developers offers users remarkable innovation, function, and value.

Today Windows powerfully expands what you can do with a computer. It helps people get to the power of their applications by making them far simpler to use. It lets applications automatically share and update information. It opens the way for voice, graphic, and video information. And that's just the start.

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The future offers even more. Soon Windows will help make a typical Windows or MS-DOS program work uniformly on virtually any machine, so users can move from workstations to desktops to laptops and more, yet always work one simple way.

Very soon Windows will help personal computers understand everyday handwriting. Later, Windows and multimedia will help redefine the very nature of computer data, transforming the way you see, use, and understand information. And one day, Windows will help put vast global information resources at virtually anyone's fingertips.

But Windows won't force you to choose between the future and the present. Instead, you can have the best of both.

Which returns us to the simple philosophy that helped create the Windows system in the first place. What makes a computer truly powerful isn't the technology that goes into it. It's the results people get out of it.

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MIDDLE EAST

The Sweet Taste of Freedom

Two more hostages return, but questions swirl about Terry Waite's links to U.S. arms-for-hostages dealings

By JILL SMOLOWE

The performances by American educator Thomas Sutherland and British church envoy Terry Waite as they emerged last week from years of captivity testified to the remarkable resiliency of the human spirit. Sutherland, 60, who spent most of his 2,347 days as a hostage in Lebanon tethered by ankle chains to a wall, calmly alternated tales of senseless beatings and profound depression with lighthearted quips about Waite, who, he reported, "snores awfully loudly." Waite, 52, limping from his years in chains, reported, "I was kept in total and complete isolation for four years." Yet 1,763 days in windowless cells neither dimmed his megawatt smile nor diminished his faith in mankind's basic goodness. "I trust the Hizballah," he said of the very people whose double-crossing cost almost five years of his life.

FRANK KLEEFELDT—AFP

After a 2,347-day separation, Sutherland and his wife embrace

JOHN STILLWELL—PRESS ASSOCIATION

Waite and his former boss, Lord Runcie, share a laugh

Waite was referring to his captors' pledge to free by the end of November the three remaining American hostages, among them journalist Terry Anderson. There seemed great promise that the hostage drama was coming to an end. In Lebanon, Hizballah said the fate of the remaining Western hostages was no longer linked to freedom for 300-odd Arab prisoners held by Israel's proxy militia in south Lebanon. An announcement by U.S. officials that Washington and Tehran were nearing agreement on payment of $275 million owed to Iran for undelivered military equipment dating back to 1979 sweetened the prospect of a resolution. Both Syria and Iran continued to speed the process along in order to gain access to Western economic assistance. Still, the time frame remains iffy: Tehran radio said the hostages would be home by Christmas.

For Sutherland, it was a bittersweet homecoming. Even as he learned that his 88-year-old father-in-law had died just two days earlier, he received word that one of his three daughters was about to give birth. Sutherland seemed forgiving of his captors, allowing, "I don't think they really thoroughly understand what they were doing to us, putting those chains back on our legs every day." Although he appeared healthy, the discovery of an ulcer at week's end delayed his return to the U.S.

Britain's hostage ordeal ended with the return of Waite, the high-profile envoy of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the last British captive in Lebanon. But as bells joyously tolled his freedom, the homecoming unleashed feverish speculation about the role the U.S.—and maybe Waite himself—had played in his capture. Did Waite know of Washington's secret arms dealings? And was he a willing agent, or an unwitting collaborator? Before his capture, Waite denied any knowledge of the U.S. arms-for-hostages scheme.

While the Briton began as a globe-trotting negotiator acting for the Church of England, his efforts gradually meshed with the U.S. campaign. Waite's ties to Lieut. Colonel Oliver North, the point man in the doomed U.S. trade-off, are well documented. Not only did the two men meet at least five times, but the U.S. provided Waite with helicopters and other assistance during some of his missions. By 1986, the captors had intertwined Waite's efforts with the secret U.S. operation: each time a weapons shipment was made to Iran, an Iranian official would travel to Damascus, and North would signal Waite that the time was ripe for him to visit his contacts in Beirut. With these pieces in place, a hostage would be released and Waite could claim credit.

Waite may not have known of the arms payoff to Iran, but plainly he cooperated with the U.S. In a December 1985 memo to his superiors, North referred to Waite as "our only access to events in Lebanon." Robert Oakley, the former head of the State Department's Office for Counter-Terrorism, insists, "He knew our efforts were responsible for his results." Waite sometimes briefed American officials in Washington. He also relayed messages between Hizballah and Washington, in a failed attempt to spring the hostages in exchange for assurances that the 17 Hizballah prisoners held in Kuwait would at least not be executed. Even admirers say that the envoy's vanity was as big as his heart and that he reveled in the high-level contacts and cloak-and-dagger maneuvers.

By the time he made the last of at least five journeys to Beirut, his position as a neutral mediator was seriously compromised. Leaks emanating from the continuing investigation of the Iran-*contra* affair, linked Waite with the U.S. operation. Despite warnings from his own government and church, he made a final trip in January 1987, largely to clear his name of the Iran-*contra* taint. Once there, he insisted that he had never discussed arms-for-hostages deals with anyone. "If I had," he told reporters, "then I would be too afraid and I wouldn't be back here now."

As the controversy swirls, the families of the remaining hostages gird for what appears to be the final act of their long vigil. Yet even as the clouds lifted, a Lebanese Shi'ite who is close to the Islamic Jihad kidnappers issued a stern warning. "If the U.S. or Israel attacks Islamic Jihad, there will be clear, definitive and irreversible revenge through assassination," he threatened. "American ambassadors will be assassinated in the Middle East or in Europe." And so, on it goes. *—**Reported by William Mader/London, Lara Marlowe/Beirut and Jay Peterzell/Washington***

A Coast Guard rescue near the Haitian coast: an untold number of less fortunate passengers disappeared under eight-foot waves

IMMIGRATION

Tragedy on the High Seas

The Coast Guard's attempts to stem a new surge of Haitian immigrants ignite a debate over political asylum

By DAVID ELLIS

If Haiti were ruled by communist dictators rather than military tyrants whose only ideology is power, the multitudes who have set sail from that downtrodden country in a desperate bid for freedom in the past month might well have found refuge in the U.S. Instead, those who dared the perilous 650-mile voyage toward America found that America has no place for them. Since the latest outpouring of Haitian refugees began, the U.S. Coast Guard has plucked them by the thousands from their leaky vessels and held them in detention centers or aboard American ships. And then, until a federal judge ordered a temporary halt to the practice last week, the U.S. shipped hundreds of them back to the benighted nation they had tried so desperately to escape.

The exodus is in large part an unforeseen result of a well-intentioned U.S. policy. After the September coup that ousted Jean-Bertrand Aristide, Haiti's first democratically elected President, the country plunged even more deeply into violence and deprivation. The suffering has been worsened by a U.S.-backed trade embargo by the Organization of American States designed to pressure the illegal government into restoring Aristide to power. Gasoline and fuel-oil supplies are scarce, and political repression against Aristide's supporters is fierce. More than 400,000 citizens have fled the capital of Port-au-Prince for the countryside. More than 3,300 have been intercepted by Coast Guard cutters as they attempted the risky passage to Florida. An untold number of others have perished, including 135 who drowned when their overloaded boat capsized off the coast of Cuba last Tuesday.

That tragedy intensified demands from refugee advocates and Democratic Congressmen for the Bush Administration to suspend the forced repatriations of the boat people and permit them to remain in the U.S. until conditions in Haiti improve and the government is restored. But the President, seeking to dissuade thousands more Haitians from taking to the water in the hope of gaining asylum, insisted that the massive interception of the boat people that started last month must continue. Allowing the boat people to enter the U.S., he warned, would only lead more Haitians to risk their lives in the dangerous journey.

Of those taken into custody by the

Adrift in the Caribbean: some of the refugees were too sick after the ordeal to tell their story to immigration officials

PAI STEVE SAPP—U.S. COAST GUARD/GAMMA LIAISON

Coast Guard, 538 have been shipped back to Haiti, 350 have been sent to camps in four Caribbean nations, and more than 2,300 are aboard Coast Guard cutters or have been transferred to U.S. troop ships and the American naval base at Guantanamo Bay in Cuba. According to Coast Guardsmen who took part in the rescue effort, many of the fleeing Haitians' boats are no better than floating coffins. Many of the passengers are so seasick, hungry and dehydrated that they cannot answer the questions put to them by overworked immigration officers stationed on the cutters.

Beyond its professed concern for the Haitians' safety, however, the Administration's stance on the boat people reflects long-standing immigration policies. Like most nations, the U.S. divides would-be refugees into two groups, and treats each very differently. Those with a "well-founded fear of persecution" because of their race, religion or political views are granted political asylum. But the U.S. lumps all except a microscopic number of Haitians into the category of "economic migrants," maintaining that because they are merely fleeing from poverty and generalized chaos and violence, they do not qualify for resident status. "In Haiti people are still free to practice their religion and to hold a job—if they can find one," explains a State Department spokesman. In 1981 the Reagan Administration reached an agreement with Haitian dictator "Baby Doc" Duvalier that permits—but does not require—the U.S. to return Haitians suspected of trying to illegally enter its territory, provided Haiti gives assurances that no reprisals will be taken against them. Through the end of 1990, more than 24,000 Haitian refugees were caught trying to enter the U.S., but only five were granted political asylum.

Some opponents of the Bush policy charge that it is shaped by racism against citizens of a black nation. Others are angered by the contradiction between this policy and the practice in other situations, when the U.S. brushed aside the distinction between economic and political refugees in order to further the fight against communism. From 1983 to 1989, for example, 12,316 refugees from Daniel Ortega's Nicaragua were welcomed by the U.S., and this year alone 2,000 Cubans have been granted permanent-resident status under an anti-Castro law passed in 1966. The U.S. has even criticized its staunchest allies when they tried to deport economic refugees from communist countries. On Oct. 17, George Bush fired off a letter to British Prime Minister John Major, reaffirming U.S. opposition to the forced repatriation of the 64,000 Vietnamese boat people who have sought refuge in Hong Kong until conditions in Vietnam improve. Four out of five of them are considered to be economic refugees.

Earlier this month, when only a relative handful of Haitians were attempting the sea trek, some members of Congress asked Bush to allow some of the refugees into the U.S. on a temporary basis. The legislators reasoned that such a quiet humanitarian gesture would ease the painful effects of the embargo without encouraging others to flee. The Administration shelved the suggestion, though it did launch a perfunctory effort to persuade Haiti's democratic neighbors to resettle some of the refugees. Belize agreed to take 100 boat people—if they tested negative for the AIDS virus. Honduras, Venezuela, Trinidad and Tobago agreed to accept a total of 450 Haitians.

The legal and diplomatic niceties mean little to the boat people, who regard the voyage to America, no matter how daunting, as less risky than remaining in their own country. U.S. officials say there is no evidence that Haiti's military rulers will take revenge against those who have been repatriated. But they also admit that conditions inside Haiti have become so horrendous that the American embassy in Port-au-Prince has been reduced to a skeleton staff,

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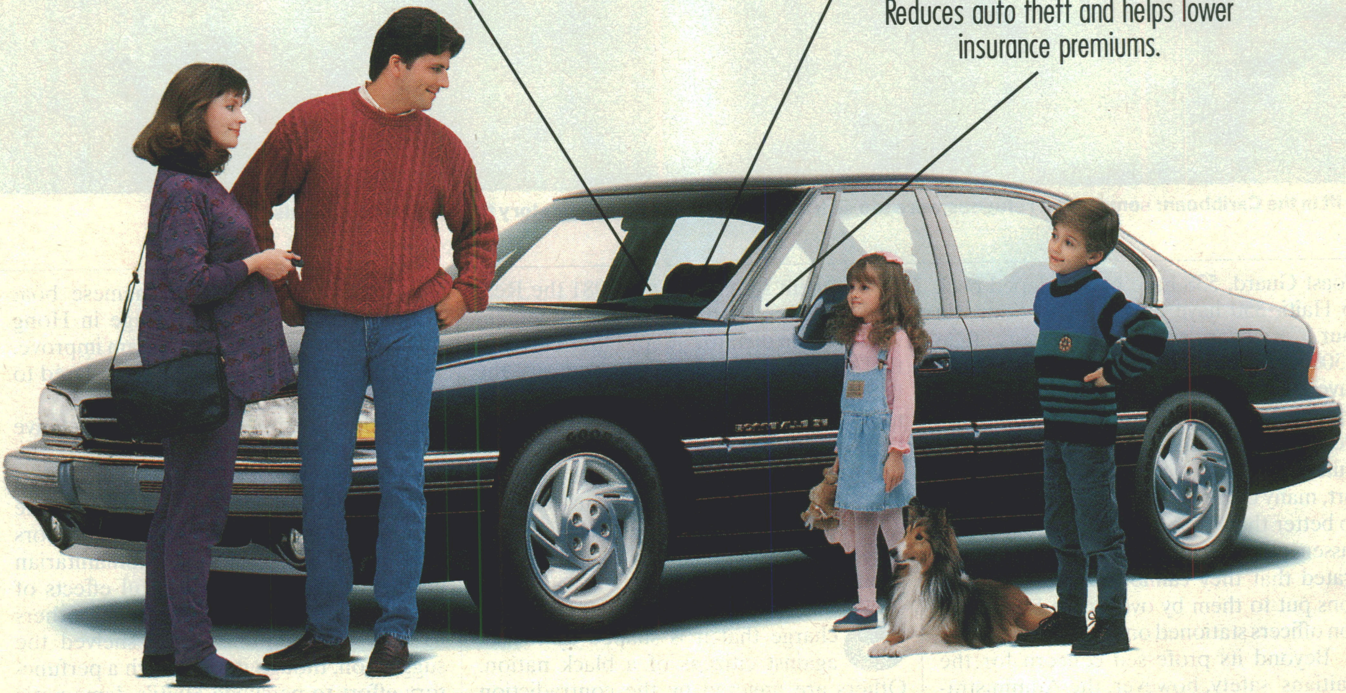

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leaving the monitoring of abuses to a beleaguered network of human-rights organizations. According to them, security forces under the command of Port-au-Prince police chief Major Michel Françis, the mastermind of the coup, have persecuted hundreds of young men believed to be Aristide supporters. Last week a Haitian bodyguard employed by U.S. Ambassador Alvin Adams was dragged out of his house by a group of unidentified gunmen and shot to death.

Alain St. Ville, 27, a young Aristide supporter driven out by the junta, is one of just 100 Haitians who have been allowed to apply for political asylum since Aristide was toppled. A musician from Port-au-Prince's poorest neighborhood, St. Ville left the country in a small sailboat after a neighbor warned that soldiers were looking for him. "There were 52 of us," St. Ville says. "None of us knew the sea. It was horrible. But we kept saying anything is better than staying to be shot by the soldiers."

Last week Aristide began negotiations for his return with members of Haiti's National Assembly in Cartagena, Colombia. There was little hope for a quick settlement, however, because the army leaders who hold veto power over the talks insist that Aristide will not be allowed back until the economic embargo is eased. Moreover, Jean-Jacques Honorat, premier of the illegal government, says the former President will face criminal charges if he sets foot in Haiti. For his part, Aristide has reaffirmed support for a military reform program, a pledge that triggered his overthrow in the first place. Most diplomats think Aristide will return several months after a new compromise Cabinet is appointed.

Until the government is restored to Haiti and the embargo is lifted, the exodus is likely to continue. Even if the federal judge in Miami who temporarily enjoined the Administration from sending the boat people back to Port-au-Prince eventually rules that the repatriations are legal, the U.S. must find a more orderly and humane way to cope with the problem.

One possible solution would be for Attorney General William Barr to invoke a provision of the Immigration Act of 1990 that permits the government to extend "temporary protected status" to certain foreign nationals who do not qualify for formal refugee status but who were displaced by war, natural disasters or generalized civil strife. Such protection would apply only to Haitians who actually reach the U.S., leaving open the possibility that the Coast Guard would keep on with its interceptions.

If the Administration decides to be generous to fleeing Haitians, money for a temporary refuge program has already been authorized by Congress: a $35 million fund that the President can tap once he declares an immigration emergency. The crisis now unfolding off Haiti's coast surely qualifies. ***—Reported by Bernard Diederich/ Miami and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington***

SCANDALS

The Cruelest Kind of Fraud

A fertility doctor is charged with using his position of power and trust to secretly father his clients' children

They came to Dr. Cecil Jacobson's Vienna, Va., clinic from all over the Washington area, women and men desperate to conceive a child. As a fertility specialist, Jacobson was highly recommended. He was a brilliant geneticist who helped pioneer the amniocentesis procedure in the U.S. During office visits he liked to call himself "the babymaker." "God doesn't give you babies," he would tell his patients. "I do."

They gave him their trust and their money, but according to a federal indictment handed up last week, he deceived them. Not only did the babymaker tell women they were pregnant when they weren't, say federal officials, but he secretly inseminated others with his own seed, fathering at least seven children for couples who thought they were receiving legitimate donor sperm. "It's basic fraud of the cruelest sort," said U.S. Attorney Richard Cullen, whose office is prosecuting the case.

CYNTHIA JOHNSON—GAMMA LIAISON FOR TIME

Dr. Cecil Jacobson, seen here after pleading not guilty on all counts

The extraordinary charges cap several years of civil proceedings against the 55-year-old physician, who first came to the attention of authorities after what seemed to be an unusual string of false pregnancies. According to the government, Jacobson was giving patients hormone treatments that simulated the effects of early pregnancy. At hearings before a committee of the Virginia Board of Medicine in 1989, several women wept as they described how Jacobson would show them sonograms of what he said was their fetus, pointing out nonexistent heartbeats, fetal movements and thumb-sucking. He would give them fetal snapshots to take home—only to announce several weeks later that their baby had died.

The Virginia board found sufficient evidence to warrant revoking Jacobson's medical license, despite pleadings by his attorney that the board was paying too much attention to the complaints of "disappointed women who had difficulty conceiving" and ignoring "the other side of the coin," the fact that he had treated a lot of other women who did get pregnant. Jacobson agreed to give up his practice and moved to Provo, Utah, where his father lives.

The latest charges come from some of those other women. Acting on a tip, several patients requested genetic tests, which revealed the doctor himself had fathered their babies. According to the indictment, Jacobson conned patients into thinking he had an elaborate system for matching sperm donors to particular physical, mental and social characteristics. But in some cases, says the government, he was the sole donor.

Jacobson faces 53 felony charges. At his arraignment late last week, he proclaimed his innocence. His attorney asserted that if the doctor had used his own sperm, he had done so in the interests of providing a sample that was "clean and good" in a time of AIDS.

The disturbing case of Dr. Jacobson underscores a problem that has plagued the booming field of infertility medicine. Doctors can claim to be experts on the basis of scant experience or training. There is no board certification and little regulation. Now Jacobson has single-handedly made it time for the Federal Government and organized medicine to crack down on those who prey on the infertile. ***—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt. Reported by Dick Thompson/Washington***

DIPLOMACY

A Man for All Nations

Outmaneuvering the U.S., the Africans put one of their own at the helm of the world forum for the first time

By BONNIE ANGELO

For the United Nations' African bloc, the election last week of Egyptian diplomat Boutros Boutros Ghali as the new Secretary-General to succeed the retiring Javier Pérez de Cuéllar was a semisweet victory. The Africans had engineered their continent's first turn at the helm of the world organization—and had outmaneuvered the big guns of the U.S. and Britain to achieve it. But Ghali was the "least African" candidate put forward by a bloc that dearly wanted to see the job go to a sub-Saharan black.

American and British officials privately disdained all the candidates as lacking stature and experience for the top spot at the U.N. in the post–cold war era and regarded Ghali, 69, as too old. To the surprise of Security Council members, his victory came on the first official ballot. The last straw poll had given the edge to the leading black African candidate, Zimbabwean Finance Minister Bernard Chidzero. But on the first tally, 11 members selected Ghali and none of the five permanent members of the Security Council vetoed him. Among the other candidates, including Chidzero and early favorite Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, a veteran U.N. figure who had his eye on the job for 20 years, no one had enough votes to force a runoff. The four Europeans on the ballot, including the first woman to be considered, Norway's Prime Minister Gro Harlem Brundtland, trailed badly.

The Egyptian Deputy Prime Minister who will lead the U.N. into the new world order defies categorization. He won under the African banner, but he is not black. He is an Arab who is a Coptic Christian with a Jewish wife. He represents the Third World with the stamp of Paris-honed sophistication; he is the son of a wealthy family, the grandson of a Prime Minister. He was widely considered old for the demanding job but was criticized for campaigning for it too vigorously.

But Ghali brings strong qualifications to the $202,346-a-year post. He is an expert in international law and comes with a 21-page curriculum vitae replete with degrees, decorations and scholarly writings in three languages. After Anwar Sadat brought him into political life in 1974, Ghali became a key negotiator in the Camp David peace process, and he has helped mediate many quarrels among African nations.

Those ties helped, since it was largely the determination of the Africans that won him the job. Last June the Organization of African Unity, meeting in Nigeria, agreed to go all out to demand its turn in power and drew up a list of six candidates, all except Ghali from sub-Saharan nations. He was added almost by chance, to meet France's demand for a French-speaking candidate. In drawing up the list, President Mobutu of Zaïre looked about the room, fixed his eye on Ghali and declared, *"Vous!"* China quickly pledged its support for an African, and France endorsed Ghali.

The U.S. has always resisted the notion of a rotating regional claim to the job—a concept not mentioned in the U.N. charter—but it did not counter with a serious candidate of its own. A State Department official insisted that "that would be the kiss of death," and an American diplomat at the U.N. agreed it would be impolitic for the U.S. to use its big-power muscle: "We weren't going to be the 900-lb. gorilla."

Instead Washington quietly dithered as Pérez de Cuéllar's second five-year term neared its Dec. 31 end. A proposal to extend his tenure, floated by the Soviet Union and France, was knocked down by the U.S. and Britain, which wanted a man with new energy and attitude to stir up the sluggish U.N. bureaucracy. Famous names like Margaret Thatcher and Eduard Shevardnadze were suggested but never taken seriously.

As months slid by with little sense of urgency about choosing a leader for the next five and possibly 10 years, the Africans hardened their position. They warned that if the Security Council bypassed their nominees, they would flout precedent and take the fight to the floor of the General Assembly, which must formally approve the council's recommendation. Were they bluffing? Possibly, but more likely not. "What we didn't want," said an American diplomat, "was a Clarence Thomas situation, with a deeply divided vote."

Meanwhile, Ghali was breaking the first rule of U.N. politics: don't appear to seek the job and don't get out front. He traveled to every crucial capital pressing his view of a revitalized U.N. After meeting with a noncommittal President Bush in September, he checked into the National Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Md., and emerged with a clean bill of health to counter objections to his age. Both Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak and Saudi Arabian Ambassador to Washington Prince Bandar bin Sultan personally called Bush.

As the Security Council assembled late Thursday, rumors persisted that the U.S. and Britain would somehow craft an eleventh hour surprise. But by then Washington had decided that if it came to a choice between Ghali and Chidzero, the U.S. would vote for Ghali.

The victor will be expected to inject new life into a bloated U.N. bureaucracy. Can Ghali do it? A Western analyst in Cairo calls him "a man of vision and integrity, not anybody's pushover." But with only five years to make his mark, the incoming Secretary-General must work fast. He takes over a U.N. facing a devastating financial crisis, increasing demands for peacekeeping operations and humanitarian aid, and a whole new global agenda—an awesome challenge for an untried man. ***—With reporting by Dean Fischer/Cairo***

BARRY IVERSON FOR TIME

Boutros Boutros Ghali: a scholar and witty bon vivant, but no one's pushover

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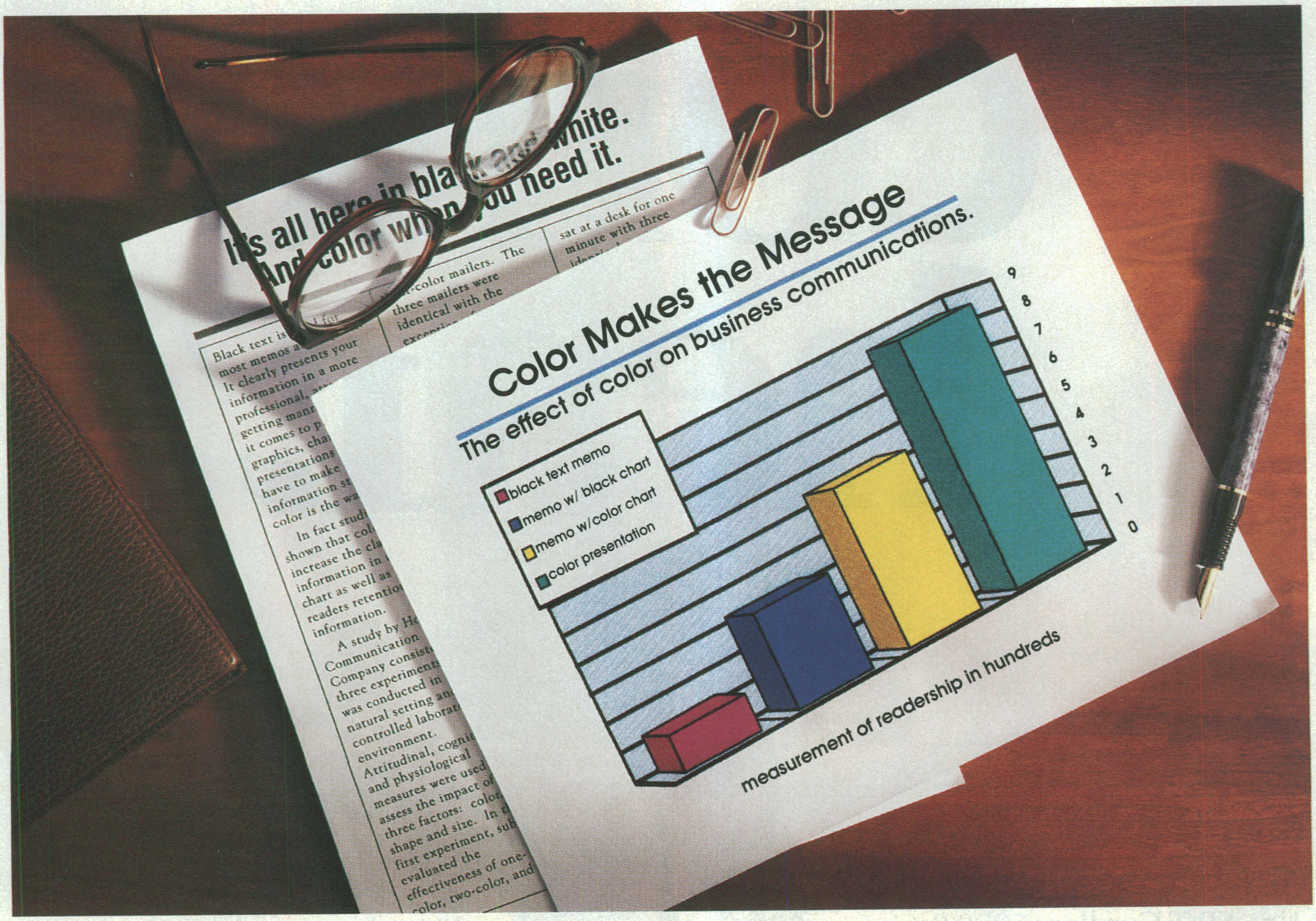
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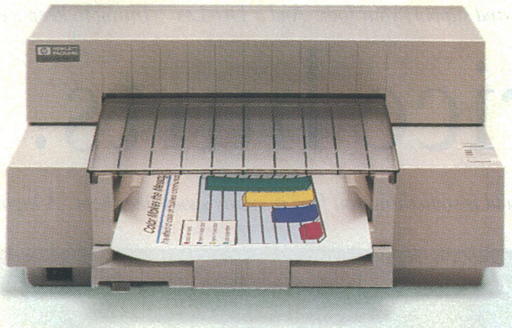

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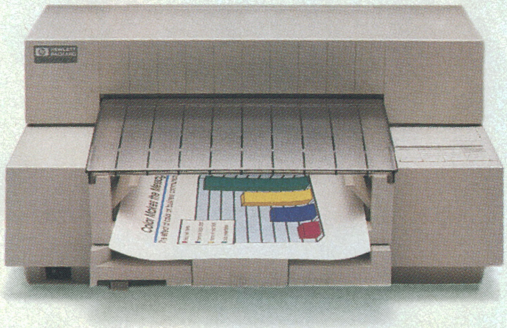

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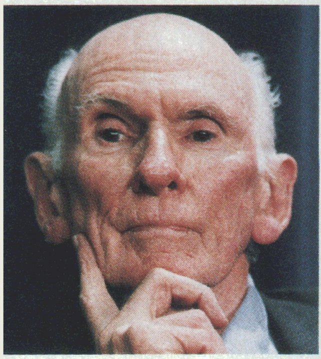


Cranston: repugnant conduct

PAUL RICHARDS—AFP

THE SENATE

The Keating None

After 22 months of shilly-shallying, partisan bickering and overblown rhetoric, the Senate Select Committee on Ethics finally punished the last of the Keating Five. Last week the committee reprimanded California Democrat Alan Cranston, who accepted $850,000 in contributions from financier Charles Keating while interceding on his behalf with bank regulators who were trying to seize Keating's failing savings and loan.

The committee found that Cranston's conduct had been "improper and repugnant," but those were mild words to describe his dealings with Keating. In one instance, a Keating aide gave Cranston $250,000 at the same meeting during which he agreed to plead Keating's case. Cranston insisted that what he had done for Keating was not unusual for a Senator. How many lawmakers, he demanded, "could rise and declare you've never, ever helped—or agreed to help—a contributor?" To which Republican Warren Rudman snapped, "Everybody doesn't do it." Perhaps not. But the leniency extended to Cranston suggests that those who do will go scot-free. ■

SMOG

Pollution Tests On the Run

The war against smog may soon get a new high-tech weapon. A device being tested in Provo, Utah, uses an infrared beam, computer software and a video camera to add up the carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons billowing from the tail pipes of passing cars—and to automatically record their license numbers.

If the new device proves accurate, it could go into widespread use next year, when the Clean Air Act of 1990 will require 18 states and 33 cities that have excessive carbon monoxide or ozone levels to begin extensive pollution tests, including on-road exams.

Some prosecutors think the device could also be used to issue pollution tickets to motorists who have deliberately tampered with their cars to get around the new rules. But for the moment at least, about 100 drivers in Provo face a far more desirable consequence if the roadside detector flunks their cars twice: private sources will pay for the necessary repairs. ■

The new fume analyzer in action

GEORGE FREY FOR TIME

Handcuffed bankers: a federal agent calls them the small fry

B.C.C.I.

The Ones That Got Away

Talk about missing an opportunity. Almost three years before the collapse of the corrupt Bank of Credit & Commerce International, the Justice Department failed to pursue evidence that the institution was involved in a whole network of nefarious activities. That was the Senate testimony last week of Robert Mazur, a federal undercover agent who said prosecutors ignored "hundreds of leads" and failed to exploit 100,000 documents seized in a 1988 money-laundering crackdown on B.C.C.I.'s Florida branch. The investigation, in which five B.C.C.I. officers were arrested at a phony "bachelor party" for Mazur, led to prison sentences for the executives and a $14 million fine for the bank.

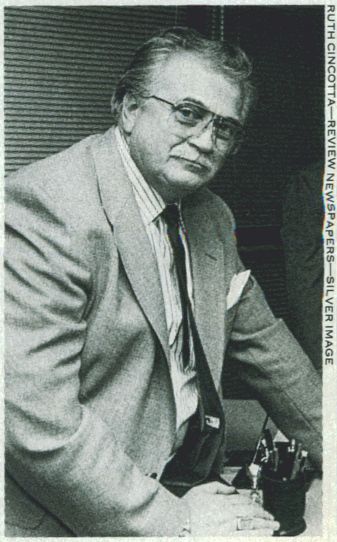
But the evidence gathered in the case pointed to a far wider conspiracy, including B.C.C.I.'s secret ownership of Washington-based First American Bankshares, said Mazur, who testified behind a frosted-glass partition and spoke into a voice-altering microphone to protect his identity. "We needed a lot more help than we had," said Mazur, who blamed the lapse on a dire shortage of staff and overly generous plea bargaining. ■

THE BOARDROOM

A Chairman At Large

Lots of companies are suffering from vanishing profits, but Cascade International has a far more embarrassing problem: a missing chairman. The Florida-based retailer's founder and chief executive, Victor Incendy, disappeared last week, two days before a scheduled meeting at which he had promised to reply to accusations that his clothes-and-cosmetics empire was built on phantom stores and phony figures. The episode is a bizarre end to the spectacular seven-year rise of Cascade, which had regularly reported annual sales gains of 40% or more from a chain of stores with such names as Boutiques Allison and Fran's Fashions.

Touted by the charismatic Incendy, an immigrant from Hungary, Cascade gained a reputation as one of Wall Street's hot over-the-counter stocks. But during the past year, Cascade's glowing financial self-portrait began to arouse skepticism. Although the company claimed to have 29 stores in California, a search by a financial newsletter turned up only 18. Officials are looking for Incendy, and an outside auditor is currently going over the company's books, which even Cascade concedes "may not be accurate." ■



Incendy: the vanishing CEO

RUTH CINCOTTA—REVIEW NEWSPAPERS—SILVER IMAGE

PEARL HARBOR

Day of Infamy

A half-century ago, Japan launched its surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, and the world has never been the same since

By OTTO FRIEDRICH

U.S. NAVY

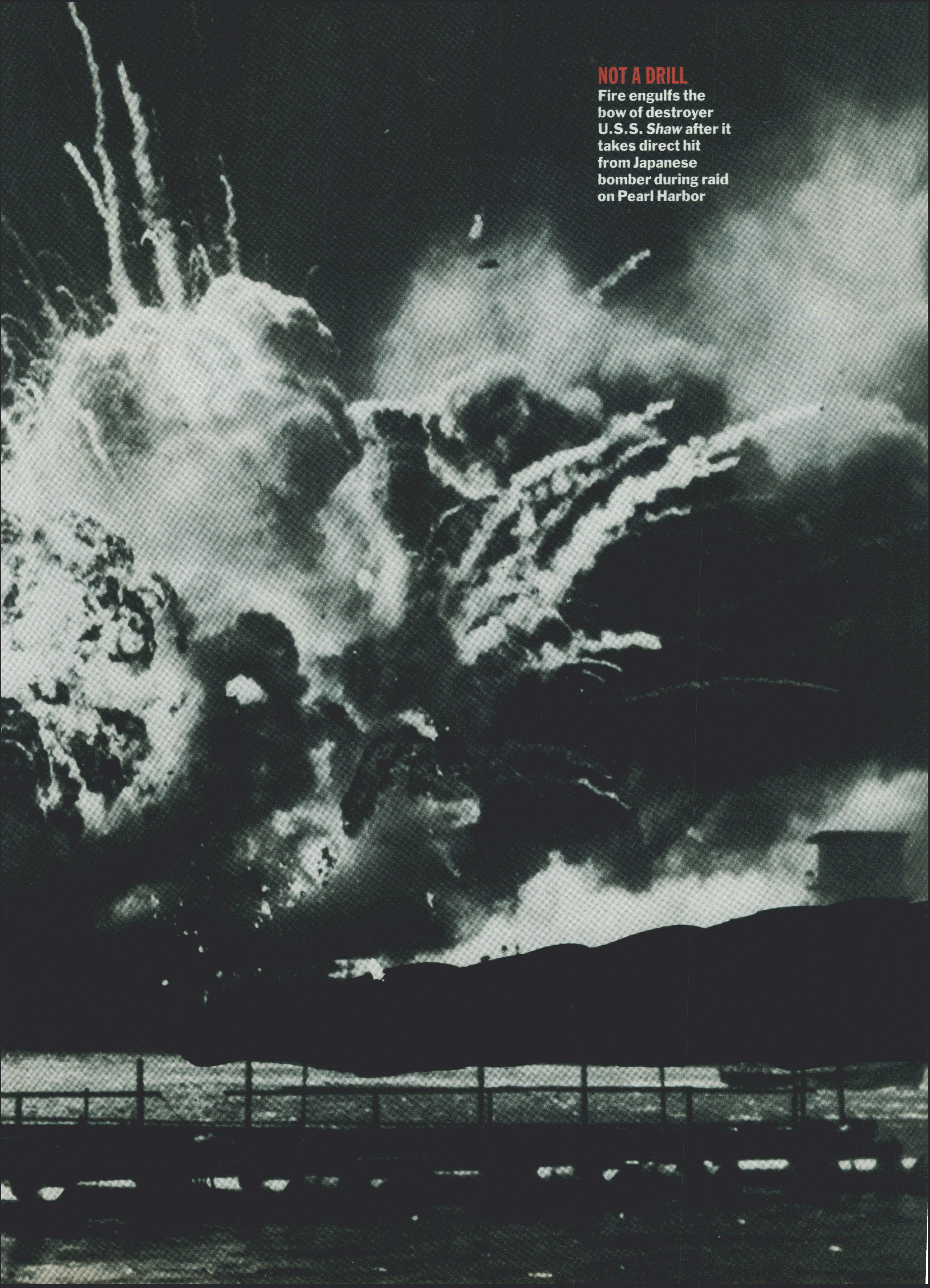
> *Warden was just going back for seconds on both hotcakes and eggs . . . when this blast shuddered by under the floor and rattled the cups . . . It had become very quiet and everybody had stopped eating and looked up at each other.*
>
> *"Must be doin some dynamitin down to Wheeler Field," somebody said tentatively.*
>
> —James Jones, *From Here to Eternity*

PART 1

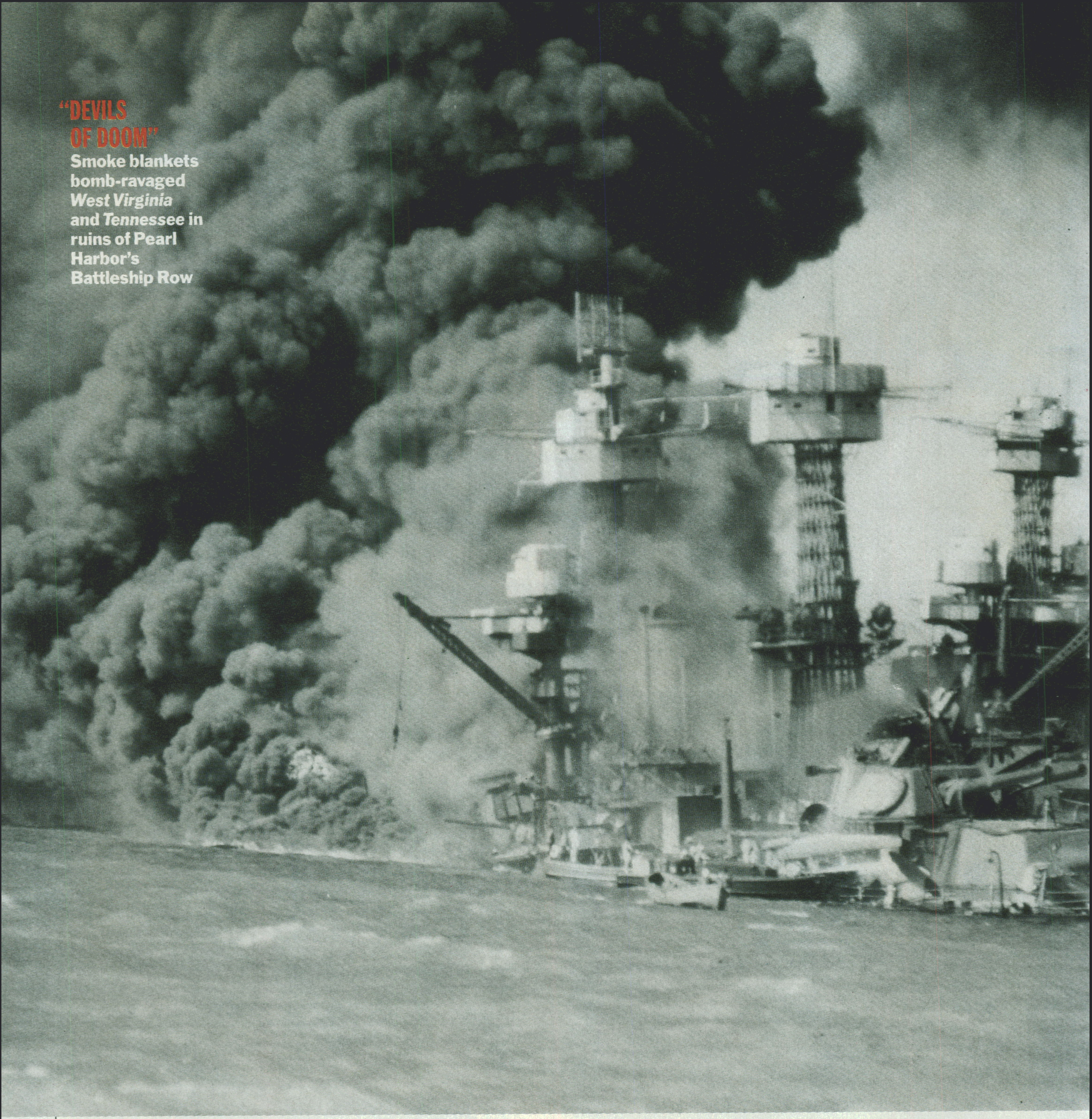
The brass band on the stern of the U.S.S. *Nevada* kept on playing *The Star-Spangled Banner* for the 8 a.m. flag raising even after a Japanese bomber roared overhead and fired a torpedo at the nearby *Arizona*. The torpedo missed, but the bomber sprayed machine-gun fire at the *Nevada's* band and tore up its ensign.

"This is the best goddam drill the Army Air Force has ever put on," remarked an *Arizona* sailor standing idly at the battleship's rail.

"Air raid, Pearl Harbor, this is no drill," said the radio message that went out at 7:58 a.m.



NOT A DRILL
Fire engulfs the bow of destroyer U.S.S. *Shaw* after it takes direct hit from Japanese bomber during raid on Pearl Harbor



"DEVILS OF DOOM"
Smoke blankets bomb-ravaged *West Virginia* and *Tennessee* in ruins of Pearl Harbor's Battleship Row

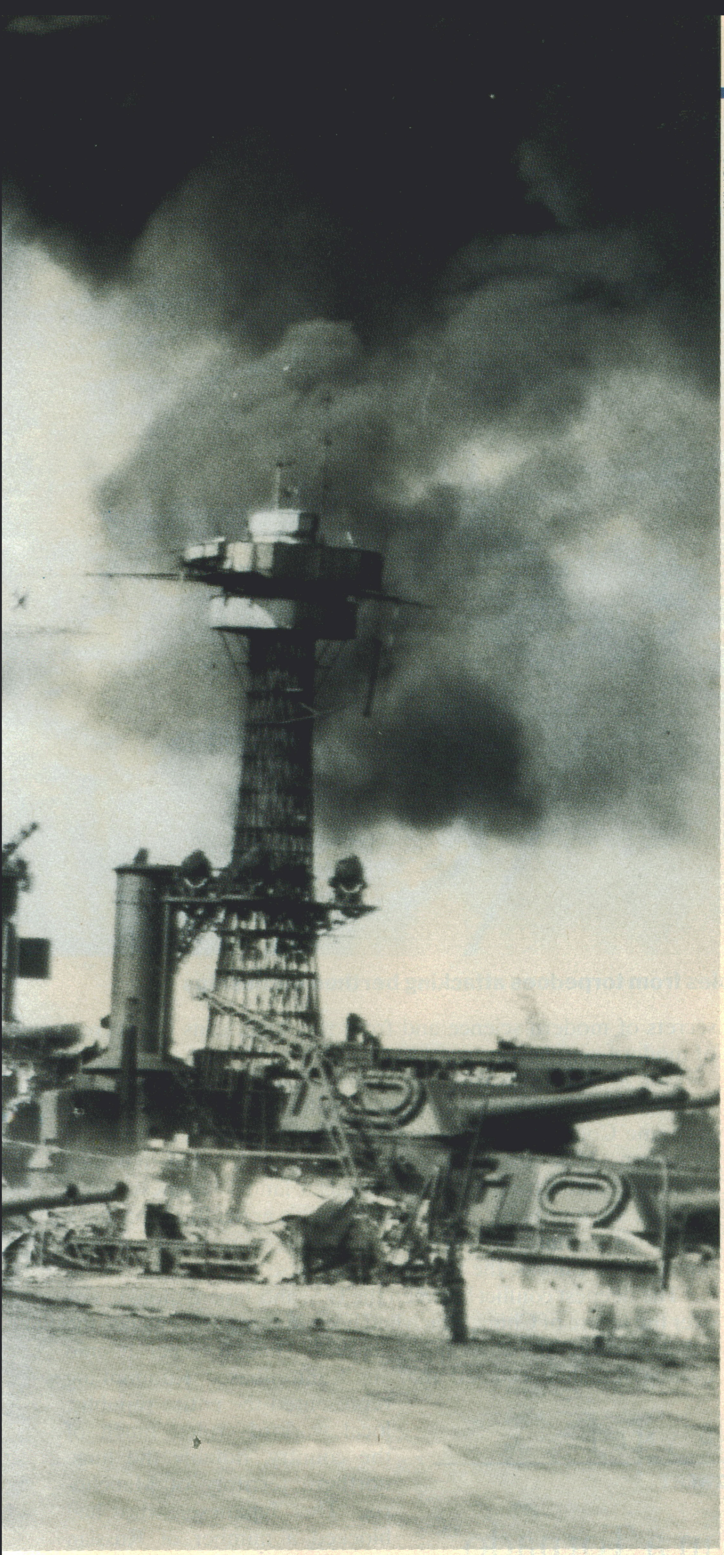
from the U.S. Navy's Ford Island command center, relayed throughout Hawaii, to Manila, to Washington. But there was an even sharper sense of imminent disaster in the words someone shouted over the public address system on another docked battleship, the *Oklahoma:* "Man your battle stations! This is no shit!" Across the lapping waters of the harbor, church bells tolled, summoning the faithful to worship.

Almost alongside the *Oklahoma,* another torpedo hurtled through the air. After releasing it, recalled Lieut. Jinichi Goto, commander of the Japanese torpedo bombers, "I saw that I was even lower than the crow's nest of the great battleship. My observer reported a huge waterspout springing up . . . '*Atarimashita!* [It hit!]' he cried."

"I felt a very heavy shock and heard a loud explosion," said the *Oklahoma's* executive officer, Commander Jesse Kenworthy Jr., "and the ship immediately began to list to port. As I attempted to get to the conning tower over decks slippery with oil and water, I felt the shock of another very heavy explosion." Kenworthy gave the order to abandon ship. He barely made it over the rising starboard side as the giant battleship began to keel over, trapping more than 400 crewmen below decks.

Just as the *Oklahoma* capsized, a tremendous explosion tore open the *Arizona*. "A spurt of flame came out of the guns in No. 2 turret, followed by an explosion of the forward magazine," said a mechanic on the nearby tanker *Ramapo.* "The foremast leaned forward, and the whole forward part of the ship was enveloped in flame and smoke and continued to burn fiercely."

In Commander Mitsuo Fuchida's bomber circling overhead, antiaircraft fire knocked a hole in the fuselage and damaged the steering gear, but Fuchida couldn't take his eyes off the fiery death throes of the *Arizona*. "A huge column of dark red smoke rose to 1,000 ft., and a stiff shock wave rocked the plane," he re-



U.S. NAVY

called years later, when he had become a Presbyterian missionary. "It was a hateful, mean-looking red flame, the kind that powder produces, and I knew at once that a big magazine had exploded. Terrible indeed."

As operational commander of the Japanese attackers, Fuchida watched and controlled everything. It was Fuchida who had given, exactly at 7:49 a.m. on Dec. 7, 1941, the order to attack the strongest naval base in the world: "*To!* [the first syllable of *totsugekiseyo,* meaning: Charge!] *To! To! To!*" It was Fuchida who sent back to Tokyo the triumphant signal that the attack had caught the Americans by surprise: "*Tora!* [Tiger!] *Tora! Tora!*"

Now Fuchida led the attack on the *Maryland,* another of the eight battleships berthed at the U.S. Navy's Pacific Fleet headquarters. He saw four bombs hurtling toward their target. "In perfect pattern [they] plummeted like devils of doom. They became small as poppy seeds and finally disappeared just as tiny white flashes of smoke appeared on or near the ship."

Pearl Harbor is peaceful now, blue waves in the winter sunshine, an occasional toot of harbor traffic. A concrete canopy shrouds the rusted wreckage of the *Arizona,* the remains of more than 1,000 American servicemen entombed inside. Her flag is still raised and lowered every day on the mast emerging out of the quiet water.

The anniversary of the greatest U.S. military defeat, the day President Franklin D. Roosevelt called "a date which will live in infamy,"* remains a day of death and disgrace, an inglorious event, and the spirit of reconciliation still bows before gusts of rancor. When President Bush, a World War II fighter pilot, indicated that he would attend the Pearl Harbor anniversary ceremonies, White House spokesmen stiffly squelched any talk of Japanese officials' joining in. So did the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association. "We did not invite the Japanese 50 years ago, and we don't want them now," says the association's president, Gerald Glaubitz.

In American mythology, Pearl Harbor still represents, even after a half-century, a classic moment of treachery and betrayal. Certainly it was a moment of historic surprise, a moment when the impossible happened, when warfare suddenly spread, for the first and only time in history, to virtually the whole world. This was the moment that changed Americans from a nation of provincial innocents, not only ignorant of the great world but proud of their ignorance, into a nation that would often have to bear the burdens of rescuing that world. The same cataclysm also changed the Japanese from a people trying to find their place on the rim of the great world into a nation that would eventually redefine that world and place itself at the very center.

The surprise, when it first exploded over Pearl Harbor, was shattering, and everyone who experienced it can still remember what was going on when the news interrupted that quiet Sunday: the Washington Redskins playing the Philadelphia Eagles, Arthur Rubinstein as soloist in the New York Philharmonic broadcast, or just a visit with friends. Trying to explain the national sense of bewilderment, the TIME of that time reflected the kind of racism that implicitly underlay the basic American attitude. "Over the U.S. and its history," declared the weekly newsmagazine, "there was a great unanswered question: What would the people . . . say in the face of the mightiest event of their time? What they said—tens of thousands of them—was: 'Why, the yellow bastards!' "

As often happens in surprise attacks, however, the surprise of Pearl Harbor was largely a matter of national illusions. The leaders on both sides fully expected a war, indeed considered it inevitable, even to some extent desirable, but neither side really wanted to fight unless it had to. Up to the last minute, each antagonist thought the other was bluffing.

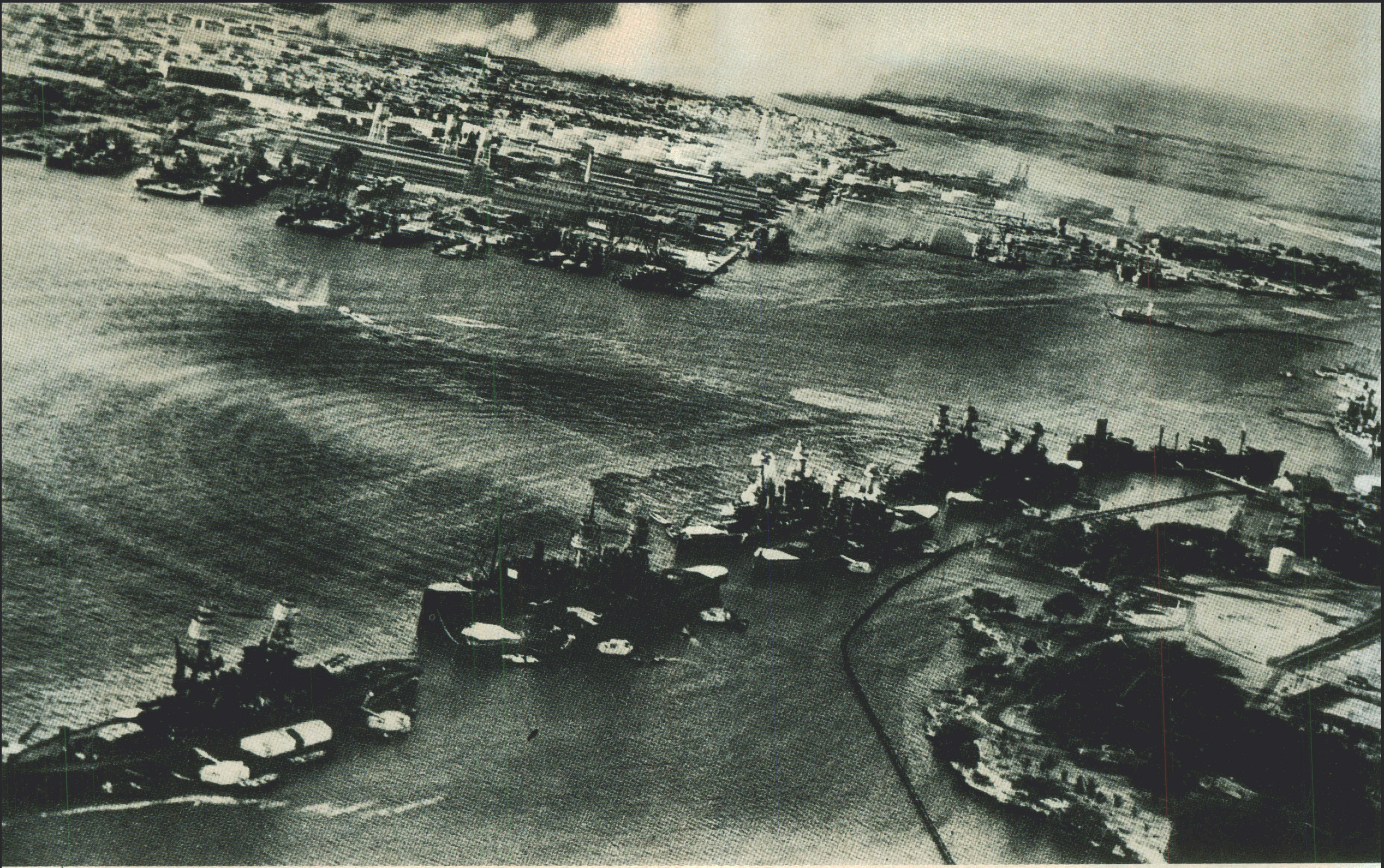
Japan's navy had already begun planning and training for the attack on Pearl Harbor when Emperor Hirohito startled his assembled advisers on Sept. 6 by asking an imperial question. In the midst of a fervent debate over when and how to go to war, the Emperor, who traditionally never spoke during such gatherings, suddenly pulled out and read in his high-pitched voice a poem by his revered grandfather Emperor Meiji:

> *All the seas, in every quarter,*
> *are as brothers to one another.*
> *Why, then, do the winds and waves of strife*
> *rage so turbulently throughout the world?*

Roosevelt, re-elected to a third term in 1940 after pledging that "your boys are not going to be sent to any foreign wars," knew that Hirohito was just a figurehead ruler over a militarist government dominated by the flinty General Hideki Tojo. Still,

---

*In dictating to his secretary, Grace Tully, the short speech in which he would ask Congress to declare war against Japan, Roosevelt originally said, "Yesterday, December 7, 1941, a date which will live in world history, the United States was suddenly and deliberately attacked." Reviewing the typescript, Roosevelt crossed out "world history" with his pen and wrote "infamy."



U.S. NAVY

SITTING DUCKS Captured Japanese photos of the raid show ripples from torpedoes attacking berthed battleships

Roosevelt staked his hopes for peace on a last-minute message to the Emperor. "Both of us," Roosevelt said, "have a sacred duty to restore traditional amity and prevent further death and destruction in the world."

Japanese military censors delayed that message for 10 hours, so it was almost midnight on Dec. 7 in Tokyo when U.S. Ambassador Joseph Grew sped with it to the Foreign Ministry. It was past 3 a.m.—and Fuchida's bombers were within sight of Pearl Harbor—when Foreign Minister Shigenori Togo, in full diplomatic regalia, reached the Imperial Palace. He found the Emperor listening to his shortwave radio. Togo read him the message and then the response that the government had already written for him. It said that peace was the Emperor's "cherished desire." This would "do well," Hirohito told Togo. The Foreign Minister bowed low.

If war between the U.S. and Japan was inevitable, it had probably been inevitable for a long time, perhaps as long ago as July 8, 1853. That was the day when Commodore Matthew Perry sailed his black-hulled steam frigate *Susquehanna* into Edo Bay (now Tokyo Bay) and "opened" Japan at gunpoint, after more than two centuries of self-imposed isolation, to American merchants and missionaries. Humiliated, the Japanese decided to modernize their feudal regime by imitating the barbarian invaders. They hired French officers to retrain their soldiers and British shipbuilders to create their navy. From the Germans they learned the secrets of modern science and from the Americans the secrets of modern commerce.

But as Japanese commerce and Japanese emigration increased, so did Western talk of a "yellow peril." In 1922 the Supreme Court ruled that Japanese immigrants were ineligible to become U.S. citizens. The following year it ruled that they could be barred from owning American land—Japanese farmers were then growing 10% of California's agricultural produce on 1% of its land. In 1924, when Congress imposed national immigration quotas, the figure for Japanese was zero.

The deepest conflict between the U.S. and Japan, though, was over the future of China, which had been in turmoil ever since the collapse of the Manchu Empire in 1911. Though Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek claimed that his Canton-based Kuomintang represented the entire republic, local warlords ruled much of the country, notably the huge northern territory of Manchuria. The Japanese, who had blocked a number of Russian incursions into Manchuria, were moving in to gain control of the region's plentiful coal and iron, which Japan sorely lacked.

The explosive force in the midst of this ferment was Japan's fractious Kwantung Army, originally sent to the Kwantung Peninsula just east of Beijing to protect Japanese rail and shipping interests in Manchuria. After ultranationalist Kwantung officers murdered the Chinese overlord of Manchuria, Tokyo installed a puppet regime in 1932 and proclaimed the inde-

REMEMBRANCE

BURT AMGWERT

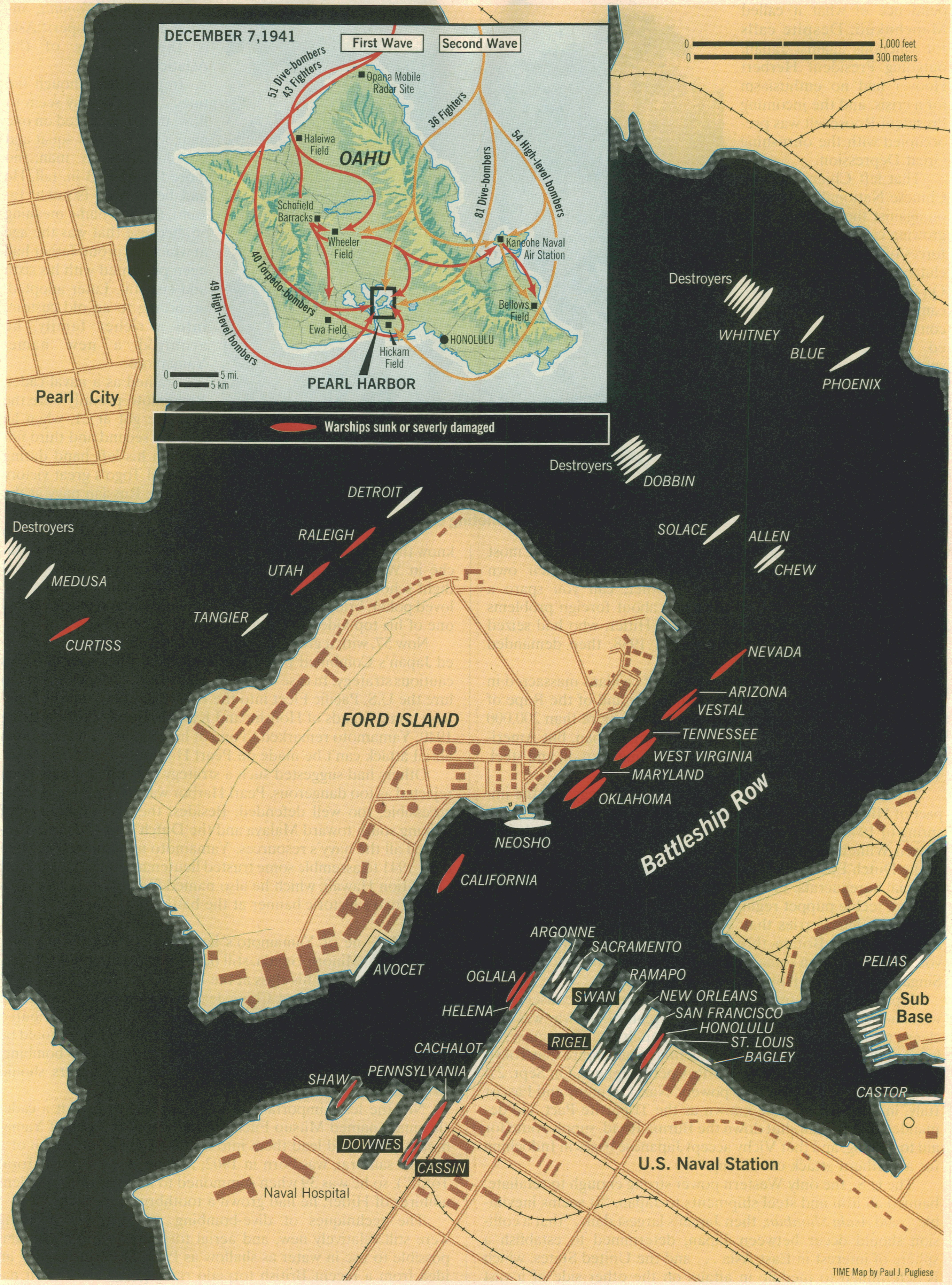
"As If We Were in a Tornado"

Now 75, he was a pharmacist mate at the Naval Hospital.

I saw a gray plane with a large red dot on the fuselage fly past, and a corpsman shouted, "The Japs are bombing us!" A bomb hit the destroyer *Shaw* in dry dock, and the concussion broke windowpanes in the hospital and blew our clothes and hair as if we were in a tornado.

At about dusk we saw four planes flying low, coming up the channel toward the harbor. Almost every antiaircraft gun in the Navy Yard started firing at them. The sad part is, they turned out to be U.S. Navy planes from the carrier *Enterprise.* Three were shot down, and the fourth pilot was brought into the hospital, wounded.

We had a bed capacity of about 300 people. At midnight that night we had 960 patients. And we had 313 dead, stacked outside like cordwood.


DECEMBER 7,1941
First Wave
Second Wave
51 Dive-bombers
43 Fighters
Opana Mobile Radar Site
36 Fighters
54 High-level bombers
81 Dive-bombers
Haleiwa Field
OAHU
Schofield Barracks
Wheeler Field
Kaneohe Naval Air Station
40 Torpedo-bombers
49 High-level bombers
Bellows Field
Ewa Field
HONOLULU
Hickam Field
PEARL HARBOR
0 5 mi.
0 5 km
Warships sunk or severly damaged
0 1,000 feet
0 300 meters
Pearl City
Destroyers
WHITNEY
BLUE
PHOENIX
Destroyers
DOBBIN
DETROIT
RALEIGH
UTAH
TANGIER
Destroyers
MEDUSA
CURTISS
SOLACE
ALLEN
CHEW
NEVADA
ARIZONA
VESTAL
TENNESSEE
WEST VIRGINIA
MARYLAND
OKLAHOMA
FORD ISLAND
NEOSHO
Battleship Row
CALIFORNIA
AVOCET
ARGONNE
SACRAMENTO
RAMAPO
OGLALA
HELENA
SWAN
NEW ORLEANS
SAN FRANCISCO
HONOLULU
ST. LOUIS
BAGLEY
RIGEL
PELIAS
Sub Base
CACHALOT
SHAW
PENNSYLVANIA
CASTOR
DOWNES
CASSIN
U.S. Naval Station
Naval Hospital

TIME Map by Paul J. Pugliese

MONTH OF SLAUGHTER Bayoneting civilians in rape of Nanking

pendence of what it called Manchukuo. Despite calls for sanctions against Japan, outgoing President Herbert Hoover had no enthusiasm for a crisis, and the incoming President Roosevelt was preoccupied with the onrushing Great Depression.

That left Chiang and his Chinese Nationalists to fight on against the Japanese, the growing communist guerrilla forces of Mao Zedong and a clutch of surviving warlords. On the night of July 7, 1937, came the murky events that constituted the long-expected "incident." A Japanese soldier apparently wandered off to relieve himself near the Marco Polo Bridge, outside Beijing. His comrades, who later claimed they feared he had been kidnapped, got into a gunfight with a nearby Chinese Nationalist unit, and the fighting soon spread.

The worldwide depression, which partly inspired Japan's move into China, left most Americans unable to deal with anything beyond their own breadlines and Hoovervilles and, Brother, can you spare a dime? To the extent that they worried about foreign problems at all, they worried mainly about Adolf Hitler, who had seized Austria and the Czech Sudetenland in 1938, then demanded western Poland in 1939.

Americans did hear horror stories—of civilians massacred in Japanese air raids on undefended Shanghai and of the Rape of Nanking, a month of slaughter that cut down more than 200,000 civilians. Roosevelt talked of "quarantining" Japan, but American ships went on supplying Tokyo with American oil and steel. Times were hard, and business was business.

What came to dominate Japan's overall strategy was the impact of Hitler's stunning victories over the Western Allies in the spring of 1940. The Dutch army was crushed within a week, and Queen Wilhelmina fled to London, leaving the immense wealth of the Dutch East Indies (now Indonesia) in the charge of a few colonial bureaucrats. France collapsed in a month, and Marshal Pétain's feeble puppet regime, based in the French resort of Vichy, had other worries than French Indochina (Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia). Britain, threatened by a Nazi invasion, could devote little more than some Churchillian rhetoric to the defense of Singapore, Malaya, Hong Kong and Burma.

Japan's Prince Fumimaro Konoye, a serpentine conservative who had twice been Premier since 1937, realized the way was now clear "to include the British, French, Dutch and Portuguese islands of the Orient" in a Japanese commercial empire that Tokyo called the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. On Sept. 27, 1940, Konoye joined the Axis powers, Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, in a formal alliance known as the Tripartite Pact. He demanded that Britain shut down the Burma Road, supply route for aid to Chiang, and that Vichy accept Japanese bases in Indochina for a southern attack on Chiang.

The U.S., the only Western power strong enough to retaliate, banned all iron and steel shipments to Japan. "It seems inevitable," said *Asahi Shimbun,* then Japan's largest daily, "that a collision should occur between Japan, determined to establish a sphere of interest in East Asia . . . and the United States, which is determined to meddle in affairs on the other side of a vast ocean." Added *Yomiuri*, another giant newspaper: "Asia is the territory of the Asiatics."

Impersonally though the tides of history may seem to flow, they now waited on one man, a remarkably squat and broad-shouldered man, no more than 5 ft. 3 in. tall. He had been born Isoroku Takano, the first name meaning 56, because that was the age at which his proud father had been presented with his sixth and last son. Later adopted, according to an old custom, into a richer family, he acquired a new name: Yamamoto.

Trained as a naval cadet, Yamamoto proudly bore the scars he got at 21, when he lost the second and third fingers on his left hand during Admiral Togo's great victory over the Russian navy at the Strait of Tsushima in 1905. Yamamoto had come to know the U.S. as a graduate student at Harvard and as naval attaché in Washington. And as executive officer of Japan's naval flight school, he had learned the new religion of air power. He loved poker, bridge and *shogi,* the Japanese version of chess. Said one of his top aides: "He had a gambler's heart."

Now 57, with a gray crew cut, Admiral Yamamoto commanded Japan's Combined Fleet, but he disliked the imperial navy's cautious strategy. In case of war, its plan was to fall back and try to lure the U.S. Pacific Fleet into the Inland Sea between the Japanese home islands of Honshu and Kyushu. But as early as spring 1940, Yamamoto remarked to one of his officers: "I wonder if an aerial attack can't be made on Pearl Harbor."

Others had suggested such a strategy but it had always been rejected as too dangerous. Pearl Harbor was too far away, too inaccessible, too well defended. Besides, the overall strategy of striking south toward Malaya and the Dutch East Indies now required all the navy's resources. Yamamoto nonetheless began in early 1941 to assemble some trusted lieutenants to make plans for Operation Hawaii, which he also named Operation *Z*, after Admiral Togo's historic banner at the battle of Tsushima.

One of Yamamoto's key planners was Commander Minoru Genda, still only 36, still a hot pilot at heart, first in his class at the Etajima naval academy, combat ace over China, leader of a daredevil stunt team called Genda's Flying Circus. Genda contributed several key ideas: that every available Japanese carrier should be assigned to the attack, that it should combine dive-bombing, high-level bombing and torpedoes, that the attackers should strike at dawn.

Not the least important of his ideas was to recruit a cadet classmate named Mitsuo Fuchida, who could train all of Yamamoto's pilots and lead them into battle. Fuchida, grandson of a famous samurai, was born in 1902, a Year of the Tiger ("Tora! Tora!"), so he was 39 when summoned to his mission. An ardent admirer of Hitler, he had grown a toothbrush mustache.

The techniques of dive-bombing and torpedo bombing were still relatively new, and aerial torpedoes were almost impossible to use in water as shallow as Pearl Harbor. Filching an idea from a recent British torpedo raid against the Italian na-

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Shelly looking forward to the holidays

Isn't it funny how so many of the places we find Smirnoff, feel like home.

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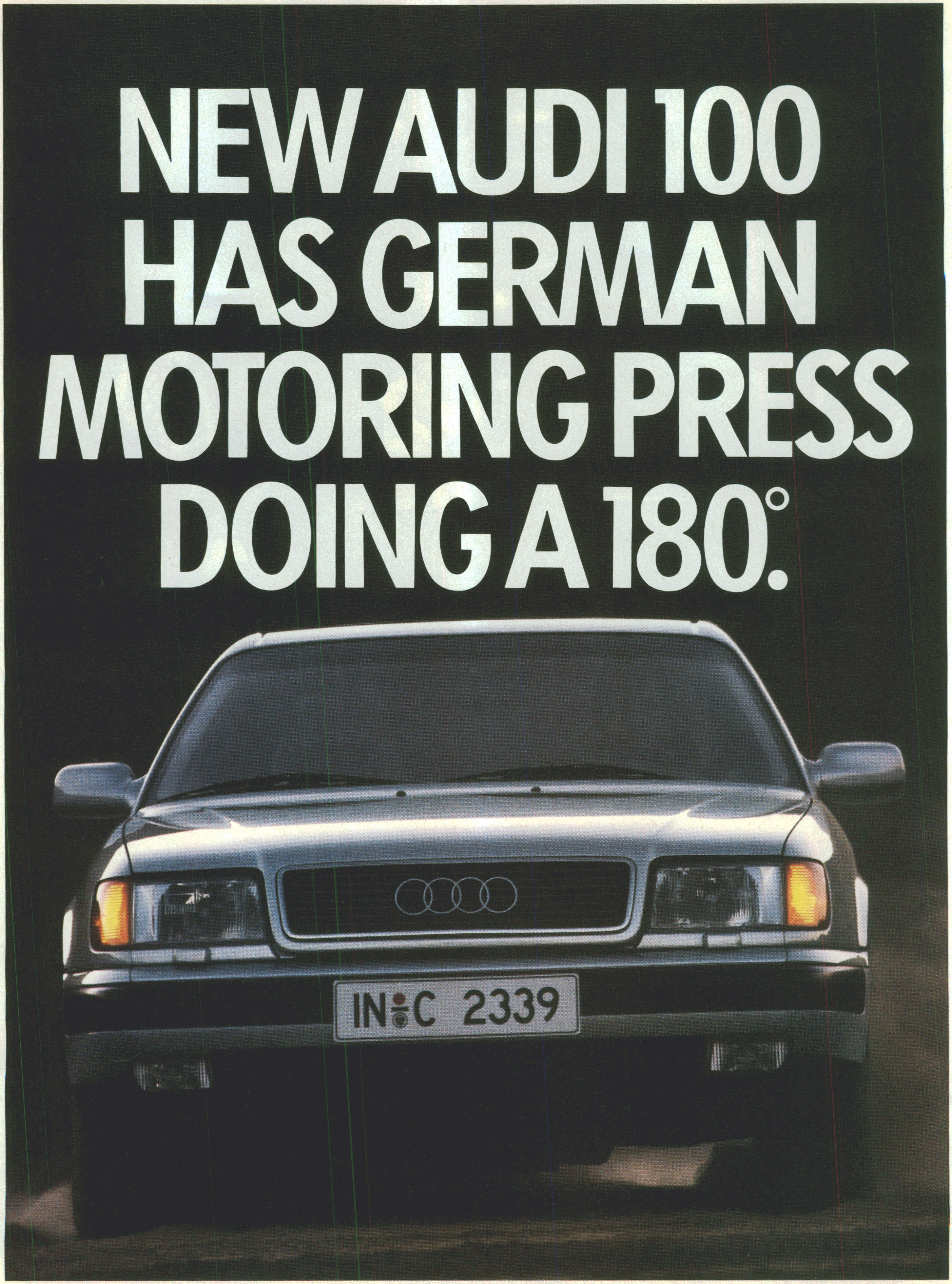
NEW AUDI 100
HAS GERMAN
MOTORING PRESS
DOING A 180°.
IN C 2339

In a surprise turnaround, three of Germany's top automotive journals rated the all new Audi 100 ahead of Mercedes and BMW.

Long regarded as the reigning monarchs of German performance sedans, Mercedes and BMW have never had much concern about a possible dethronement. However, that was before Audi engineers unveiled their most impressive achievement to date. The all new Audi 100.

In a series of extensive tests conducted by three of Germany's top automotive journals, the totally redesigned Audi 100 outscored both Mercedes and BMW.

According to AUTO MOTOR UND SPORT, the Audi 100 took control of the testing early and often, besting Mercedes and BMW in Bodywork, Handling and Control, and Economy.

auto motor und sport
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840i
Neuer 4,0 Liter 270 PS BMW Achtzylinder
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Vergleichstest Audi 100 V6 vor BMW 525 i und Mercedes 260 E
Auto Bild
Sensation: Audi besser als BMW und Mercedes
Doch bald Autobahngebühren?
Neuer Ferrari Testarossa
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DIE AUTOZEITSCHRIFT
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VERGLEICHSTEST
BMW 520i
MERCEDES 230 E
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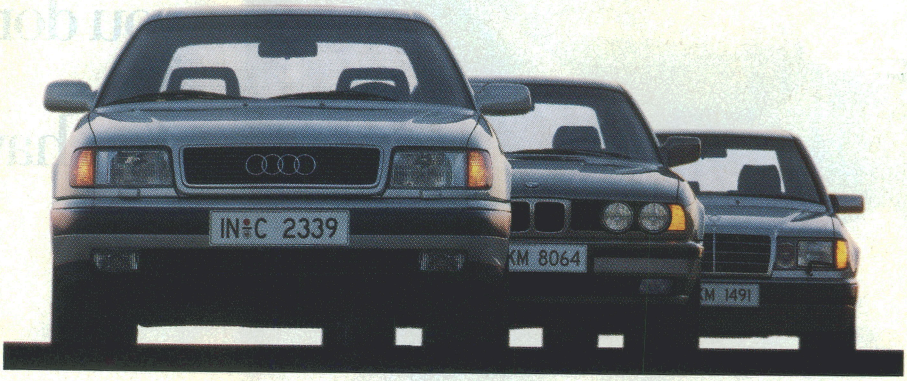
AUDI JETZT DER BESTE?
Aus für Rost?
Opel Omega

The all new Audi 100 was rated better than its competition in three separate tests conducted by these leading German automotive publications.

"Audi has succeeded...in not just drawing level with the competition, but moving ahead of it."

It would seem that the eight years Audi engineers had labored over this newest of Audis had indeed paid off. As Andres Borchman, editor of AUTO BILD, said, **"The new Audi 100 is no longer number three among the distinguished German marques, but, as the test proves, number one."**

The test journalists at MOT made it unanimous: **"The Audi is clearly the deserving winner."**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Compared to the $42,950 Mercedes 300E 2.6 and the $35,625 BMW 525i, the Audi 100S is priced at $29,900. That includes V-6 engine, ABS brakes, driver's side airbag, galvanized body and 3-year or 50,000-mile limited warranty.***

Both on the surface and beneath the skin, the new 100 differs dramatically from its predecessors. The styling is more dynamic. The interior is roomier. And the venerable 5-cylinder power plant has given way to a 172hp V-6 engine with superior low-end torque.

One area that wasn't tested but should be mentioned is the Audi Advantage: A program that includes the cost of all scheduled maintenance, even oil changes, for three years or 50,000 miles.

Neither Mercedes nor BMW can top it. Nor can they any longer claim to be at the top of this class. That honor now belongs to the new Audi 100.

AUDI 100S AT A GLANCE

GENERAL: Front-wheel drive, 5-passenger sedan, 4-door galvanized body

ENGINE: 2.8-liter SOHC V-6, iron block, aluminum heads, 172hp. Multi-path induction system

DRIVETRAIN: 4-speed automatic or 5-speed manual transmission

STEERING: Rack-and-pinion, power-assisted, vehicle speed-sensitive

BRAKES: ABS, power vented front discs, rear discs

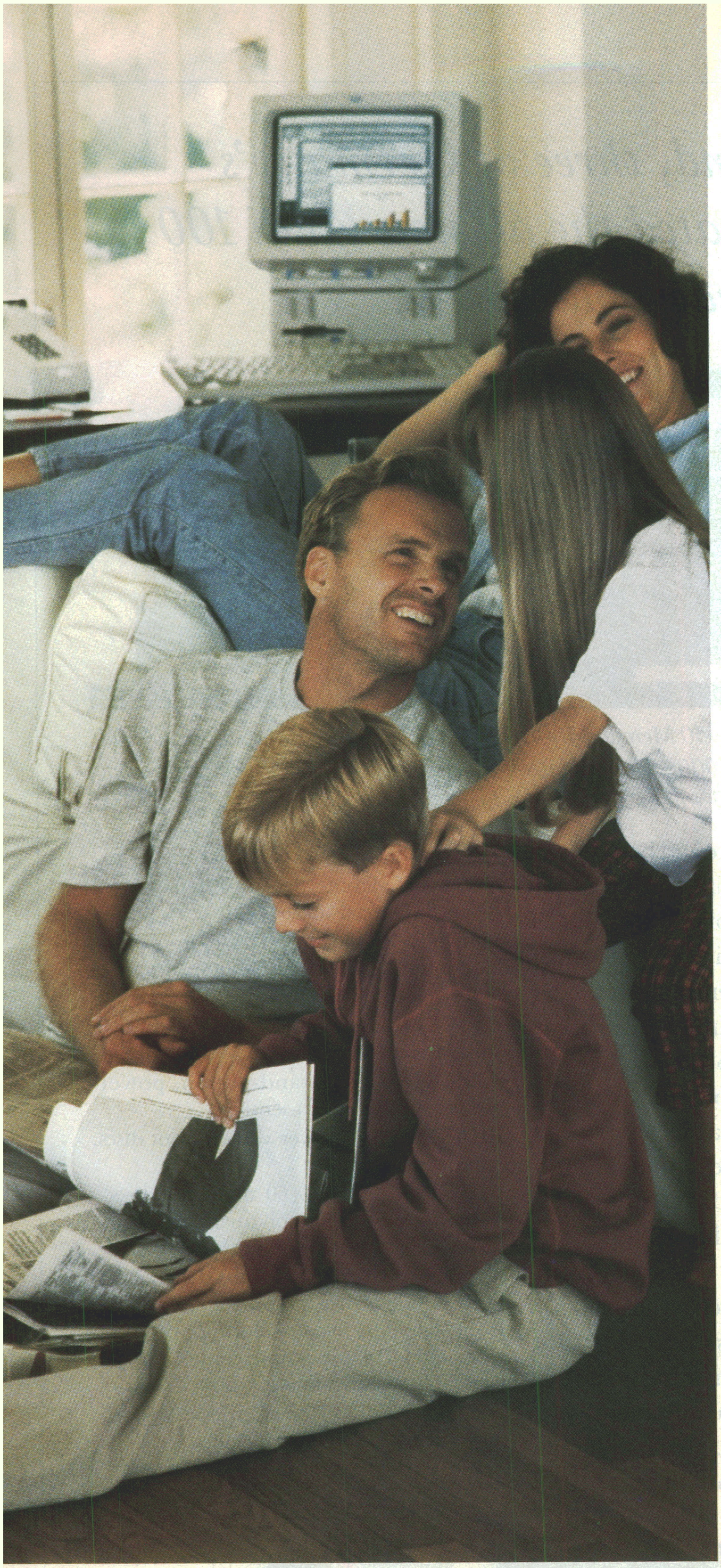
PERFORMANCE: 0-60 mph in 8.8 sec/ Top track speed 130 mph (manual version) 26 mpg Highway, 19 mpg City†

MAJOR STANDARD EQUIPMENT: Driver's side airbag, automatic tensioning front seatbelts, power steering, windows, seats, and locks, A/C, cruise control, tilt and telescopic steering, two-way power sunroof

SOUND SYSTEM: 8-speaker AM/FM stereo radio/cassette w/anti-theft features

**Prices based on MSRP with man. trans., excluding taxes, license, freight, dealer charges and options. Equipment levels vary. Prices subject to change. **See dealer for details. †1992 EPA estimates.*

For the Auto Motor Und Sport test results, call 1-800-FOR-AUDI.



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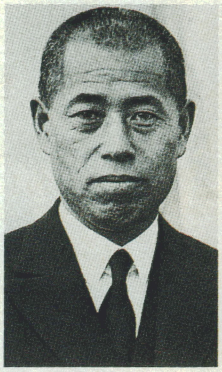
val base of Taranto, Genda had technicians create auxiliary wooden tail fins that would keep torpedoes closer to the surface; others converted armor-piercing shells into bombs. But drilling was Fuchida's main task, and all summer his planes staged trial runs over Kagoshima Bay in Kyushu, chosen for its physical resemblance to Pearl. Only in September did Genda tell him, "In case of war, Yamamoto plans to attack Pearl Harbor."

Ironically, Yamamoto didn't want to carry out his own plan. But if Japan was going to be forced to fight, he believed it should strike first and strike hard, in the hope that a demoralized U.S. would then accept a negotiated peace. If he was deluded in that hope, he was not deluded about U.S. power. "If I am told to fight regardless of the consequences, I shall run wild for the first six months or a year," he presciently told Prince Konoye in the fall of 1940, "but I have utterly no confidence for the second or third year."

By 1940 Japan had installed a pro-Japanese regime in Nanking, but U.S. aid enabled Chiang to fight on. Konoye began wondering about mediators to end the exasperating war that Tokyo insisted on calling the Chinese Incident. Where angels fear to tread, in rushed the missionary fathers of the Maryknoll Society, who guilelessly assured each side that the other seemed ready to talk. And so talks began in Washington in the spring of 1941.

WIDE WORLD


AP

AP

RIDING HIGH

Emperor Hirohito rides at palace in uniform of Japan's supreme commander; above: Premier Tojo, top, and Admiral Yamamoto

Talks is hardly the word. Tokyo's goal was to negotiate a victory in China, Washington's goal to negotiate a Japanese withdrawal. U.S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull, nearly 70, a longtime power on Capitol Hill, was a log-cabin-born Tennessee mountaineer who knew little of the Japanese and disliked what he knew. He once referred to Tokyo's envoys as "pissants." Japan's ambassador, Kichisaburo Nomura, 64, a one-eyed retired admiral and former Foreign Minister, was considered a moderate and so was mistrusted in Tokyo. It did not help that Hull had a speech difficulty, while Nomura was partially deaf.

Hardly had the talks begun when the Japanese, having already seized a number of bases in northern Vietnam, suddenly occupied the south in July 1941. That threatened not only the back route to China but British control of Malaya and Burma (now Myanmar). Roosevelt retaliated by freezing all Japanese assets and placing an embargo on all trade in oil, steel, chemicals, machinery and other strategic goods. (The British and Dutch soon announced similar embargoes.) At the same time, he announced that General Douglas MacArthur, the retired Chief of Staff now luxuriating in the Philippines, was being recalled to active military duty and financed in mobilizing 120,000 Filipino soldiers. (Roosevelt had made another significant move that spring, when he shifted the Pacific Fleet's headquarters from San Diego to Pearl Harbor.)

Roosevelt's embargo was a devastating blow, for Japan bought more than half its imports from the U.S. The Japanese military leaders were determined to fight. When they met with the Cabinet on Sept. 3, they insisted on an October deadline for Konoye's diplomatic efforts. The Prince asked for a meeting with Roosevelt, but Hull was opposed, and Roosevelt, preoccupied with the increasing likelihood of war with Hitler, never answered. Konoye resigned on Oct. 16. Tojo, a Kwantung Army veteran who was then War Minister, became Premier.

Though Japan's military leaders had decided on war, they had not yet agreed to a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. Yamamoto was adamant: "Japan must deal the U.S. Navy a fatal blow at the outset of the war. It is the only way she can fight with any reason-

REMEMBRANCE

WARREN K. TAYLOR

"It Must Be a War Game"

A retired California Superior Court judge, he was aboard the Sumner, *a hydrographic survey ship, on Dec. 7, 1941.*

I was in the officers' mess [when] the officer of the deck came flying in to say planes were dropping bombs. Within 100 yards was a plane with a big red dot on it. I thought it must be a war game—the reds against the blues.

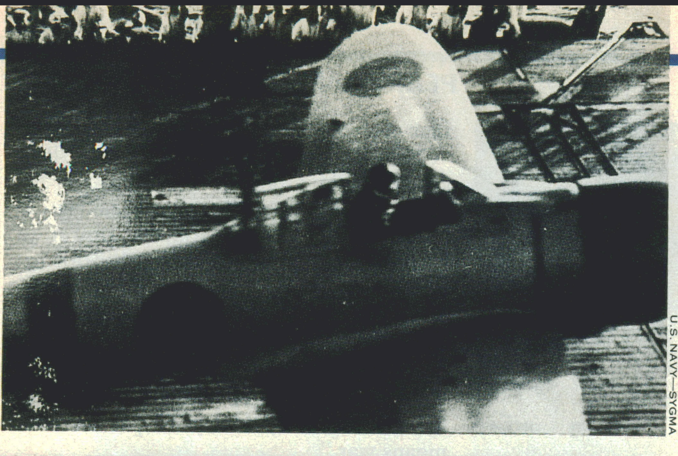
We were given credit for shooting down the first Japanese aircraft of the war. One of our old blunderbuss antiaircraft guns lined up one of the planes and hit him. A bomb hit near two destroyers in dry dock. Their seams opened up, their oil drained out and caught fire, their magazines went off. They were cremated.

I was scared to death—those bombs exploding and the realization that your life isn't worth much. In four years at sea I sat through 78 air attacks, but nothing was as frightening as the attack on Pearl Harbor.

able prospect of success." But war games suggested that an attacking fleet would be spotted and badly mauled. As late as October, Yamamoto learned that the staff admirals, determined to concentrate on the drive into Southeast Asia, wanted to take away two or three of his six carriers. The First Air Fleet's own commander, Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo, supported that decision. "The success of our surprise attack on Pearl Harbor," Nagumo predicted dolefully, "will prove to be the Waterloo of the war to follow." Yamamoto sent an aide to inform the navy's high command that if his Pearl Harbor plan was rejected, "he will have no alternative but to resign, and with him his entire staff." Yamamoto got his way.

The military set a new target date of Dec. 8 (Dec. 7 in Hawaii), and the Emperor and his military chiefs formally approved Yamamoto's attack plan on Nov. 3. But the Foreign Ministry instructed Ambassador Nomura and Special Envoy Saburo Kurusu to make "a final effort" in Washington.

On Nov. 17, Yamamoto visited his training base in Saeki Bay to bid his men farewell. "Japan has faced many worthy opponents in her glorious history—Mongols, Chinese, Russians," Yamamoto said, "but in this operation we will meet the strongest opponent of all. I expect this operation to be a success." Genda, Fuchida and other officers joined him in eating *surume* (dried cuttlefish) for happiness and *kachiguri* (walnuts) for victory. Near


U.S. NAVY—SYGMA

U.S. NAVY

A TRAP SPRUNG
Crew members wave and cheer, above, as one of the first Japanese planes takes off from carrier and heads for Hawaii

PANDEMONIUM
Japanese bombing and strafing had this effect on Pearl Harbor's Naval Air Station

portable Shinto shrines, they toasted the Emperor with sake and shouted, "Banzai!"

It took Nagumo's fleet five days to reach the rendezvous point at Hitokappu Bay in the Kuriles just north of Japan's main islands. Fog swirled over the desolate outpost, and snow fell intermittently as the fleet steamed eastward at dawn on Nov. 26.

The armada boasted six carriers, led by Nagumo's flagship, the *Akagi,* 400 warplanes, two battleships, two cruisers, nine destroyers and a dozen other surface ships. At an average 13 knots, refueling daily, the attack fleet pursued a course 3,500 miles through the empty expanse of the North Pacific. Its orders provided that "in the event an agreement is reached in the negotiations with the United States, the task force will immediately return to Japan," but nobody expected that to happen.

The envoys made their "final effort" on Nov. 20, presenting to Hull an unyielding proposal on which Foreign Minister Togo said "no further concessions" could be made. Nomura noted that this was an inauspicious day—"They call it Thanksgiving"—but he dutifully delivered the message. It said the U.S. must restore trade to pre-embargo levels, provide oil from the Dutch East Indies and not interfere with Japan's "efforts for peace" in China.

Hull's answer, just as forceful, said the U.S. oil embargo would continue, and demanded that Japan "withdraw all military, naval, air and police forces from China and from Indochina." He handed it to the envoys on Nov. 26, the day Nagumo's fleet left Hitokappu Bay for Pearl Harbor. Hull did not know that, since the fleet was under total radio silence, but he did know from intercepted messages that another Japanese war fleet had passed Formosa on its way toward Indochina or Malaya. "We must all prepare for real trouble, possibly soon," Roosevelt cabled Churchill.

The War Department then sent Hawaii and other outposts an important but significantly ambiguous "war warning." "Negotiations with Japan appear to be terminated to all practical purposes," said this Nov. 27 message over the signature of Chief of Staff George Marshall. "Japanese future action unpredictable but hostile action possible at any moment . . . You are directed to undertake such reconnaissance and other measures as you deem necessary, but these measures should be carried out so as not repeat not to alarm civil population or disclose intent. Report measures taken." Hawaii's commander, Lieut. General Walter Short, not a man of broad vision, reported back that he was taking measures to avert sabotage—parking his aircraft close together and keeping all ammunition safely locked up. Since Washington did not specify a threat to Pearl Harbor, Short felt he had done his duty, just as Marshall felt he had done his.

The Navy Department sent an even stronger message to its top commanders, specifically including the Pacific Fleet chief in Pearl Harbor, Admiral Husband Kimmel: "This dispatch is to be considered a war warning. Negotiations with Japan . . . have ceased, and an aggressive move by Japan is expected within the next few days." Kimmel, 60, a hard-driving disciplinarian who had held his command less than a year, took the warning as "no more than saying that Japan was going to attack someplace."

Kimmel and Short were only too aware that Washington was concentrating on Hitler's victories in Russia and his submarines' ravages of Atlantic shipping. Though Chief of Naval Operations Harold Stark acknowledged to Kimmel that his Pacific Fleet was weaker than the Japanese forces arrayed against it, he not only turned aside Kimmel's request for two new battleships but took away three he had, plus one of his four carriers, to help fight the Battle of the Atlantic.

Roosevelt's assertive strategy against Japan was largely a bluff, backed by inadequate armed forces and inadequate funds. Washington theoreticians saw the Philippines as a check to any Japanese move southward. MacArthur overconfidently promised that he would soon have 200,000 Filipinos ready for combat, and the War Department began in the summer of 1941 to ship him the

THOMAS D. MCAVOY—LIFE

AP

ACME

ON A TIGHTROPE

In November, Hull visits White House with Nomura, left, and Kurusu; above: Admiral Kimmel and General Short

first of a promised 128 new B-17 Flying Fortresses. By April 1942, said Marshall, that would represent "the greatest concentration of heavy-bomber strength anywhere in the world," able to interdict any Japanese assault on Southeast Asia and mount "incendiary attacks to burn up the wood and paper structures of the densely populated Japanese cities."

Perhaps the greatest single cause of American complacency in the Pacific was the fact that the U.S. military's Operation Magic had deciphered Japan's sophisticated Purple diplomatic code in 1940. But that triumph had its drawbacks. U.S. intelligence officials had to sift through so much trivia that they failed to react to some important messages, such as a Tokyo request to its Hawaiian consulate for the exact location of all ships in Pearl Harbor. Also, the code breaking was kept secret even from some key officials. While the British were plugged into Magic, and MacArthur too, Kimmel and Short were not.

Ironically, the Nazis warned the Japanese that their codes might have been broken, but Tokyo refused to believe the Americans were smart enough for such a feat. Just as ironically, while U.S. code breakers knew of the Japanese warships heading for Southeast Asia, Nagumo's radio silence meant that his carriers heading for Pearl Harbor simply disappeared. On Dec. 2, Kimmel's intelligence officer confessed that nothing had been heard from the Japanese carriers for about two weeks.

"What!" said Kimmel. "You don't know where [they] are?"

"No, sir, I do not. I think they are in home waters, but I do not know where they are."

"Do you mean to say that they could be rounding Diamond Head, and you wouldn't know it?"

"I hope they would be sighted before now."

And the Americans could intercept but not understand a message Yamamoto sent his fleet on Dec. 2: "Climb Mount Niitaka." That meant "Proceed with the attack."

One thing that the code breaking did tell Washington was Tokyo's answer to Hull's last proposal. Before the original even reached the Japanese envoys, a messenger brought an intercepted version to Roosevelt in his White House study after dinner on Dec. 6. The President read it carefully for about 10 minutes, then said to his closest aide, Harry Hopkins, "This means war."

Roosevelt tried to call Admiral Stark, but he was at a revival of Sigmund Romberg's *Student Prince;* the President didn't want him paged at the theater lest that cause "undue alarm." When Roosevelt did finally reach him shortly before midnight, the Navy chief said, according to his later recollection, that the message was not "something that required action." After all, Stark testified, warnings had already gone out that Japan was "likely to attack at any time in any direction."

That same Saturday night was the standard party night in Pearl Harbor, not orgiastic but convivial. Hundreds of soldiers and sailors from Schofield Barracks and Hickam and Kaneohe converged as usual on Waikiki Beach to see what was going on at Bill Leader's bar, the Two Jacks or the Mint. *Tantalizing Tootsies* was the name of the variety show at the Princess.

Kimmel attended a staid dinner party at the Halekulani Hotel and left early. He had a golf date the next morning with General Short, who went to a charity dance at the Schofield Barracks and also left early. As he rode along the coast highway, Short admired the lights of Pearl Harbor glowing below him. "Isn't that a beautiful sight?" he said. "And what a target it would make!"

Though the final Japanese note said nothing about war or

REMEMBRANCE

LEE GOLDFARB

"I'll Never Forget. Never."

A 71-year-old retiree in East Hanover, N.J., he was a radioman on the minelayer Oglala *when the attack began.*

We were outboard of the *Helena,* a cruiser. A torpedo went under us, slammed into the *Helena* and loosened our plates. We started to take on water. Several minutes later I copied the famous message, "Air raid on Pearl Harbor. This is no drill." We're tilting—I *know* this is no drill.

An hour later, the *Oglala* rolled over and sank. Me and Wally Gojanovich, who lives in Florida now, got off together. While we were running, they were strafing us. Little chips of cement were jumping up from the machine-gun bullets. I looked up and saw the plane, I saw—*saw!*—that smiling face. The mustache, the white scarf and the smiling face that I'll never forget as long as I live. Never.

In San Diego, when we were being assigned to ships, I said, "What the hell is the *Oglala*?" This young kid says, "It's an old minelayer. An old tub. I got the battleship *Arizona.*" He's still on it. His name is Arthur Blais.

KELSO DALY

EYE OPENER Pearl Harbor resident surveys devastation

Pearl Harbor, it was not quite complete—it contained 13 parts and said another would soon follow. The 14th and last part reached Washington the morning of Dec. 7. It notified the U.S. that "it is impossible to reach an agreement through further negotiations." An accompanying message instructed Nomura to deliver the note "at 1 p.m. on the 7th, your time."

Nobody in Washington knew Hirohito had asked that the warning be delivered before the attack—1 p.m. in Washington was 7:30 a.m. in Hawaii—but an Army intelligence officer, Colonel Rufus Bratton, guessed as much. Bratton telephoned Marshall at his quarters at Fort Myers, Va., but he was out riding. More than an hour later, about 10:30 a.m., Marshall called back and said he was coming to his office shortly. About the same time, Hull was meeting with War Secretary Henry L. Stimson and Navy Secretary Frank Knox. "Hull is very certain that the Japs are planning some deviltry," Stimson recorded in his diary, "and we are all wondering when the blow will strike."

Fuchida woke at 5 a.m. As he told American military historian Gordon Prange, he put on red underwear and a red shirt so that if he was wounded, his men would not be distracted by the sight of his blood. At breakfast, one of his lieutenants said, "Honolulu sleeps."

"How do you know?" asked Fuchida.

"The Honolulu radio plays soft music. Everything is fine."

At 5:50 a.m. Nagumo's fleet reached the takeoff point, about 220 miles north of Pearl Harbor. The six carriers turned east into a brisk wind and increased speed to 24 knots. Nagumo's flagship was flying the celebrated *Z* pennant that Admiral Togo had flown at Tsushima in 1905. The flight decks tilted more than 10°, and the wind whipped spray over them.

"We could hear the waves splashing against the ship with a thunderous noise," Fuchida recalled later. "Under normal circumstances, no plane would be permitted to take off in such weather . . . There were loud cheers as each plane rose into the air." Once up, the pilots circled overhead until all 183 planes assigned to the first wave were airborne. At 6:15 Fuchida gave a signal, then led the way south.

At almost that very hour—around 11:30 a.m. in Washington—Marshall arrived at his office and read the ominous words Bratton had brought him. He asked the officers assembled there what they thought it meant. All expected an imminent Japanese attack—somewhere. Marshall recalled that every major U.S. base had been warned of that more than a week earlier. Bratton and others urged a new warning. Marshall scrawled a message reporting the 1 p.m. meeting and added, "Just what significance the hour set may have we do not know, but be on alert accordingly."

Bratton rushed the message to the War Department signal center, where Marshall's scrawl had to be retyped for legibility. The message went to several points within a few minutes, but because of atmospheric difficulties, the copy for Hawaii went by commercial wireless. It reached Honolulu at 7:33 a.m. and ended in a pigeon hole, awaiting a motorcycle messenger to deliver it.

Fuchida's bombers had to fly blind over dense banks of clouds, so they homed on the Honolulu commercial radio station KGMB. Over his receiver, Fuchida heard soothing music, then a weather report: "Partly cloudy . . . over the mountains. Cloud base at 3,500 ft. Visibility good." Fuchida flew on.

To save money and fuel and manpower, the Pearl Harbor authorities had recently canceled weekend reconnaissance flights. But they had acquired some new radar equipment, though the National Park Service strongly objected to towers being installed on scenic mountaintops.

Two trainees operating a mobile radar unit at Opana, on Oahu's northern coast, were about to shut down when their watch ended at 7 a.m. Suddenly, Private Joseph Lockard noticed a large blip—"probably more than 50" planes—approaching southward from about 130 miles away. On the phone to Fort Shafter, Lockard reported to Lieut. Kermit Tyler "the largest [flight] I have ever seen on the equipment." The inexperienced Tyler figured that the planes must be a flight of the new B-17s expected from California. He told Lockard, "Don't worry about it."

As Fuchida's bombers neared Oahu, the defenders of Pearl Harbor got the last of their many warnings. Just outside the harbor, the U.S. destroyer *Ward* spotted an intruding submarine at 6:30 a.m. and opened fire from 50 yds. away. As the sub began diving, the *Ward* finished it off with depth charges. Lieut. William Outerbridge's report of his action was still ricocheting around headquarters when Fuchida arrived overhead.

"What a majestic sight," he said to himself as he counted the vessels lined up in Battleship Row in the dawn's early light. He pulled the trigger on his flare gun. That was supposed to signal the slow-moving torpedo bombers to take advantage of the surprise and strike first. But Fuchida's fighter pilots missed his signal to provide cover, so he fired again for the dive bombers to begin, and then the Japanese all attacked at once. Even when they made mistakes, it seemed that nothing could go wrong.

Within minutes, Pearl Harbor was pandemonium: explosions, screams, tearing steel, the rattle of machine guns, smoke, fire, bugles sounding, the whine of diving airplanes, more explosions, more screams. With Battleship Row afire, Fuchida's bombers circled over the maze of Pearl Harbor's docks and piers, striking again and again at the cruisers and destroyers and supply ships harbored there.

Other Japanese bombers swarmed over Hawaii's military airfields, Hickam and Wheeler, Kaneohe and Ewa. Dive-bombing and strafing the American planes neatly parked on the runways, they quickly won control of the sky. They wrecked hangars, warehouses, barracks—as well as the Hickam Field chapel and the enlisted men's new beer hall, the Snake Ranch. And in the midst of all this, a rainbow appeared over Ford Island.

To many of the Americans, the whole morning had a dreamlike unreality. Disbelief had been the overwhelming first reaction—this couldn't be happening, it was a trick, a drill, a silly rumor, a prank—disbelief and then pain and then anger, and still disbelief.

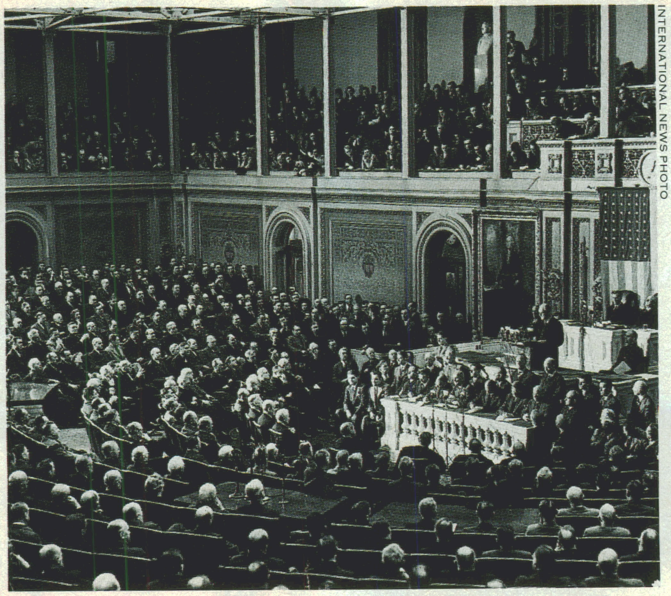
Admiral Kimmel was preparing for his golf game with General Short when an officer phoned him with the news that Japanese planes were attacking his fleet. The admiral was still buttoning his white uniform as he ran out of his house and onto the neighboring lawn of his chief of staff, Captain. John Earle, which had a fine view of Battleship Row. Mrs. Earle said later that the admiral's face was "as white as the uniform he wore."

"The sky was full of the enemy," Kimmel recalled. He saw the *Arizona* "lift out of the water, then sink back down—way down." Mrs. Earle saw a battleship capsize.

"Looks like they've got the *Oklahoma,"* she said.

"Yes, I can see they have," the admiral numbly responded.

General Short, who couldn't see the explosions, bumped into an intelligence officer and asked, "What's going on out there?"



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

THE MORNING AFTER F.D.R. asks Congress to declare war

"I'm not sure, general," said Lieut. Colonel George Bicknell, "but I just saw two battleships sunk."

"That's ridiculous!" said Short.

Down on Battleship Row, Fuchida's bombers kept pounding the helpless battlewagons. The *West Virginia* took six torpedoes, then two bombs. One large piece of shrapnel smashed into the starboard side of the bridge and tore open the stomach of the skipper, Captain Mervyn Bennion. A medic patched up the dying man's wound, and a husky black mess steward, Doris Miller, who had once boxed as the ship's heavyweight champion, helped move the stricken captain to a sheltered spot.

Fire and smoke swirled around the bridge. Bennion told his men to leave him; they ignored him. He asked them how the battle was going; they told him all was well. After Bennion died, an officer told Miller to feed ammunition into a nearby machine gun. Like other blacks in the Navy of 1941, Miller had not been trained for anything but domestic chores, but he soon took charge of the machine gun and started firing away. A young ensign recalled later that it was the first time he had seen Miller smile since he last fought in the ring.

Caught by surprise, and then often finding all ammunition neatly locked away, the defenders hacked away the locks and fought back with any weapons at hand—machine guns, rifles, pistols. This usually achieved nothing, but there were some surprises. At Kaneohe Naval Air Station on the east coast of Oahu, a flight of Mitsubishi Zeroes was strafing the hangars when a sailor named Sands darted out of an armory and fired a burst with a Browning automatic rifle.

"Hand me another BAR!" shouted Sands. "I swear I hit that yellow bastard!"

Japanese Lieut. Fusata Iida turned to strafe Sands, but the sailor fired another BAR clip, then ducked the bullets that pocked the armory's wall. As Iida's Zero climbed again, gasoline began streaming from his fuel tank. Before takeoff, Iida had said that any pilot whose engine failed should crash his plane into the enemy, so now he turned for a last attack. For one incredible minute, the two enemies faced and fired at each other, Iida from his crippled Zero, Sands with his BAR. Then the Zero nosed into a highway and smashed into pieces.

As Admiral Kimmel stood near a window, a spent machine-gun bullet smashed the glass and hit him lightly in the chest. Kimmel—who would soon, like General Short, be dismissed from his command—picked up the bullet. To an aide, he observed, "It would have been merciful had it killed me."

In Washington the disbelief was just as overwhelming. "My God, this can't be true, this must mean the Philippines," said Secretary Knox on hearing the news. "No, sir," said Admiral Stark, "this is Pearl."

Knox called Roosevelt, and Roosevelt called Hull, who was supposed to meet Nomura and Kurusu at 1 p.m. But the envoys had trouble getting the message from Tokyo decoded and retyped and asked for a delay, so it was 2:05 before they seated themselves, all unknowing, in Hull's antechamber. Hull, who had already read their message and knew about the raid on Pearl Harbor as well, made a pretense of reading the document, then lashed out at the luckless envoys. "In all my 50 years of public service," he declared, "I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions." When Nomura tried to answer, Hull raised a hand to cut him off, then showed him to the door.

REMEMBRANCE

DANIEL AKAKA

"Things That Weren't There"

A first-term Democratic Senator from Hawaii who served seven terms in the House, he was a 17-year-old student at a Reserve Officers Training Corps high school in Honolulu.

The planes carried huge round sun figures on them and had red balls on their wings. I put on the radio and discovered we were being attacked by Japan. No one knew what to do. We were students and didn't realize the gravity of what we were seeing. We saw a huge billow of smoke rising from Pearl Harbor and later found out that it was the *Arizona.* It burned for hours.

That afternoon, the students were sent to search the mountains for Japanese paratroopers.

Our mission was to detect and hold the Japanese soldiers at bay. Being so young, we were really frightened to be standing guard all alone, all night long, on a dark, lonely hillside. I spent a lot of time thinking about who could be out there in the night. I was so scared that I often heard and saw things that weren't there.

Fuchida's surprise attack lasted only about half an hour. Then, after a short lull, a second wave of 171 more planes roared in. By now the Americans were on the alert and firing at anything in sight. Twenty planes flying in from maneuvers with the *Enterprise* came under heavy American fire; two were shot down.

The battered *Nevada* (its band having finished *The Star-Spangled Banner*) managed to get up enough steam to proceed majestically out into the channel to the sea. Despite a gaping hole in its bow, its guns were firing, and its torn flag flew high. As it edged past the burning *Arizona,* three of that doomed ship's crewmen swam over, clambered aboard and manned a starboard gun.

"Ah, good!" the watching Fuchida said to himself as he saw the slow-moving *Nevada*. At his signal, all available bombers attacked in an effort to sink it and block the channel to the sea. Bombs ignited huge fires in the

GHOSTLY GRAVE
Resting just below her memorial, the *Arizona* holds the remains of 1,102 American sailors

LES STONE—SYGMA

ship's bow. It escaped total destruction only by deliberately running aground.

More fortunate—indeed kissed by fortune—were Army pilots George Welch and Kenneth Taylor, who had gone from a dance at the Wheeler Officers' Club to an all-night poker game. They were still in formal dress at 8 a.m. when they saw the first Japanese planes open fire overhead. Under strafing fire, Taylor's car careened back to the P-40 fighters at Haleiwa Field. Taking off, the two went looking for Japanese planes and soon found them over Wheeler.

"I got in a string of six or eight planes," Taylor recalled. "I was on one's tail as we went over Waialua . . . and there was one following firing at me . . . Lieut. Welch, I think, shot the other man down." Welch's version: "We took off directly into them and shot some down. I shot down one right on Lieut. Taylor's tail."

Landing only for more fuel and ammunition, the two sleepless lieutenants set off for the Marine base at Barber's Point. "We went down and got in the traffic pattern and shot down several planes there," said Taylor, who suffered a severe arm wound. "I know for certain I shot down two planes or perhaps more; I don't know." Official records credited the two of them with downing seven planes, almost one-quarter of all Japanese losses.

The great attack was really fairly short. The first bombers returned to their carriers just after 10 a.m., scarcely two hours after they descended on Battleship Row. Fuchida lingered to observe and photograph the damage and was the last to return to Nagumo's fleet. It was still only noon.

Fuchida and Genda argued fiercely for renewing the attack. The oil-storage tanks had not been hit, and the raiders had not found any of Kimmel's three carriers (the *Lexington* and *Enterprise* were at sea, the *Saratoga* undergoing repairs). But Admiral Nagumo, who had mistrusted the plan from the start, felt he had accomplished his mission and saw no reason to risk his fleet any further. Back in Japan, Yamamoto strongly disapproved of Nagumo's decision to withdraw but accepted the tradition that such decisions are left to the combat commander on the scene.

Long after the Japanese had left, Pearl Harbor reverberated with reports of enemy invasions, parachute landings and other nightmares. Jittery defenders fired wildly at anything that moved. A fishing boat returning with the day's catch was shot to pieces.

On the capsized hull of the *Oklahoma,* Commander Kenworthy strode up and down for hours listening for raps and banging from the men trapped inside. Some survivors were finally pulled to safety through holes cut in the hull, but others drowned in the water rushing through the openings. Kenworthy wouldn't leave until the last of 32 survivors had been saved. By then it was Monday afternoon. Six sailors caught inside the *West Virginia* died just before Christmas—after two weeks of incarceration.

In terms of casualties and destruction, this was one of the most one-sided battles in history. The U.S. lost 2,433 killed (about half of them on the *Arizona*) and 1,178 wounded. The Japanese, who had expected to sacrifice as much as one-third of their force, lost 55 airmen, nine crewmen aboard five minisubs and approximately 65 on one sunken submarine. The U.S. lost 18 surface warships, sunk or seriously damaged; the Japanese none. The U.S. lost 188 planes destroyed and 159 damaged; the Japanese lost 29. Yet three of the five wrecked U.S. battleships (the *California, Nevada* and *West Virginia*) were eventually restored to service, and all the lost warplanes were eventually replaced—more than replaced—by the bombers that struck Tokyo and Hiroshima.

If Pearl Harbor seemed an American disaster, it proved a Japanese disaster as well. Churchill knew that when he gloated at the news: "So we had won after all!" So did Stimson, who felt "relief . . . that a crisis had come in a way which would unite all our people." So did Admiral Yamamoto, when he predicted that he would run wild for only a year. Pearl Harbor united Americans in rage and hatred, and thus united, powerful and determined, they would prove invincible.

—Research by Anne Hopkins

Skylark A lasting impre

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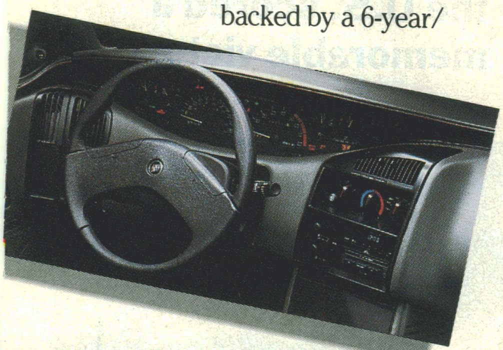

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PART 2

Down But Not Out

Against all odds, as Japan marched to one overwhelming triumph after another, the U.S. scored a memorable victory

MELVILLE JACOBY

BANZAIS ON CORREGIDOR

MacArthur, above left, tried to hold the island bastion; Japanese cheer its fall

FROM PHILIPPINE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, WATARI GROUP INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

By OTTO FRIEDRICH

The ringing of the telephone awakened Douglas MacArthur just after 3:30 a.m. in his air-conditioned six-room penthouse atop the Manila Hotel. Japanese bombers had just ravaged Pearl Harbor, the caller said. "Pearl Harbor!" echoed MacArthur. "It should be our strongest point!"

The 61-year-old "Field Marshal" asked his wife Jean to bring him his Bible, and he read in it, as he did every morning, for about 10 minutes. It brought him little comfort. At this moment of crisis, facing a threat that imperiled his life, his command and his whole world, America's greatest living military hero, the bemedaled veteran of bayonet charges through no-man's-land in France, seemed paralyzed. When he did go to his nearby headquarters, he issued no orders to his forces. Officers seeking instructions found themselves barred from his presence.

When nearly 200 Japanese bombers finally arrived over Manila, fully 10 hours after the raid on Pearl Harbor, the pilots were amazed to find most of MacArthur's fleet of warplanes, the largest in the South Pacific, lined up like targets on the runways. They proceeded to destroy everything they saw.

"Instead of encountering a swarm of enemy fighters," recalled Saburo Sakai, pilot of a Zero fighter, "we looked down and saw some 60 enemy bombers and fighters neatly parked. They squatted there like sitting ducks. Our accuracy was phenomenal. The entire air base seemed to be rising into the air with the explosions. Great fires erupted, and smoke boiled upward."

Afterward Lieut. Colonel Eugene Eubank telephoned MacArthur's headquarters and said, "I want to report that you no longer have to worry about your Bomber Command. We don't have one. The Japanese have just destroyed Clark Field."

If Pearl Harbor was a disaster for the U.S., the Japanese attack on the Philippines that same day (Dec. 8 on the far side of the international date line) was in many ways worse. American casualties were much lower—some 80 killed in the Philippines, vs. 2,433 in Hawaii—but the strategic losses were *higher*. The raids on Clark and Iba fields outside Manila wrecked 18 out of MacArthur's fledgling force of 35 B-17 bombers, 56 of his 72 P-40 fighters and 25 other planes. In returning later to pound the airfields again, the Japanese also smashed the Cavite naval base. And while Pearl Harbor was a hit-and-run raid, the Japanese would seize and hold the Philippines for the next three years.

Pearl Harbor represented just one small part of the Japanese master plan for the conquest of Southeast Asia. Tokyo launched attacks in that same December week not only against U.S. outposts in the Philippines, Wake Island and Guam but also against the Dutch East Indies (now Indonesia) and the British colonies of Malaya, Burma and Hong Kong. The methodical Japanese had printed the currencies for their occupation of all these lands as early as the spring of 1941. And they conquered this vast sweep of territory so easily that the immediate worry was whether they would strike next at ill-defended Australia, ill-defended India or ill-defended Hawaii. Japan now ruled nearly one-seventh of the world, and one of its generals warned against a new kind of overconfidence: "victory disease."

The first actual loss of U.S. territory was a small but symbolic one. Some 400 Japanese naval troops swarmed onto Guam at dawn on Dec. 10 and soon swept into the capital of Agana. After half an hour of gunfire, Guam's Governor, U.S. Navy Captain George McMillin, learned that an additional 5,000 Japanese were landing. He sounded three blasts on an auto horn to signal surrender. McMillin attempted negotiations in sign language, but he and his men finally had to strip to their undershorts and stand in embarrassed silence while the Rising Sun replaced the Stars and Stripes atop Guam's Government House.

More heroic but no less doomed was Wake Island, a tiny atoll between Hawaii and Guam. A Japanese fleet closed in to start landing troops at dawn on Dec. 11. U.S. Marines under Major

James Devereux scored four direct hits on the flagship *Yubari* and sank two destroyers. The force withdrew—the first small U.S. victory in World War II and the only time in the war that defenders beat back an invasion fleet. In reporting this small triumph to Pearl Harbor, according to a story that may be apocryphal, one of Devereux's men added a bit of bravado that became a popular propaganda slogan: "Send us more Japs."

The Japanese took the Wake garrison at its word. Reinforced by two carriers homeward bound from Pearl Harbor, they struck again before dawn on Dec. 23. Devereux's Marines fought hand to hand on the beaches for more than five hours. The Stars and Stripes was shot down, then hoisted again on a water tower, but at about 8 a.m. a white bedsheet was raised next to it. Devereux's defenders had killed about 800 Japanese at a loss of 120; of the 400 Marine survivors, a couple were beheaded and the rest shipped into captivity.

The most important of the first Japanese assaults was the invasion of Malaya. The target there was not only the peninsula's wealth of tin and rubber but also the strategic citadel of Singapore. Built in the 1920s and '30s among the mangrove swamps of Johore Strait, at the then enormous cost of $270 million, Singapore stood as the theoretically impregnable naval headquarters of the whole British empire east of Suez. One symbol of the island's true strength, however, was its array of 15-in. guns that could not turn and fire into the supposedly impenetrable jungle behind them. Another was the 2,000 tennis courts built for the British, along with plenty of polo grounds and cricket pitches. There were also regiments of native servants to polish the boots and serve the pink gin.

The Japanese officer assigned to organize the overthrow of all this Blimpism was Colonel Masanobu Tsuji. A hard-eyed veteran of the Kwantung Army who made an intense study of jungle warfare, he tested what he had learned by training his troops in fierce heat, with little food or water. When they were crammed onto transport vessels for the stormy southward voyage, they carried pamphlets that said their mission was to free "100 million Asians tyrannized by 300,000 whites." To military headquarters in Tokyo, Tsuji confidently—and pretty accurately—predicted that if the war started on Nov. 3, "we will be able to capture Manila by the New Year, Singapore by Feb. 11, Java on Army Commemoration Day [March 10], and Rangoon on the Emperor's birthday [April 29]."

With hardly a shot fired, General Tomoyuki Yamashita unloaded his main invasion force troops in rough waters off Singora Beach, just north of the Thai border. They had little trouble marching

REMEMBRANCE

ZENJI ABE

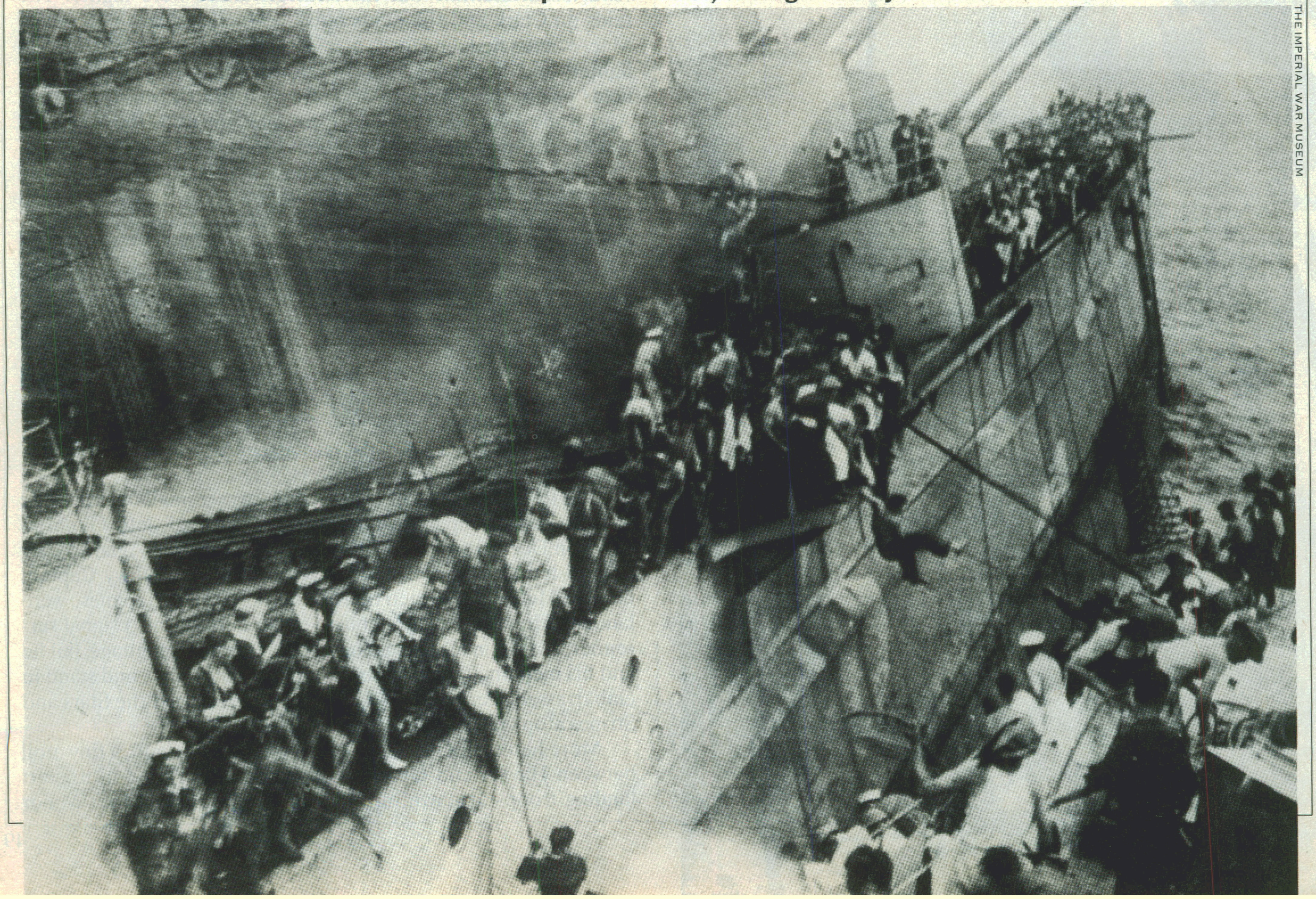
"I Was Far from Confident"

A bomber pilot based on the flagship Akagi *during the Pearl Harbor attack, he is now a 75-year-old businessman.*

At Pearl Harbor we achieved more than expected. Two days later, the naval air force sank the British battleships *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* off Malaysia. They were said to be unsinkable, so the central command of the navy began to be overconfident. I was far from confident.

In May 1942 I was assigned to the aircraft carrier *Junyo* to train 18 bomber pilots. My mission was to attack Dutch Harbor in the Aleutian Islands at the same time as the attack on Midway. The commander didn't know anything about planes. Since he remembered the dive bombers' pinpoint strikes in the Indian Ocean, he wanted to use them. But it was not the kind of battle for dive bombers to fight. I lost four of my men. When we returned to Japan, I heard that the carriers *Akagi, Soryu* and *Hiryu* had been sunk by careless mistakes at Midway. Then I realized the war was over.

END OF AN ERA **Crew abandons Britain's battleship *Prince of Wales,* sinking off Malaya**



THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

UPI—BETTMANN

FALL OF SINGAPORE **Malayan woman mourns her baby after battle for the city**

southward into Malaya. Orders from British headquarters in Singapore called for defending the border "to the last man," since "our whole position in the Far East is at stake," but the only force assigned to do so was an ill-trained, ill-equipped Indian division. It had neither tanks nor antitank guns, because the British had declared the jungle "impenetrable." As Japanese tanks pressed southward, the force retreated in disarray, abandoning most of its fuel and ammunition.

To take advantage of all the back roads through the rubber plantations, the Japanese resorted to thousands of bicycles. When the tires went flat, the invading army simply clanked forward on bare rims. That sounded laughable in Singapore, but the Japanese kept advancing. "We now understood," Colonel Tsuji said scornfully, "the fighting capacity of the enemy."

Clinging resolutely to the strategies of the past, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill had recently sent to Singapore one of Britain's newest and biggest battleships, the 35,000-ton H.M.S. *Prince of Wales,* with the battle cruiser *Repulse* and the new carrier *Indomitable*. But the *Indomitable* ran aground off Jamaica, so when Admiral Sir Tom Phillips proudly set forth from Singapore to break up the Japanese invasion to the north, he scoffed at the critical need for air support, following his antiquated conviction that "bombers were no match for battleships."

On the morning of Dec. 10, more than 80 Japanese bombers caught the *Prince of Wales* on a glassy sea under a cloudless sky, vulnerable as a jeweled dowager surrounded by more than 80 switchblades. The warships zigzagged wildly as they unleashed a barrage of antiaircraft fire, but it was a hopeless mismatch. Two torpedoes tore apart the *Prince of Wales'* stern, disabling its rudder, filling its engine room with steam. The *Repulse* dodged nearly 20 torpedoes before four more ripped her open.

After Captain William Tennant gave the order to abandon the *Repulse,* his officers had to wrestle him into joining the evacuation. Captain John Leach of the *Prince of Wales* refused to be saved. "Goodbye, thank you, good luck, God bless you," he kept saying as he bade his crew farewell. When the two ships capsized and sank, within three hours after the attack began, the 840 victims included both Leach and Admiral Phillips (some 2,000 were rescued). The loss of the warships, wrote Britain's Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir Alan Brooke, "means that from Africa eastwards to America, through the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, we have lost control of the sea."

On the mainland, Yamashita's bicycle-riding invaders needed only 70 days to pedal and hack their way 600 miles down the Malayan peninsula. All through the night of Jan. 31, British troops marched out of Malaya and across the 1,100-ft.-long causeway to the island fortress of Singapore. The last 90 to leave were Argyll Scots marching to their bagpipers skirling *Hielan'* [Highland] *Laddie.* The British then blew a 70-ft. gap in the causeway—but the inrushing waters proved to be only 4 ft. deep at low tide.

The British defenders of Hong Kong had already surrendered, after a spirited two-week defense that cost them 1,200 dead. But London strategists figured Singapore could endure a siege of six months with its 85,000 soldiers and those 15-in. guns that couldn't turn toward land. Churchill's instructions were explicit: "Singapore must be . . . defended to the death. No surrender can be contemplated." The Allied supreme commander in the southwest Pacific, General Sir Archibald Wavell, was even more explicit: "There must be no thought of sparing troops or the civil population . . . Senior officers must lead their troops and if necessary die with them . . . I look to you and your men to fight to the end to prove that the fighting spirit that won our Empire still exists to enable us to defend it."

Shortly before midnight of Feb. 8, under a heavy bombardment, 13,000 Japanese surged across the strait on a fleet of 300 collapsible plywood boats and landing craft. A battalion of 2,500 Australians fought them off all night, but by dawn the Japanese held their beachhead, and then the tanks started across. Though the Japanese were actually outnumbered about 2 to 1 overall, the martial spirit invoked in London hardly existed in Singapore—at least not on the British side. At a point when the Japanese had conquered half the island, British staff officers could still be seen sipping drinks at the Raffles, and civilians stood in line to see Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story.*

On the morning of Feb. 15, nearly out of ammunition, fuel and water, General Arthur Percival hoisted a white flag. The British commander tried to negotiate terms, but Yamashita, low on ammunition himself and worried that his own weakness might be discovered, insisted on an immediate unconditional surrender. "There is

REMEMBRANCE

KIICHI MIYAZAWA

"That Was Our Heyday"

Now 72, he became Prime Minister of Japan in November.

In October 1942 I was chosen for a survey team of Southeast Asia. That was our heyday. I remember army and navy officers wanting to load Johnnie Walker out of the Hong Kong depot onto our plane, but the strip was too short; it never did get aboard. Those were the days when Japanese soldiers tried to eat Camay soap as a cake.

In some countries I thought perhaps the people had been liberated from colonial rule. We were able to serve for their good. It was mostly fantasy, but we did have a kind of idealism. The local people were not very unhappy.

In Singapore I asked a factory worker how she felt working under Japanese occupation, how it compared with her previous employer. She refused to say she was much happier. I was impressed with her candor. She was not the least bit subservient.

no need for all this talk!" he shouted at the exhausted Percival. "We want to hear 'Yes' or 'No' from you! Surrender or fight!"

"Yes, I agree," Percival muttered as he surrendered 85,000 British, Indian and Australian troops into captivity, one of the worst defeats in British history and virtually a death sentence for the enfeebled empire. Yamashita promised that his 30,000 victors would not mistreat their prisoners and civilians, but butchery and rape were becoming an all too common consequence of Japanese conquests. In Singapore, which the Japanese renamed Shonan (Bright South), an estimated 5,000 Chinese were put to death. Hong Kong and Manila fared no better.

In the Philippines, Douglas MacArthur's strange paralysis lasted only that first day—and remains a mystery still. One theory is that MacArthur misunderstood Washington's orders against risking any military provocation of Japan. Another is that he and Philippines President Manuel Quezon thought the Philippines might somehow remain neutral in the erupting Pacific war. Still another theory is that MacArthur temporarily suffered the kind of breakdown that sometimes afflicts commanders in crisis—as happened to Stalin when the Germans invaded in June 1941.

U.S. MARINE CORPS

DEATH MARCH Gaunt U.S. prisoners after Bataan's fall

MacArthur's first moves were bluffs. His headquarters announced on Dec. 11 that the Filipino 21st Division had beaten off a major Japanese invasion in Lingayen Gulf (JAPANESE FORCES WIPED OUT IN WESTERN LUZON, said a New York *Times* banner headline). When LIFE's Carl Mydans traveled 120 miles north of Manila to photograph the battlefield, he found only a few Filipino soldiers idling on the peaceful beach. "There's no battle there," he reported to MacArthur's press chief in Manila. The officer pointed to his communiqué and retorted, "It says so here."

When Japanese transports actually reached Lingayen Gulf at 2 a.m. on Dec. 22, they met almost no resistance. Despite heavy seas, General Masharu Homma got a force of more than 40,000 men ashore and began marching south toward the capital. MacArthur, who had convinced Washington that his still largely imaginary 200,000-man Filipino army could defend the archipelago on its myriad beaches, now appealed desperately for air support from the U.S. Navy. CAN I EXPECT ANYTHING ALONG THAT LINE? he cabled Chief of Staff George Marshall. Learning that he could not, he unhappily issued the order, "WPO-3 is in effect."

War Plan Orange-3, granting that the Philippines' 21,000-mile coastline was indefensible, called for conceding the beaches and pulling back into defenses that, as in Singapore, theoretically could be held for six months. MacArthur declared Manila an open city the day after Christmas, moving his headquarters—with his wife, his three-year-old son Arthur and the child's Chinese nurse—to the fortress island of Corregidor in Manila Harbor.

Then he began moving his Luzon troops, 65,000 Filipinos and 15,000 Americans, into the mountainous Bataan peninsula, which juts out to the southwest of Manila. Admirers have praised MacArthur's skill in carrying out this tactical retreat. "A masterpiece," said his World War I commander, General John Pershing, "one of the greatest moves in all military history." Even the Japanese general staff called it a "great strategic move." But it was a great move only if reinforcements really were on the way. If not, MacArthur was simply marching his men into a death trap.

WE ARE DOING OUR UTMOST . . . TO RUSH AIR SUPPORT TO YOU, cabled Marshall, who specified that 140 planes had been shipped to Manila. But he never told MacArthur when they were later diverted to Australia. To Quezon and his people, Roosevelt publicly gave "my solemn pledge that their freedom will be retained. The entire resources . . . of the United States stand behind that pledge." Added Secretary of War Henry Stimson: "Your gallant defense is thrilling the American people. As soon as our power is organized, we shall come in force and drive the invader from your soil." So MacArthur told his trapped men, "Help is definitely on the way. We must hold out until it comes."

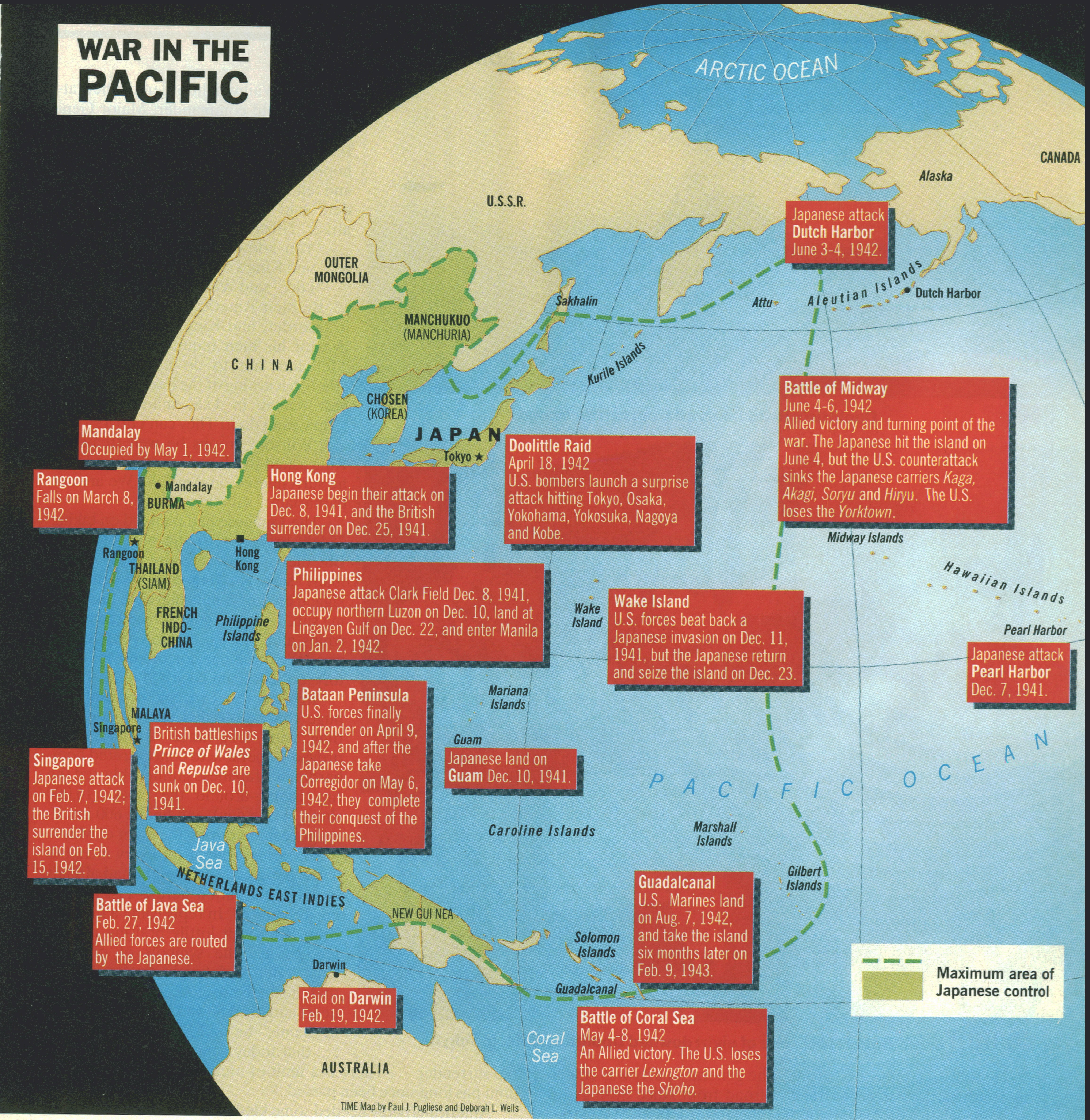
The promises from Washington were never kept. Roosevelt and Stimson had already told Churchill in private that the Philippines couldn't be saved. The defenders of Bataan had no real purpose except to delay the Japanese victory. Wrote Stimson in his diary: "There are times when men have to die."

The 80,000 troops and 26,000 civilians on besieged Bataan had less than a month's rations of rice, flour and canned meat. Medicine was in short supply. Malaria, dysentery and beriberi flourished. As the weeks dragged on, a chant grew popular:

We're the battling bastards of Bataan,
No mama, no papa, no Uncle Sam,
No aunts, no uncles, no cousins, no nieces,
No rifles, no planes or artillery pieces,
And nobody gives a damn.

When it dawned on MacArthur that he too was being abandoned, he spoke grandly of his destiny. "They will never take me alive," he said as he slipped a loaded pistol into his pocket. But MacArthur was just a pawn on an enormous political chessboard. Australia, threatened by the Japanese advances, demanded the return of three divisions sent to help Britain fight Germany. But

WAR IN THE PACIFIC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Alaska
U.S.S.R.
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MANCHUKUO (MANCHURIA)
CHINA
CHOSEN (KOREA)
JAPAN
Tokyo
Sakhalin
Kurile Islands
Attu
Aleutian Islands
Dutch Harbor
Mandalay
BURMA
Rangoon
THAILAND (SIAM)
FRENCH INDO-CHINA
Hong Kong
Philippine Islands
Wake Island
Midway Islands
Hawaiian Islands
Pearl Harbor
Mariana Islands
Guam
MALAYA
Singapore
PACIFIC OCEAN
Caroline Islands
Marshall Islands
Gilbert Islands
Java Sea
NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES
NEW GUI NEA
Solomon Islands
Guadalcanal
Darwin
Coral Sea
AUSTRALIA
Maximum area of Japanese control

Japanese attack **Dutch Harbor** June 3-4, 1942.

Battle of Midway June 4-6, 1942 Allied victory and turning point of the war. The Japanese hit the island on June 4, but the U.S. counterattack sinks the Japanese carriers *Kaga, Akagi, Soryu* and *Hiryu*. The U.S. loses the *Yorktown*.

Mandalay Occupied by May 1, 1942.

Rangoon Falls on March 8, 1942.

Hong Kong Japanese begin their attack on Dec. 8, 1941, and the British surrender on Dec. 25, 1941.

Doolittle Raid April 18, 1942 U.S. bombers launch a surprise attack hitting Tokyo, Osaka, Yokohama, Yokosuka, Nagoya and Kobe.

Philippines Japanese attack Clark Field Dec. 8, 1941, occupy northern Luzon on Dec. 10, land at Lingayen Gulf on Dec. 22, and enter Manila on Jan. 2, 1942.

Wake Island U.S. forces beat back a Japanese invasion on Dec. 11, 1941, but the Japanese return and seize the island on Dec. 23.

Japanese attack **Pearl Harbor** Dec. 7, 1941.

British battleships ***Prince of Wales*** and ***Repulse*** are sunk on Dec. 10, 1941.

Bataan Peninsula U.S. forces finally surrender on April 9, 1942, and after the Japanese take Corregidor on May 6, 1942, they complete their conquest of the Philippines.

Japanese land on **Guam** Dec. 10, 1941.

Singapore Japanese attack on Feb. 7, 1942; the British surrender the island on Feb. 15, 1942.

Guadalcanal U.S. Marines land on Aug. 7, 1942, and take the island six months later on Feb. 9, 1943.

Battle of Java Sea Feb. 27, 1942 Allied forces are routed by the Japanese.

Raid on **Darwin** Feb. 19, 1942.

Battle of Coral Sea May 4-8, 1942 An Allied victory. The U.S. loses the carrier *Lexington* and the Japanese the *Shoho*.

TIME Map by Paul J. Pugliese and Deborah L. Wells

the Australians said they would not insist if the U.S. promised troops and appointed an American supreme commander for the whole South Pacific. Churchill, unwilling to withdraw the Australians then battling Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps in Libya, suggested to Roosevelt that a general of MacArthur's eminence might prove valuable. In his sweltering cave on Corregidor, MacArthur received by radio on Feb. 23 a presidential order to get to Australia to "assume command of all United States troops."

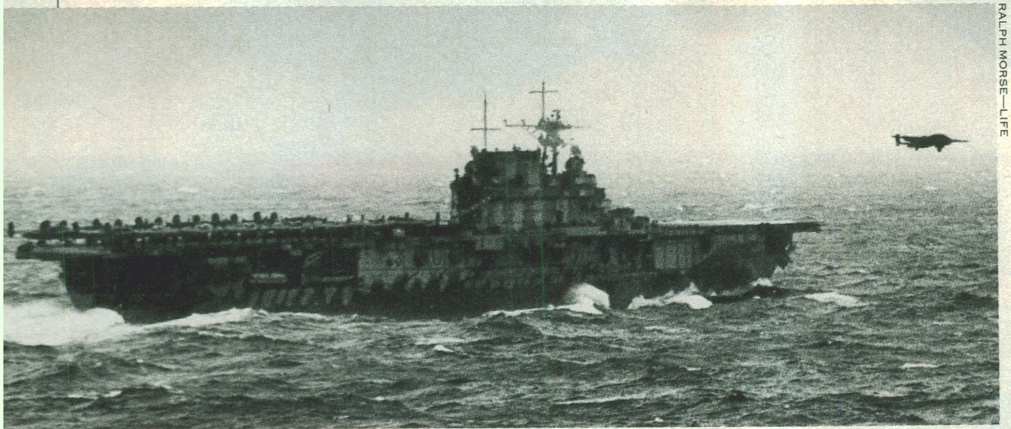
MacArthur knew that his men on Bataan would never forgive him—the name "Dugout Doug" haunted him ever after. He talked of resigning his commission and transferring to Bataan as "a simple volunteer," even dictating a draft of that resignation. But he never sent it. Orders were orders.

MacArthur decided to leave by submarine at sundown on March 11. No sub could get through to Corregidor, so he used a flotilla of four dilapidated PT boats. With him he took his wife and son and the Chinese nurse and a dozen staff officers. To Major General Jonathan Wainwright, he made a promise: "I'm leaving over my repeated protests. If I get through to Australia, you know I'll come back as soon as I can with as much as I can. In the meantime you've got to hold."

"You'll get through," said Wainwright.

". . . and back," said MacArthur.

After a rough and perilous trip of nearly 600 miles in 35 hours, MacArthur landed at dawn near a Mindanao pineapple plantation, where a B-17 bomber picked him up and flew him to Australia. On landing, he asked the first American officer he saw about the U.S. reinforcements he thought were awaiting his arrival. "So far as I know, sir," said the officer, "there are very few troops here." Said MacArthur to an aide: "Surely he is wrong."



RALPH MORSE—LIFE

BOUND FOR TOKYO **Doolittle's B-25 takes off from carrier *Hornet***

WARTIME JAPANESE GOVERNMENT PHOTO

CAPTIVITY **Lieut. Robert Hite, one of eight downed Doolittle pilots, in Tokyo**

He was, of course, not wrong. The general's party was chuffing southward on a single-track railroad from Alice Springs to Adelaide when MacArthur got the official word. In all of Australia, there were fewer than 32,000 Allied troops, including many noncombatants—far fewer than MacArthur had left behind on Bataan. "God have mercy on us," he said. He later called this his "greatest shock and surprise of the whole war."

MacArthur expected that there would be reporters awaiting his arrival in Adelaide, so he prepared a few words: "I came through, and I shall return." That made headlines, but Washington asked MacArthur to amend his prophecy to "We shall return." He ignored the request. And unlikely as it seemed in the far reaches of Australia, he would arise from the ignominy of flight and return in triumph to make his prophecy come true.

It would be too late, though, for the starving soldiers trapped on Bataan. On April 3, Good Friday, 50,000 Japanese launched a fierce assault against the Americans entrenched at the foot of Mount Samat, a 1,900-ft. peak dominating the entry to the Bataan peninsula. On Easter morning they planted their flag atop it.

When Wainwright ordered a new attack, his field commander, Major General Edward King, sent an officer from Bataan to Corregidor to explain the hopeless situation. "You will go back and tell General King he will *not* surrender," said Wainwright. "Tell him he will attack. Those are my orders."

"You know what the outcome will be," said King's envoy.

"I do," said Wainwright.

By then Americans were retreating in disorder, and King decided that the lives of his men required a surrender. "Tell him not to do it!" Wainwright cried on learning of the decision, the biggest defeat in U.S. military history. "They can't do it! They can't do it!"

"Will our troops be well treated?" King asked the Japanese commander as he surrendered on April 9. "We are not barbarians," said the victor.

The Japanese had planned on taking 25,000 prisoners to the nearest camp. But they numbered more than 75,000, many sick and starving. When they lagged on the 65-mile march in the broiling sun, Japanese guards beat them with whips and rifle butts. Only 60,000 survived the three-day horror known to history as the Bataan Death March.

Invulnerable Corregidor, laced with huge concrete-walled tunnels and bristling with long-range artillery, soon proved vulnerable to concentrated bombardment. Japanese gunners blasted the tiny island around the clock (16,000 shells in one day), and finally 600 invaders got ashore during the night of May 4. U.S. Marines fought for every inch, but it was hopeless. Wainwright had already radioed, "Situation here is fast becoming desperate." In reply came a message from Roosevelt loftily praising the defenders as "the symbols of our war aims." But Wainwright finally decided that he had no choice. "With broken heart and head bowed in sadness but not in shame," he told Roosevelt, "I report . . . that today I must arrange terms for the surrender . . . There is a limit of human endurance and that limit has long since been passed."

Americans badly needed some kind of victory during those last days in the Philippines. Roosevelt had asked shortly after Pearl Harbor whether there was some way of bombing the Japanese mainland, and the Navy soon dreamed up the idea of adapting long-range B-25 Mitchell bombers so that they could take off from a carrier.

The newly commissioned *Hornet* sailed from San Francisco April 2 with 16 twin-engine B-25s and a lieutenant colonel who could fly anything anywhere: Jimmy Doolittle, star stunt pilot of the 1930s. Neither Doolittle nor any of his pilots had ever taken off from a carrier, and gale winds whipped waves across the flight deck at the takeoff point nearly 700 miles from Japan. "When [Jimmy's] plane buzzed down the *Hornet's* deck at 7:25," recalled Admiral William ("Bull") Halsey, commander of the mission, "there wasn't a man topside who didn't help him get into the air."

The raid on April 18 proved such a surprise that Tokyo schoolchildren waved cheerily at the bombers as they roared overhead. Aiming for military targets, factories and power stations, Doolit-

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tle's planes dropped bombs on the Japanese capital and made symbolic strikes on five other cities. Lacking fuel to return to the *Hornet* or to reach any safe haven, the American pilots had to head for Nationalist-held areas of China, bail out and hope for the best. Most of them made it, but three were killed in crashes and eight captured.

Though the damage was not great—about 50 civilians killed and 90 buildings wrecked—the demonstration of vulnerability infuriated the Japanese. ENEMY DEVILS STRAFE SCHOOL YARD, cried a headline in the *Asahi Shimbun,* which excoriated the "inhuman, insatiable, indiscriminate bombing." Several of the eight captured airmen were tortured to tell where they had come from, and three were executed by firing squad. Worse, the Japanese army tried to punish all Chinese who might have helped the downed pilots, and the slaughter in Chekiang and Kiangsu provinces took a toll estimated at more than 200,000. As often happened in this hate-filled era, each side angrily denounced the other's actions as atrocities.

Despite Doolittle's feat, the Japanese victories throughout the South Pacific could now be halted and reversed only by the U.S. Navy, and the Navy had been badly wounded. On top of the losses at Pearl Harbor, it had to abandon its base at Cavite, outside Manila, and it lost a cruiser and two destroyers in the Battle of the Java Sea (Feb. 27–March 1, 1942).

The Navy still had one great secret weapon, though: its code breakers could read Japanese naval messages. From those, Pacific Fleet commander Chester Nimitz knew that the Japanese planned to seize the eastern approaches to Australia by attacking Port Moresby, on the tail of New Guinea, in the first week in May. Nimitz stripped bare Pearl Harbor's defenses to mount an all-out attack on the Japanese invaders as they entered the Coral Sea.

It was the first naval battle in history in which the rival fleets never saw each other. The two carrier forces maneuvered between 100 and 200 miles apart while their planes attacked. The result included some absurd errors. Several Japanese planes tried unsuccessfully to land on the deck of the *Yorktown;* several American pilots tried unsuccessfully to bomb the cruiser *Australia.* In the first U.S. attack on a major Japanese warship, though, bombers from the *Lexington* and the *Yorktown* trapped and sank the 12,000-ton light carrier *Shoho;* nearly 700 of her 900 crewmen went down with her. Lieut. Commander Robert Dixon triumphantly radioed, "Dixon to carrier, scratch one flattop."

At dawn the next morning, both fleets sent off their planes again. The *Yorktown's* bombers started a fuel fire on the *Shokaku,* but were chased by fighters. Though the *Lexington* and the *Yorktown* similarly fought off Japanese bombers, a mysterious explosion in the generator room crippled the 42,000-ton *Lexington.* THIS SHIP NEEDS HELP, said the banner run up her mainmast. In late afternoon, the captain gave the order to abandon ship.

Both sides claimed victory in the Battle of the Coral Sea. The U.S. had lost the *Lexington* plus a destroyer and a tanker; the Jap-

REMEMBRANCE

MICHIKO MATSUURA

"O.K., Gruel Is Good"

Then the wife of an imperial navy officer, she is now, at 79, president of Japan's League of Women Voters.

In January 1942 we moved to Kamakura, southwest of Tokyo. A teacher there asked my three-year-old son, "What will you do if the enemy attacks?" He replied, "I'll kick them." That's military education for you. They were teaching that a *kamikaze* [divine wind] would blow Japan to victory.

I was always wondering if things were going the right way. I always tried to feed my husband rice, while the rest of us had rice gruel. Once the older boy complained, "Gruel again?"

My two-year-old son responded, "We have to eat gruel or else we'll lose the war."

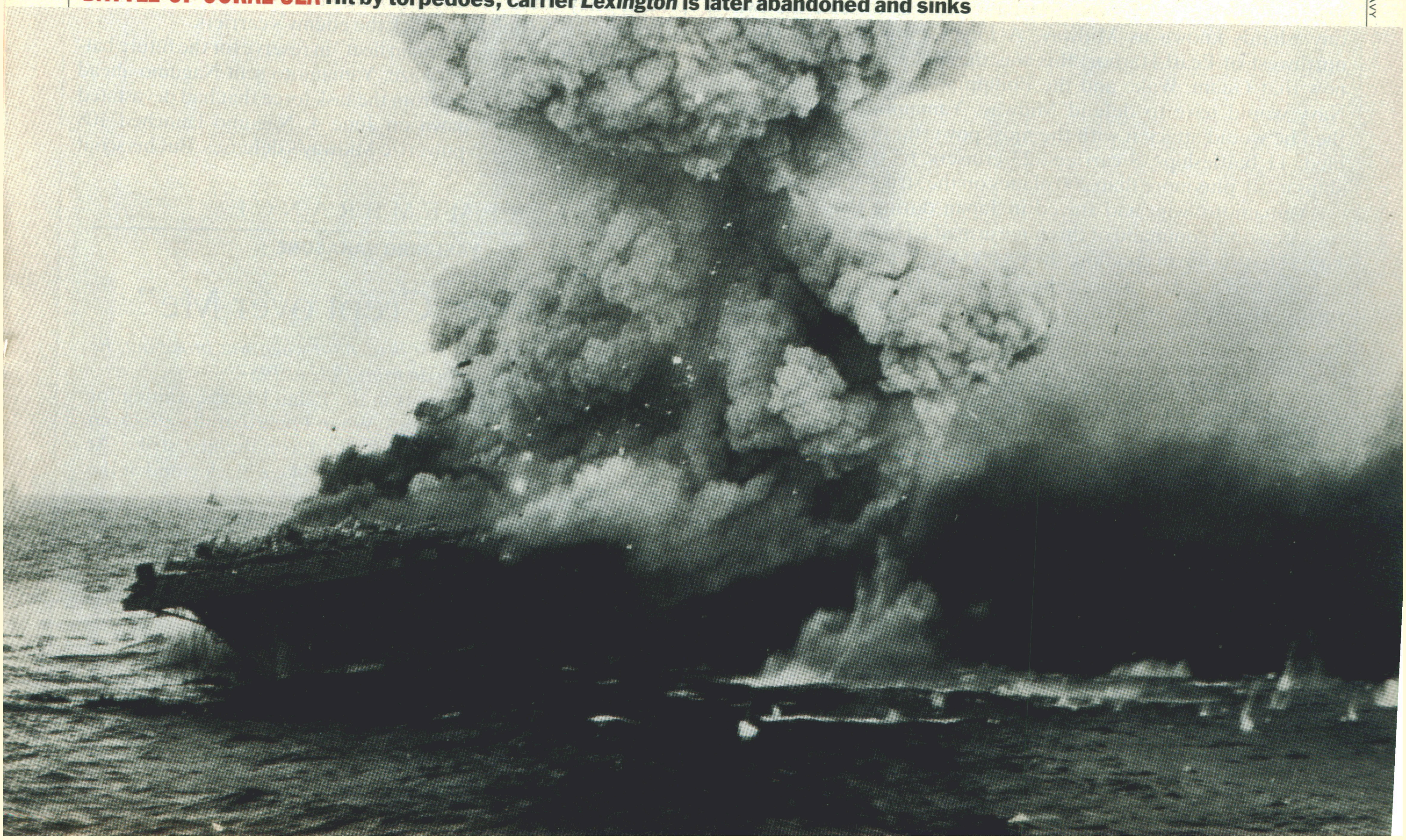
"O.K., gruel is good."

"Yes, it's like chocolate."

"It's like *kompeito* [a hard sugar candy]."

Neither knew what chocolate or *kompeito* tasted like.

BATTLE OF CORAL SEA **Hit by torpedoes, carrier *Lexington* is later abandoned and sinks**



U.S. NAVY

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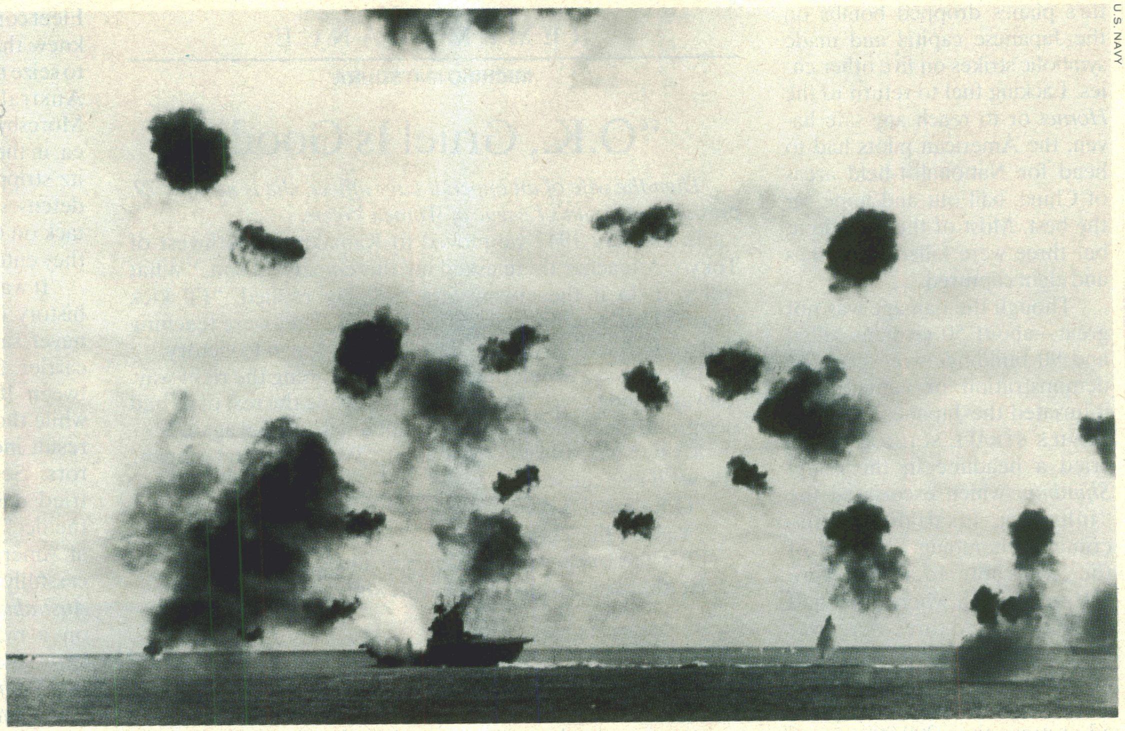

U.S. NAVY

BATTLE OF MIDWAY

Admiral Nagumo loses all four of his carriers, but his bombers cripple the U.S. carrier *Yorktown*

anese had lost the carrier *Shoho,* plus a tanker and a destroyer, more aircraft (77 vs. 66) and more men (1,074 vs. 543). But in strategic terms, the key fact was that the Japanese troop transports bound for Port Moresby had to turn back.

The Japanese empire had reached its outer limits.

The imperial navy's Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto was still determined to do what he had failed to do at Pearl Harbor: draw the U.S. Pacific Fleet into a high-seas confrontation where he could destroy it. His strategy, which he hoped would win the war for Japan or at least open the way to California, was to seize the two tiny islands known as Midway. A lonely outpost 1,100 miles northwest of Pearl Harbor, this was the westernmost U.S. base now that Guam, Wake and the Philippines were lost. The U.S. Navy would have to defend Midway, Yamamoto figured, and then he would attack it with the most powerful fleet ever assembled: 11 battleships, 8 carriers, 23 cruisers, 65 destroyers—190 ships in all, plus more than 200 planes on the strike-force carriers.

Yamamoto, who had stayed in Japan during Pearl Harbor, took personal command of this huge armada. His flagship was the largest battleship in creation, the 64,000-ton *Yamato,* whose 18.1-in. guns had a range of more than 25 miles. His carrier chief was once again Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo, the Pearl Harbor commander who had gone on to wreak havoc on the British fleet. With virtually no losses, Nagumo's planes had bombed British bases at Darwin, Australia, and Colombo, Ceylon; sunk the carrier *Hermes* and two cruisers; and driven the Royal Navy all the way across the Indian Ocean.

Once again, cautious staff admirals in Tokyo opposed Yamamoto's strategy as too risky. Once again, he threatened to resign if he did not get his way. Once again, the admirals gave in.

Against Yamamoto's overwhelming force, Nimitz could send only a pitiable remnant—76 ships in all, no battleships to Japan's 11, three carriers to Japan's eight (and one was the *Yorktown,* barely patched together at Pearl Harbor after its mauling in the Coral Sea). And his most redoubtable skipper, Admiral Bull Halsey, whose combative spirit was worth several warships, suddenly had to repair to the hospital with a skin disease.

But Nimitz still had Lieut. Commander Joseph Rochefort's code-breaking team in Pearl Harbor, which told him that Midway was Yamamoto's main target, that there would be a secondary attack against the Aleutians, and that the strike at Midway was set for June 4. Now the fates that had condemned the U.S. to blind complacency at Pearl Harbor visited the same punishment on Japan. Declared Nagumo as he neared his launching point: "The enemy is not aware of our plans."

That Japanese blindness enabled the outnumbered Americans to plan an ambush as decisive as that of the Concord Minutemen of 1775, when they fired their "shot heard round the world." In the new style of naval warfare, which admirals around the world were just beginning to learn, aircraft carriers were supreme. They could destroy anything but were highly vulnerable, so the key was to find and attack the enemy's carriers.

Keeping his enormous "main fleet" in reserve for the future battle that would never materialize, Yamamoto sent Nagumo ahead with four of the six carriers from the task force that had devastated Pearl Harbor. Before dawn on June 4, Nagumo launched 108 planes, half his force, to pulverize Midway's defenses. But his scout

REMEMBRANCE

YASUHIRO NAKASONE

"Worries Crept over Me"

A 22-year-old navy first lieutenant when war broke out, he was Prime Minister of Japan from 1982 to 1987.

I was aboard a transport in the Palau Islands, waiting for word to go to the Philippines. When I heard of the attack on Pearl Harbor, I felt glad that we had won the first strike. At the same time, worries crept over me like a black cloud: if the U.S. really fought back, Japan might lose.

On Dec. 20 we landed in Davao on Mindanao Island and took the airport. On Jan. 24, 1942, we arrived at Balikpapan on Borneo in Indonesia. Our job was to repair airports so our Zeros could fly within a week to 10 days and midsize bombers within 20 days. We had to work day and night. We all had a strong sense of duty, a sense that Japan was going all out.

In May I began working on constructing an airport in T'ainan in Taiwan. There I heard of our loss at Midway. That's when I felt we might lose the war.

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FRANK SCHERSCHEL—LIFE

BATTLE OF MIDWAY **U.S. dive bombers prove decisive**

planes failed to spot two U.S. carriers, the *Enterprise* and the *Hornet,* lying in wait less than 200 miles to the northeast under the command of Halsey's replacement, Rear Admiral Raymond Spruance. Taking an immense risk, the normally prudent Spruance committed virtually all his planes—67 Dauntless dive bombers, 29 Devastator torpedo bombers and 20 Wildcat fighters—to a desperate counterattack.

By some combination of inspired calculations and pure luck, Spruance's planes reached Nagumo's fleet just as the carriers were taking in their returning bombers and reloading for a second strike at Midway. To exploit that moment of supreme vulnerability, the Devastator torpedo bombers roared in. Despite the Americans' advantage of surprise, they too encountered a shock: the overwhelming superiority of the Zero fighters defending the Japanese carriers. As each torpedo bomber lumbered toward a carrier, it was shot to pieces. Fifteen torpedo bombers left the *Hornet;* the only survivor was Ensign George Gay, who was shot down and wounded in the arm and leg but managed to float until rescuers found him the next day.

Eight times the American planes attacked Nagumo's carriers, and eight times they were beaten off. When the last torpedo bomber was shot down at about 10:25 a.m., it looked as though Nagumo had won the Battle of Midway. But the Zeros embroiled in low-level combat against the torpedo bombers didn't see what was happening high overhead. At 15,000 ft. above the carrier *Kaga,* Lieut. Commander Clarence Wade McClusky, nearly out of gas from searching for his quarry, nosed his Dauntless dive bomber into a screaming plunge. Behind him, 25 of his pilots did the same. At 1,800 ft., McClusky pulled the bomb release. He later remembered the image of the *Kaga's* clean, empty hardwood deck, then the tremendous explosion. Bleeding from five bullet wounds, McClusky barely got back to the *Enterprise,* with less than 5 gal. of gas in his tank.

Lieut. Richard Best took on the next carrier, which he didn't realize was the *Akagi,* Nagumo's flagship. "Don't let this carrier escape," he shouted over his radio to the four remaining bombers as he started his dive. His bomb landed next to Nagumo's bridge, starting a huge fire. At almost that very moment, the dive bombers received reinforcements from a third carrier, the patched-up *Yorktown.* Lieut. Commander Maxwell Leslie led 17 more bombers from the *Yorktown* in a dive that smashed and crippled a third carrier, the *Soryu.*

In less than 10 minutes, Nagumo had seen three of his four carriers transformed into blazing hulks. And he had been transformed from the commander of all he surveyed into a desperate survivor who had to clamber out a window to escape from his burning flagship to a nearby cruiser.

But Nagumo still had one carrier left, the *Hiryu,* and one carrier could still sting, fatally. "Bogeys, 32 miles, closing!" cried the *Yorktown's* radar officer. A dozen fighters from the *Yorktown* were circling overhead, and more than twice as many antiaircraft guns were firing, when the *Hiryu's* dive bombers and torpedo bombers struck. As the *Yorktown's* guns demolished one attacking bomber, its bomb exploded with a huge orange flash behind the carrier's bridge. Then another two bombs penetrated deep below decks, and the carrier's whole bow went up in flames. The *Yorktown* was doomed (though 2,270 men—nearly all the crew—were rescued).

No sooner had the *Hiryu's* torpedo bombers returned to their ship than they were ordered out again. But few were in shape to go—five dive bombers and four torpedo planes—and their crews were so exhausted that the commander ordered a break before the next takeoffs. The rice balls were just being served when the alarm sounded: "Enemy dive bombers directly overhead." Swooping down, planes from the *Enterprise* and the dying *Yorktown* started the fires that would destroy the *Hiryu.*

Admiral Nagumo discreetly refrained for hours from reporting the full extent of the disaster to Yamamoto. Only in late afternoon did he finally tell him that the *Hiryu,* the last of his carriers, was burning out of control. With that, Nagumo decided to withdraw the remnants of his fleet from the battlefield. Yamamoto sank into a chair and sat staring into space, as stupefied as MacArthur in his penthouse in Manila.

Finally stirring, Yamamoto sent a message of MacArthurian unreality: "The enemy fleet, which has practically been destroyed, is retiring to the east . . . Immediately contact and destroy the enemy." As a further measure, he also relieved Nagumo of his command. And imperial headquarters said a great triumph had been achieved, bringing "supreme power in the Pacific."

What the outnumbered Americans had accomplished at the Coral Sea and Midway was even greater than they at first realized. Describing "this memorable American victory," Churchill wrote, "At one stroke, the dominant position of Japan in the Pacific was reversed . . . The annals of war at sea present no more intense, heart-shaking shock than these two battles, in which the qualities of the United States Navy and Air Force and of the American race shone forth in splendor."

Before MacArthur finally received the Japanese surrender in Tokyo Bay, though, would come three grinding years of "island hopping," the slow and painful campaign across the South Pacific from the fetid jungles of New Guinea to the barricaded caves of Okinawa. The first of these battles, and one of the worst, occurred at the southern tip of the Solomon Islands, where the U.S. Marines made their first landing of the war early in the morning of Aug. 7, 1942. There was no opposition. The Japanese, who would fight more than six months to hold that desolate island, called it Gadarukanaru. It entered American history under the name of Guadalcanal.

—Research by Anne Hopkins

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PART 3

War in Europe

As Japan and the U.S. square off in the Pacific, a nightmare descends on the Continent

By HOWARD ANDREW G. CHUA-EOAN

In Europe, both sides welcomed the attack on Pearl Harbor. Hitler, pleased that the industrial bulwark of the Allies was now preoccupied with an Asian enemy, almost immediately declared war on the U.S. Churchill and Stalin were relieved that America was finally a combatant.

By the beginning of December 1941, German troops were in Istra, a suburb only 15 miles west of Moscow. Ever since Hitler launched Operation Barbarossa at 4 a.m. on June 22, 1941, his forces had swept through Stalin's European empire. They took the half of Poland that had been partitioned to the Soviet Union in 1939, stripped off the Baltic states that Moscow had annexed just a year before, seized Belorussia, and were marching south into Ukraine. Stalin's generals were stunned. They had believed the idea of blitzkrieg was an unreliable bourgeois strategy. No one had expected such a lightning conquest.

By Oct. 16 Germans were 60 miles from Moscow, and the capital was in a panic. Muscovites were stampeding out of the city, packing railway stations, crammed into trucks, huddled in carts. By the end of the month, 2 million had evacuated eastward in what the Soviets still call "the big skedaddle."

In spite of what seemed to be inevitable doom, in spite of hundreds of thousands of fleeing party apparatchiks, Stalin remained in Moscow. In a speech on Nov. 6, 1941, the eve of the 24th anniversary of the Bolshevik takeover, he cast the enemy as beasts. "It is these people without honor or conscience, these people with the morality of animals, who have the effrontery to call for the extermination of the great Russian nation." Patriotic Russians would never let that happen. "No mercy for the German invad-

MOONSCAPE ON THE VOLGA RIVER

At a terrible cost, the Red Army—and the ravages of winter—halt the Germans in the sprawling city of Stalingrad

SOVFOTO

ers," he said. In Red Square the next day, he again sought to rein in the panic and rally the country. Under a sky ringed with antiaircraft blimps, with artillery fire echoing and under constant threat of Luftwaffe attack, the Soviet leader evoked the glories of Russia's heroic past—Alexander Nevsky, Tolstoy, Pushkin; he also, of course, included Lenin in this pantheon. "The enemy is at the gates of Moscow and Leningrad," he said. "The war you are waging is a war of liberation, a just war." He thundered, "May you be blessed by great Lenin's victorious banner. Death to the German invaders . . . Onward to victory!"

The tyrant's appeal transfigured a shell-shocked country. Suddenly a hopeless cause became the Great Patriotic War. Even those who hated Stalin—like the novelist Victor Nekrasov—remember rushing into combat crying *"Za rodinu, za Stalina!"* (For the motherland, for Stalin!). The reanimated Russians could also count on a perennial ally: Father Winter.

In early November, amid their second big push toward Moscow, the Germans were already suffering their first severe cases of frostbite. Soviet General (later Marshal) Georgi Zhukov reportedly noted that the enemy was perhaps too efficient: its soldiers had been supplied with the correct size boots. Russians, he said, knew enough to wear oversize footwear—the better to stuff with wool and straw to protect toes against the cold. A popular Russian caricature of the time had the Fritzes—as German soldiers were less than affectionately called—wrapped in anything they could grab out of occupied civilian homes—including women's shawls and feather boas. Hitler, expecting the war to be over by October, made Napoleon's mistake, neglecting to plan for the exigencies of a Russian winter.

Fighting the killing cold and the stiffening Russian resistance, the invaders' losses mounted. At the end of November, German sources were citing a casualty figure of 767,000, with 162,000 dead. The entire Western campaign of 1940 had cost the Wehrmacht only 156,000 casualties (with 30,000 dead).

On Dec. 2 Hitler proclaimed, "The Soviet Union is finished." But by then the Germans poised at the gates of Moscow were exhausted, cold and dispirited. On Dec. 5, as the Japanese sailed toward Pearl Harbor, the Soviet army launched a massive counterattack along a 560-mile front. The Fritzes were thrown back by its ferocity. A German reporter assigned to the front recalls coming upon a soldier staggering out of a wood screaming "Aah! Come and help me! I can't see. They've gouged out my eyes." Soldiers had attacked him with a knife, slashing his eyes but taking care to let him live. "There!" said one of the Russians. "Go to the other German dogs and tell them we'll destroy them all. We'll cut out their eyes and send what's left to Siberia . . . Now get going."

In a January 1942 report—part propaganda, part journalism—the Soviet novelist Ilya Ehrenburg wrote of the winter battle: "The road is still long. From here to the extreme capes of Europe, to Finisterre, 'the end of the earth,' stretches the Kingdom of Death. It is a difficult road. But the Red Army continues its relentless march across the snow." By the time the spring thaw slowed the Russian counterattack, the Germans had been hurled entirely out of Moscow province. In the spring of 1942 they would still be close enough to threaten, but by then they had lost the battle to seize Stalin's capital.

To the north, Leningrad had been virtually sealed off from the rest of the country by a fierce German siege that would not be totally lifted for 880 days, until January 1944. On the eve of the attack on Pearl Harbor, Leningrad's situation was even more desperate than the capital's. While the Germans outside Moscow were nearly exhausted by three unsuccessful attempts to take the city, Leningrad was not only being lashed by cannon fire and air raids but was also slowly being starved. Hitler had given orders that the city be completely eradicated after its surrender so that German occupying forces would not have to worry about supplying its civilian population.

Like Moscow, the city had been surprised by the speed of the Nazi blitzkrieg. Three weeks after the invasion, German forces were already 125 miles south of Leningrad. But where many Muscovites panicked, residents of the old imperial capital resolutely began building a network of barricades outside the city—a million volunteers in a city of almost 3 million; many died as they labored, killed by Nazi bombs and machine-gun attacks. But in July and August they produced 340 miles of antitank ditches, 15,875 miles of open trenches, 400 miles of barbed-wire fences, 5,000 pillboxes and gun emplacements. These could not stop the Nazi juggernaut, but they did slow it down.

Most Leningraders volunteered not for love of Stalin. It was their city they were defending—the cultural center of traditional Russia, home of Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoyevsky and Anna Akhmatova. The ordeal, however, required more than pride, certainly more than courage. The supply of food was erratic, and plummeted during the darkest moments of the war. On Dec. 23, 1941, for example, the whole city had just two days' supply of flour. At one point, rations were 1,087 calories for workers who had to man the city's strategic munitions plants, 581 calories for office workers, 684 calories for children. In reality, far less food was available—and proper nutrition in cold weather requires about 3,000 calories a day for a man. The official report of deaths for December was 53,000, and the winter would take an even greater toll.

By then people were stripping glue off walls for protein. Tons of rotting sheep guts were boiled down into a rancid jelly and handed out as the meat ration. It was not uncommon to see people collapse from hunger while walking home through the snow, dying on the street. Some would remain covered beneath the snow until the spring. A factory chief remembers a worker asking him a final favor. "I know that today or tomorrow I will die," he said. "My family are in a very poor way—very weak . . . Will you be a friend and have a coffin made for me?"

No other major city in the war would suffer as many civilian deaths as Leningrad. Not Dresden, which was virtually flattened by bombers and where 30,000 died in one night of air raids. Not even Hiroshima, where about 100,000 were killed by a single bomb. In Leningrad the official Soviet death toll for the two-winter-long siege was 632,253, mostly of starvation. Other sources put the figure at more than 1 million.

Leningrad was almost completely isolated: to the west was the Baltic Sea, to the east Lake Ladoga, to the south the advancing Wehrmacht, to the north the Finns, who, while not formally allied with Germany, were fighting their own war with the Soviet Union. But the city's defenders kept the enemy at bay and, again, winter helped. Lake Ladoga froze to a thickness that would support an escape route for hundreds of thousands of refugees—and a way in for food. The Russian counteroffensive that began on Dec. 5, 1941, also relieved pressure on the city. By early 1942, though the blockade was not broken, the Germans could not hope to advance without a terrible fight. Besides, Hitler was turning his attention toward the Volga River and oil-rich Baku by the Caspian Sea. There a titanic struggle soon developed over the city that stood in his way: Stalingrad.

The late spring and summer of 1942 would be a black time for the Soviet Union. An attempt to retake the Kerch peninsula in the Crimea failed. In May three Russian armies, the vanguard of

THE BIG SKEDADDLE As the Nazis advance, Russians flee eastward however they can with whatever they can carry

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By seventeen, I was reading three newspapers a day. I remember articles so moving, they brought tears to my eyes. That was when my mother realized I was going to be a journalist. For graduation, she gave me a Cross pen and pencil set. Over the years, I've taken it to five continents. My pencil was stepped on during a rally, and my pen is scratched from the fall I took chasing a senator. But, unlike my legs, they still look and function beautifully. When I became Editor, I bought a new 14 karat gold filled Cross set. But I always bring the one from my mom with me whenever I go on assignment. I like to think that it's helped me write great articles. Articles like the ones that first inspired me.

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a planned counteroffensive in Ukraine, were routed by German mechanized units in Kharkov. The Germans claimed to have captured 200,000 prisoners.

Those defeats were followed by two other stunning losses. On June 7 German forces supplemented by troops from Romania began a monthlong final offensive against the great Crimean port of Sevastopol, pounding it with Luftwaffe raids before sending infantry units to wage bloody street battles. By the beginning of July, the city collapsed. The fall of Rostov-on-Don, the so-called gateway to the Caucasus, was even more ominous. The siege was embarrassingly brief, and whole Soviet units reportedly fled in panic. Suddenly the way south to the oil fields of Baku was open. With German armies simultaneously dashing to cut off the Soviet supply line along the Volga, Stalin issued a stern "not a step back" decree to the Red Army. Deserters were to be shot on sight.

SOVFOTO

THE GREAT SIEGE **Shelling and starvation devastate Leningrad**

Stalingrad, a great sprawl of a city on the Volga, became the focal point of the struggle. It had originally been named Tsaritsyn, and during the bloody civil war it was successfully defended against the rightist White Army by Stalin himself, who gave it his name. The Russians knew that if they did not tie down the Germans at Stalingrad, the war would virtually be lost. Not only would the huge cities of the north be bereft of supplies from the fertile south, but the oil fields of Baku that fueled the Russian war machine would fall to the Wehrmacht.

From mid-July 1942 onward, the fighting intensified as the Germans advanced along the great bend of the Don River. Hitler ordered the German Sixth Army to conquer Stalingrad by Aug. 25. Stalin ordered the city to prepare for siege.

On Aug. 23 the Luftwaffe sent 600 bombers against the city, killing 40,000 civilians. On the same day, the Germans established a five-mile front to the north. Wrote the Soviet General Vassili Chuikov: "The enormous city, stretching for 30 miles along the Volga, was enveloped in flames. Everything around was burning and collapsing." Less than two weeks later the Germans rumbled into the western suburbs, and two months of the most ferocious street fighting of the war ensued. "Fierce actions had to be fought for every house, workshop, water tower, raised railway track, wall or cellar, and even for every heap of rubble," wrote the German General Hans Dörr. "The no-man's-land between us and the Russians was reduced to an absolute minimum."

RUSSIAN NEWSREEL

SURRENDER **Some 90,000 Germans become POWs in Stalingrad**

The Germans, however, could never quite take all of Stalingrad. While they held air superiority, they were unable to knock out the powerful batteries of Russian artillery across the Volga. And beyond the Stalingrad cauldron, the Red Army was on the move. In late November 1942 the Russians encircled the city, trapping thousands of German and Romanian troops. Hitler had committed a strategic mistake. He had dissipated his military strength and caused tremendous logistical confusion by splitting up the offensive—sending a huge strike force toward the Caucasus simultaneously with the drive toward Stalingrad.

By December one German soldier was writing despairing entries into his diary. Dec. 5: "Heavy snowfall. My toes are frostbitten. Gnawing pain in my stomach . . . There is very little food. All is lost. Constant bickering. Everybody's nerves are on edge." Dec. 12: "O God, help me return home safe and sound! God Almighty, put an end to all this torture!" With rations slashed in December, army horses were slaughtered and cooked.

The Germans in Stalingrad fought on through January, even as the Russian military ringed the city. Hitler had promised reinforcements, and in the second half of December launched a major tank assault on the Soviet blockade. It failed. Wrote Chuikov: "Up to the end of December, [the Germans] continued to live in hopes and put up a desperate resistance, often literally to the last cartridge. We practically took no prisoners, since the Nazis just wouldn't surrender." Not until Feb. 2, 1943, was the enemy defeated in Stalingrad. By then the Germans were more willing to surrender: 90,000 were taken prisoner.

In *Russia at War,* the British journalist Alexander Werth recalls one sight in devastated Stalingrad at the time of the German capitulation: horse skeletons with uneaten bits of meat clinging to them; an enormous frozen cesspool; and, creeping into a cellar, the figure of a German soldier, his face a "mixture of suffering and idiot-like incomprehension." "The man," recalled Werth, "was perhaps already dying. In that basement into which he slunk there were still 200 Germans—dying of hunger and frostbite. 'We haven't had time to deal with them yet,' one of the Russians said. 'They'll be taken away tomorrow, I suppose.' "

The Germans had lost the battle of Stalingrad. The tide of the Russian war had turned against the Third Reich.

Almost immediately after Operation Barbarossa was launched in June 1941, Stalin began imploring Churchill—and,

HEINRICH HOFFMAN—BPK

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

DESERT CLASH

After a bitter setback at Tobruk, Rommel, right, rallies his Afrika Korps and roars toward the Nile. But barring the way are "Monty"—Bernard Montgomery, center—and the British 8th Army. At El Alamein, west of Alexandria, the Allies send the Desert Fox and his men into a retreat that infuriates Hitler.

after Pearl Harbor, Roosevelt—to open a second front in Europe to draw German forces away from Russia. The pressure from Moscow was especially intense during the battle for Stalingrad. Even after the German advance was halted and reversed in 1943, Stalin continued to declare that as mighty as the revived Red Army was, it could not win the war on its own.

The Soviets took some—but not much—comfort in British and later American operations in North Africa. Until the invasion of Italy in July 1943 and D-day in June 1944, the fighting in Libya, Tunisia and Egypt was the only major military distraction for the Third Reich.

North Africa was not originally Germany's theater of war. But the stunning defeat of 200,000 Italian soldiers in Libya by a force of 30,000 from the British empire forced Hitler to send reinforcements to the region in February 1941. The brilliant Erwin Rommel, who had helped lead German forces in the lightning conquest of France in 1940, quickly turned back the Allied advance in Libya and in April besieged an Australian division in the strategic seaside fortress of Tobruk as troops from Britain and New Zealand retreated to Egypt. Rommel called Tobruk's defenders nothing but rabble and promised that the panzers of his fabled Afrika Korps would soon be parked by the Suez Canal.

But the "rats of Tobruk," as the Australians called themselves, would hold out against Rommel for 242 days. Attack after attack failed to dislodge them. In the first week of December, just as the Pacific war began, an Allied thrust threatened to encircle Rommel's forces. To avoid falling into a trap, the Germans withdrew from Tobruk. In the last confusing battle over the fortress, 38,000 Axis soldiers were killed; the Allies lost 18,000.

The "Desert Fox," however, was far from finished. Orchestrating an intricate withdrawal, he then prepared for a counterattack. Hitler sent him an entire air corps, detached from the Russian front. The two divisions of the Afrika Korps were resupplied and refreshed, and in June 1942 Rommel captured Tobruk—earning from the Führer the rank of field marshal. Egypt, Suez and the oil of the Middle East now seemed within his grasp. Hitler, warned by more cautious advisers to be wary about proceeding toward Cairo, nonetheless ordered that operations "be continued until the British forces are completely annihilated . . . The goddess of fortune passes only once close to warriors in battle. Anyone who does not grasp her at that moment can very often never touch her again."

And so destiny brought Erwin Rommel face to face with the man who would prove to be his nemesis: Bernard Montgomery. By July 1942 the Germans had pushed the British out of Libya. All that stood between the Nazis and Alexandria was the strongpoint at the arid village of El Alamein, 70 miles to the west. A worried Churchill sent Montgomery, an eccentric, bullheaded disciplinarian, to head the Eighth Army. In spite of frantic pleas from London, Monty—as the Ulsterman asked his soldiers to refer to him—took his time, rebuilding troop morale and stocking up on ammunition. Churchill wanted him to counterattack by September 1942. Montgomery chose to wait until Oct. 23. By that time the Eighth Army outnumbered Axis forces 195,000 men to 104,000 and had more than 1,000 tanks to Rommel's 500.

In the meantime, Rommel's forces were being interdicted by the Royal Air Force—and by Hitler, who had again begun to skim off reinforcements for the Russian front. On the night of Oct. 23-24, under a full moon, the British opened fire on German positions with at least 900 artillery pieces, creating such powerful shock waves that some Axis soldiers were stunned to death. As fate would have it, Rommel was not on hand to rally his demoralized troops. A month earlier, he had gone home for treatment of a stomach disorder. Alarmed, Hitler ordered the still ailing Rommel back immediately. By Oct. 25, however, 90% of the Afrika Korps's tanks had been destroyed. Though commanded to fight to the death, Rommel ordered his army to retreat on Nov. 4.

"It may almost be said," wrote Churchill, "that before Alamein we never had a victory. After Alamein, we never had a defeat." The Germans in North Africa were in irreversible retreat. Four days after the end of the battle of El Alamein, American tanks and soldiers landed around the Moroccan port of Casablanca to join the British in mopping-up operations against the remaining Axis presence.

But Rommel, though clearly defeated, was still capable of a few surprises—as the Americans found out. In February, even as the German field marshal had been chased into Tunisia, his forces launched a fierce attack on Allied forces and inflicted a humiliating defeat on the U.S. II Corps near the Kasserine Pass. It would take British, French and U.S. troops 10 days to undo the German counteroffensive, sustaining 10,000 casualties in the process, more than half of them American.

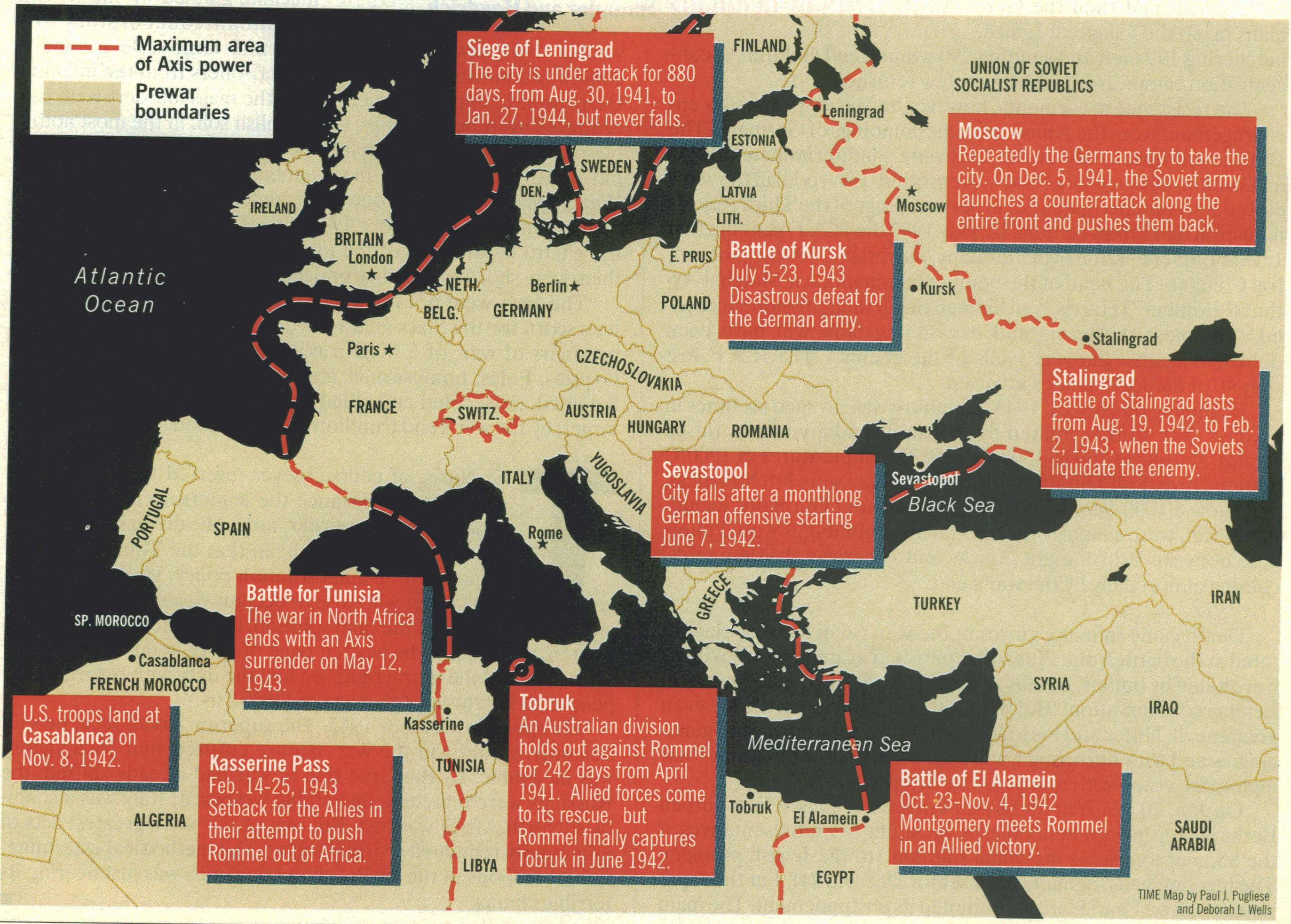
Nevertheless, the Axis was as good as routed in Africa. On May 12, 1943, the Americans and the British staged a gigantic pincers movement to win the battle for Tunisia—the essential staging point for invading Sicily and Italy. Some 150,000 Axis soldiers were taken prisoner. The Germans, wrote General Dwight Eisenhower, commander in chief of U.S. forces in North Africa at

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM—CAMERA PRESS

the time, "were compelled after Tunisia to think only of the protection of conquests rather than their enlargement."

The Axis began to crack. In July, German and Russian armored units collided in the Kursk salient in what remains the greatest tank battle in history: 6,000 tanks, 4,000 aircraft, 2 million men. The Germans lost almost all their eastern-front panzer divisions just as the Allies under Montgomery and George Patton were landing on Sicily. Germany intervened in Italy after Mussolini was overthrown on July 25, 1943. (On April 28, 1945, partisan forces would shoot him dead and string up his body by the heels in the Piazza Loreto in Milan.) It would take the Allies nearly a year to fight their way into Rome. By then, the true second front in Europe was about to open; on June 6, 1944, the Allies landed in Normandy.

Everywhere the Nazis ruled, resistance flourished. Much of the subversion was supported by Britain's Special Operations Execu-


Maximum area of Axis power
Prewar boundaries
FINLAND
UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS
Leningrad
ESTONIA
SWEDEN
DEN.
LATVIA
LITH.
Moscow
IRELAND
BRITAIN
London
E. PRUS
Kursk
Atlantic Ocean
NETH.
Berlin
BELG.
GERMANY
POLAND
Stalingrad
Paris
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
FRANCE
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AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
ROMANIA
ITALY
YUGOSLAVIA
Sevastopol
Black Sea
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
Rome
GREECE
TURKEY
IRAN
SP. MOROCCO
Casablanca
FRENCH MOROCCO
Kasserine
SYRIA
IRAQ
Mediterranean Sea
TUNISIA
Tobruk
El Alamein
ALGERIA
LIBYA
EGYPT
SAUDI ARABIA

Siege of Leningrad
The city is under attack for 880 days, from Aug. 30, 1941, to Jan. 27, 1944, but never falls.

Moscow
Repeatedly the Germans try to take the city. On Dec. 5, 1941, the Soviet army launches a counterattack along the entire front and pushes them back.

Battle of Kursk
July 5-23, 1943
Disastrous defeat for the German army.

Stalingrad
Battle of Stalingrad lasts from Aug. 19, 1942, to Feb. 2, 1943, when the Soviets liquidate the enemy.

Sevastopol
City falls after a monthlong German offensive starting June 7, 1942.

Battle for Tunisia
The war in North Africa ends with an Axis surrender on May 12, 1943.

U.S. troops land at **Casablanca** on Nov. 8, 1942.

Kasserine Pass
Feb. 14-25, 1943
Setback for the Allies in their attempt to push Rommel out of Africa.

Tobruk
An Australian division holds out against Rommel for 242 days from April 1941. Allied forces come to its rescue, but Rommel finally captures Tobruk in June 1942.

Battle of El Alamein
Oct. 23-Nov. 4, 1942
Montgomery meets Rommel in an Allied victory.

TIME Map by Paul J. Pugliese and Deborah L. Wells tive to further Churchill's goal of setting "Europe ablaze" with underground activity. But most of the resistance was fueled by patriotism and hatred of Nazi rule. Sabotage and guerrilla activity helped keep the Occupation forces off balance, and the resistance smuggled out information to the Allies and dispensed anti-German propaganda.

From France to the Soviet Union, Poland to Czechoslovakia, underground movements harried the Germans—sometimes at a horrendous cost. On May 27, 1942, two Czechoslovak agents based in London who had been parachuted into Czechoslovakia five months earlier were activated. Their target: Reinhard Heydrich, "the Butcher of Prague," the SS *Obergruppenführer* who was a major organizer of the Holocaust that was engulfing Europe's Jews. The Czechoslovaks killed Heydrich in a bomb attack as he drove into Prague, but the retribution was terrible: the Nazis murdered 1,300 Czechoslovaks immediately; 3,000 Jews were sent to Poland to be killed; and then the Germans razed the village of Lidice, butchering 199 men and sending 290 women and children to concentration camps, from which very few returned.

AP

ARCHITECTS OF GENOCIDE Himmler and Heydrich

The resistance movements, however, received spectacular encouragement from the Allied strategic bombings of Germany. The British, still furious about the Luftwaffe's indiscriminate attacks on London and such targets as Coventry and Liverpool in the war's early days, launched gigantic carpet bombings of the Third Reich's industrial and urban centers. In May 1942 the R.A.F. sent the first 1,000-bomber mission over Germany, pulverizing 300 acres of central Cologne. The head of the bomber command, Air Marshal Arthur ("Bomber") Harris, told his men that if their mission succeeded, "the most shattering and devastating blow will have been delivered against the very vitals of the enemy." The R.A.F. lost only 40 of the 1,096 planes involved.

Beginning on July 24, 1943, Hamburg was savaged six times in 10 days. Fire storms created by British incendiary bombs raised flames whirling at 100 to 150 m.p.h., with temperatures of 1000°C at their cores. Eight hundred thousand people were left homeless, and some 50,000 were killed. Cities throughout Germany, including Berlin, were similarly razed. The mass bombings would alternate between British night attacks and American daytime raids, coming almost daily by the war's end.

Death came in many guises in the war. Soldiers were slaughtered at the battlefront. Guerrillas perished in ambushes. Civilians were killed by bullets, bombs and artillery shells, disease and, as in Leningrad, starvation. But Europe was afflicted with an even greater evil. Hitler and his toadies, obsessed with purity and genealogies and with nurturing a superior race, set out to realize their nightmare vision with murderous efficiency.

On Jan. 20, 1942, at 56-58 Am Grossen Wannsee in suburban Berlin, 15 top government officials, including five representatives of the SS, met to discuss the "final solution" to the Jewish problem. The meeting had originally been set for Dec. 9, 1941, but the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor prompted its postponement. The main work of the Wannsee conference lasted no more than 90 minutes and covered little new ground; the outlines of the policy had been discussed among high officials since before the war began. Rather, the meeting had been convened to give official status to the final solution, to ensure that the bureaucracy recognized its importance and that government officials provided what was needed—railcars, camp guards, chemicals, arrangements for disposing of Jewish property.

Since Kristallnacht on Nov. 9-10, 1938, the number of German Jews herded into concentration camps or forced into exile had risen dramatically. As the armies of Operation Barbarossa swept across Russia, units of the SS's special mobile killing squads, the *Einsatzgruppen,* systematically combed occupied territory for local Jews. In the Lithuanian city of Vilna, 19,311 Jews were killed in September and October 1941. In two days at the end of September 1941, 33,771 Kiev Jews were herded to the suburban ravine of Babi Yar and machine-gunned by the SS and Ukrainian collaborators. November 1941 saw the first experimental large-scale gassing of concentration-camp internees: 1,200 prisoners from the infamous Buchenwald camp were killed. Later, the mass murders were concentrated in six death camps, all on Polish soil; in the most notorious of them, Auschwitz, 2 million people perished. Uprisings were put down ruthlessly. The most famous occurred in 1943 in the Warsaw ghetto, where, at one point, almost 400,000 Jews had been penned up since November 1940. Only 70,000 Jews remained in the ghetto by the time of the uprising, and more than 56,000 of them were shot, burned alive or deported to Treblinka.

The Jews were not the only victims of Nazi race hatred. Hitler's scorn for the Slavs guaranteed bestial treatment of Russian prisoners of war; of 5 million POWs, more than 3 million died. Gypsies, Poles, homosexuals and mental patients too would be detained, persecuted and killed. But the Jews were the principal target: by the war's end 6 million would be dead.

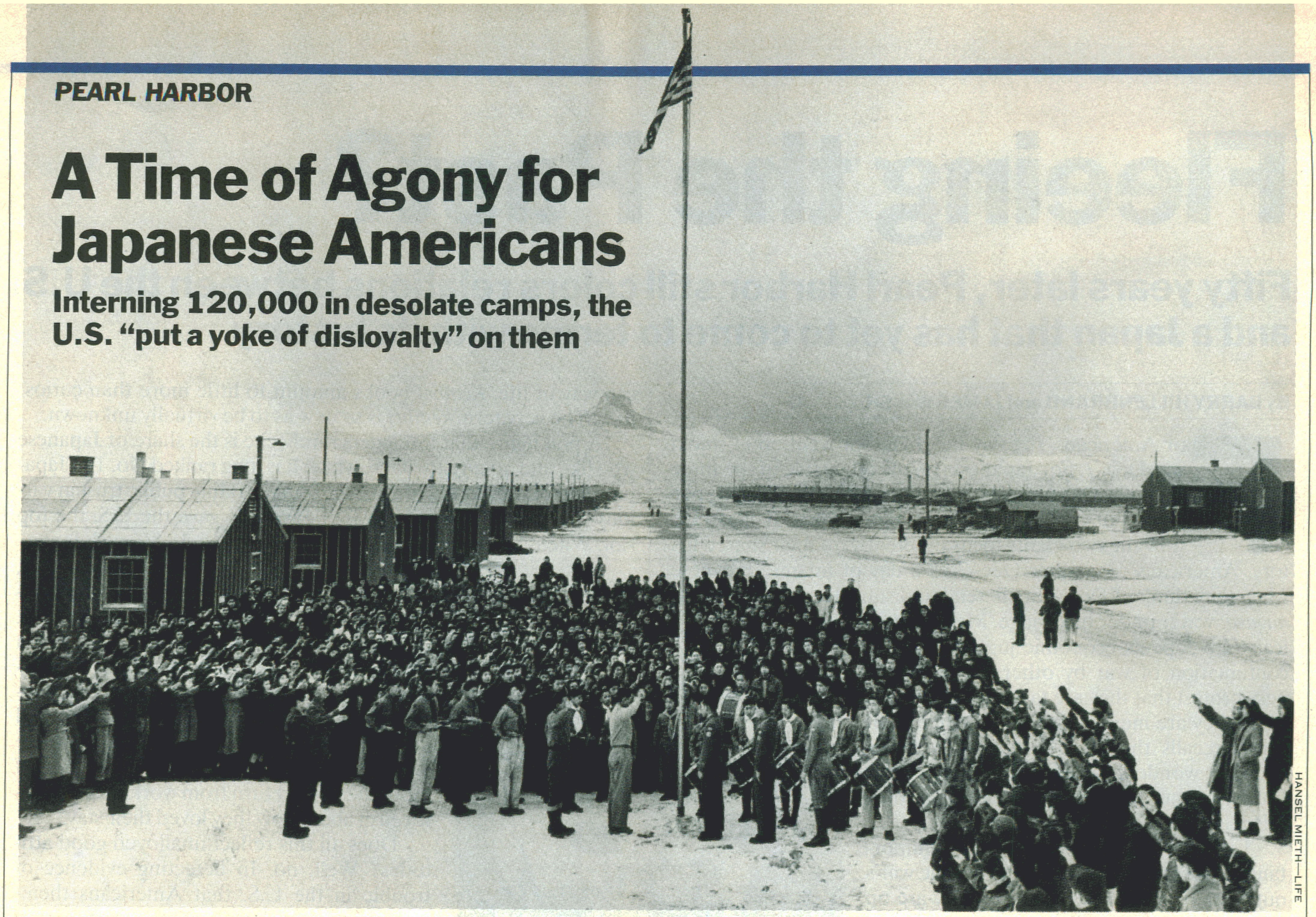
The Nazis, of course, never referred to the policy as genocide. To distance the leadership from even the slightest link to murder, no public discussion was permitted. That did not mean that the Third Reich was ashamed of its final-solution policy. Heinrich Himmler, the chicken farmer who rose to become *Reichsführer* of the SS and chief architect of the final solution, called the killings "an unwritten and never to be written page of glory in our history." He said, "We had the moral right, we had the duty with regard to our people, to kill this race that wanted to kill us."

He spoke in October 1943. The superior Aryan race, he said defiantly, would win the war. Nature ensured that Nazi victory was inevitable. By then, the tide of war had already shifted: the Russians were marching inexorably westward; Italy was a shambles; North Africa was lost. But one of the war's greatest acts of inhumanity remained a virtual secret. The methodical extermination of millions in the six Polish death camps was just nearing its terrible climax. ■

PEARL HARBOR

A Time of Agony for Japanese Americans

Interning 120,000 in desolate camps, the U.S. "put a yoke of disloyalty" on them



HANSEL MIETH—LIFE

"SUBVERSIVE"? **Interned Japanese at Heart Mountain, Wyo., salute the flag they are not permitted to defend**

By OTTO FRIEDRICH

No sooner had the Japanese bombers hit Pearl Harbor than a rumor spread that they had been guided by Hawaii's Japanese farm workers' slashing giant arrows in sugarcane fields. Similar stories swept California and beyond. "The fifth-column activities added great confusion," said Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, the Pacific Fleet commander. The confusion was largely his own.

Though there was no evidence of a single case of Japanese-American espionage throughout the war, FBI agents on the afternoon of Dec. 7 began to detain suspected "subversives." They swooped down on a Los Angeles baseball field, for example, to apprehend members of a team called the L.A. Nippons. Within two months, 2,192 "suspects" had been jailed. The U.S. Constitution is supposed to protect citizens against arbitrary arrest, but a U.S. law of 1924 had virtually forbidden Japanese immigration, so most of the arrested suspects were classified as "enemy aliens."

Though there were a few incidents of anti-Japanese violence in the first days after Pearl Harbor, the U.S. initially refrained from collective reprisals. "Let's not get rattled," said a Dec. 10 editorial in the Los Angeles *Times*. The FBI and the military had been compiling lists of "potentially dangerous" Japanese since 1932, but most were merely teachers, businessmen or journalists. And the lists totaled only about 2,000 names in a community of 127,000 (37% were aliens, known as Issei, the rest American-born Nisei, who theoretically had the same rights as other citizens). "Treat us like Americans," said the Japanese-American Citizens League. "Give us a chance to prove our loyalty."

Military leaders worried acutely, however, about the thousands of Japanese scattered all over the vulnerable West Coast. On Dec. 29, Lieut. General John L. DeWitt ordered all Japanese aliens in the eight states in his Western Defense Command to surrender their shortwave radios and cameras. But the Army's basic demand was much broader: mass expulsion.

While some questioned the constitutionality of wholesale deportations, California Governor Culbert Olson demanded action. So did the ambitious state attorney general, who would someday become Chief Justice of the U.S., Earl Warren. Expedient arguments could always be found. Though no Japanese Americans had actually committed sabotage, wrote the eminent columnist Walter Lippmann, "it is a sign that the blow is well organized and held back until it can be struck with maximum effect." Said General DeWitt: "A Jap is a Jap."

In February 1942 Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9,066, authorizing DeWitt to expel all Japanese, aliens and citizens alike, from the coastal area. That spring 120,000 people were rounded up with little more than the clothes on their back—farmers and fishermen, old women, children, a kaleidoscope of the "subversive." They were shipped off to 10 bleak concentration camps in remote areas like Manzanar, west of Death Valley.

"I was 10 years old and wearing my Cub Scout uniform when we were packed onto a train in San Jose," recalls California Democratic Congressman Norman Mineta. "People had to just padlock and walk away from their businesses—they lost millions. After six months in a barracks at the Santa Anita Racetrack, we were sent to Heart Mountain, Wyo. We arrived in the middle of a blinding snowstorm, five of us children in our California clothes. When we got to our tar-paper barracks, we found sand coming in through the walls, around the windows, up through the floor.

"The camp was surrounded by barbed wire. Guards with machine guns were posted at watchtowers, with orders to shoot anyone who tried to escape. Our own government put a yoke of disloyalty around our shoulders. But throughout our ordeal, we cooperated with the government because we felt that in the long run, we could prove our citizenship."

Mineta was a leader in the long-run effort to get the U.S. to pay amends for its transgressions. In 1988 Congress finally passed a law promising $20,000 to each of 75,000 victims. "Words alone cannot restore lost years or erase painful memories," said the presidential letter handed to each survivor. So far, $957 million of the promised billion-plus dollars has been paid. ■

Fleeing the Past?

Fifty years later, Pearl Harbor still colors relations between the U.S. and a Japan that has yet to come to terms with its history

By BARRY HILLENBRAND and JAMES WALSH

For Americans, the day Pearl Harbor went up in smoke was Dec. 7. For Japanese, on the other side of the International Date Line, it was Dec. 8. A small point, perhaps, but one with symbolic dimensions. It illustrates how the two giants focus differently on their shared history. Americans remember Dec. 7 as a day of infamy. Japanese, when they think of Dec. 8 at all, tend to dismiss the date as *mizu ni nagasu:* water under the bridge. Many Americans see Japan's economic juggernaut as a continuation of war by other means. Japanese protest that they are tagged as rapacious when they are merely successful. When Wall Street recalls that Tokyo time is 14 hours ahead, it wonders if Japan has cornered the future. Some Japanese consider that they might be running away from their past.

The two societies agree on one important thing. Fifty years after the Pacific war's outbreak, they wonder whether they are on some critical new collision course. A broad range of Americans, knowledgeable and temperate ones at that, see Japan as insensitive and arrogant. Washington is abuzz these days not about Japanese car sales and real estate purchases in the U.S., but about what is seen as a budding growth market in Japan for blatantly anti-American screeds.

Readers of U.S. newspapers and magazines have noted a new word: *kembei,* a telescoped term roughly translated as "resentment of America." They have seen reports of querulous Japanese best sellers like *The Japan That Can Say No,* journalist Shintaro Ishihara's provocative manifesto of his country's superiority in all ways over the U.S. They have seen a screenwriter, Toshiro Ishido, quoted as exclaiming, "I have nothing but contempt for America!" and an unnamed Japanese professor predicting that the U.S. will become "a premier agrarian power, a giant version of Denmark."

UPI/BETTMANN

NANKING, 1937 **"Muddled data"**

To a nation that brought democracy to Japan and still guarantees its defense, those are not only ungracious sentiments but fighting words. They seem to confirm the implications of occasional opinion surveys that reflect a new degree of threat both countries sense in each other. Gennadi Gerasimov, the former Soviet Foreign Ministry spokesman, phrased the development in a joking way last year. On a visit to Washington, he said "The cold war is over, and Japan won." In some views Japan is already achieving economically what it failed to win by force of arms: a Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

If all that were true, Pearl Harbor's anniversary might mark an ominous turning point in trans-Pacific relations. But truth has a way of being much less dramatic. If Japan is shifting much investment and production to its Asian neighbors, it is doing no more than U.S. multinationals have done for decades. Japan's economic output may top America's GNP in 10 years if current growth rates persist, but large numbers of Japanese who struggle with skimpy retirement benefits and cramped homes still look up to the American way of life. *Kembei* books amount to little more than curiosities. The very term *kembei* is so new as to be virtually unknown.

A poll figure that foreigners rarely cite is the share of Japanese who like and admire the U.S., which has long ranked No. 1 in Japanese eyes. Last month, in a *Yomiuri* survey rating public trust in various countries, a record 56.3% of Japanese gave the U.S. the top slot. When Americans are asked the same thing, 13.5% pick Japan.

For every gadfly who voices contempt for the U.S. and its ills, countless Japanese evince tremendous fondness for their only military ally and premier trading partner. It would be hard, perhaps, to find any nation anywhere so besotted with things American—from the music, books and movies Japanese absorb to the clothes they wear and hamburgers they eat. Millions of Japanese tourists visit the U.S. every year, while tens of thousands who return from working in America gush about how they loved their stay.

Does all this reflect unalloyed good attitudes? Well, no. In detecting evidence of trouble in the U.S. that Americans themselves see, many Japanese react with sorrow more than anything like contempt. Explains Kazuo Ogura, a senior Foreign Ministry official and expert on U.S.-Japanese relations: "Because Japanese like America and want to admire it, they are frustrated. When they look at America, they see disintegration of the family, drugs, AIDS, middle-class values collapsing. Traditional values are what many Japanese still respect and think important."

Highly sensitive to what foreigners think of them, Japanese chafe under a constant buzz saw of American complaints. A country that emerged from the smoking ruins of 1945 to achieve the free, modern and prosperous society that their conqueror wanted is now blamed for being too good at the game. Says a senior official, Chief Cabinet Secretary Koichi Kato: "Americans told us to be diligent and work hard. We followed that advice. Now we are criticized for our virtue. There is a smoldering frustration about that." Sensitivity extends to the way Japanese reporters minutely track U.S. opinions of their country, in an almost masochistic zeal to record any bad views.

In part, though, the attitude may also be compensation for what some Japanese historians consider to be their country's biggest defect before World War II: a failure to read properly what the rest of the world thought of Japan. Militarists at the time preached and probably believed, for example, that China would welcome them as liberators. Today the Japan that has constitutionally renounced war is awakening to the need for greater responsibility in world affairs. The shift has been slow, however, and underwent a sharp setback during the gulf war.

In a society that may be the most pacifist on earth, the government's failed attempt to circumvent constitutional curbs in order to send noncombat personnel to the Persian Gulf at American behest provoked widespread outrage. More irritating still was the carping from Washington after Japan pledged $13 billion in aid to the allied effort. Says a high Japanese official: "First Americans taught us that pacifism was a good thing, and then they called us cowards when we did not send troops. Oh, Americans did not say that directly, but we felt that was what they were thinking."

Now a new bill that would enable Japanese military personnel to take part in U.N. peacekeeping missions is likely to pass. And despite gulf-war frictions, formal U.S.-Japanese relations are in excellent shape. Few trade disputes remain, and an emotion-fraught effort to open Japan to rice imports may be settled by the current round of worldwide trade talks. Foreigners still do not find it easy or cheap to do business in Japan, but the markets are mostly open. Japan's trade surplus? Despite a recent bulge, it has been in decline for three years.

But for many nations, what remains troubling about Japan is a sense that its economic engines are escaping history at full steam. They fear that the lessons of Pearl Harbor and the other traumas that attended Japanese militarism have never been squarely faced, let alone digested.

All nations embroider their history to some extent. In Hungary schoolchildren are taught that Attila the Hun, hardly history's most sympathetic character, introduced uplifting elements of Roman culture to his court. Britain turned the painful retreat from Dunkirk into a triumph of the spirit. Americans remember the Alamo as a heroic episode, though the war for Texas was a land grab by gringo interlopers. In recent decades Japanese officials, abetted by political and business conservatives, have subtly but systematically diluted the facts about Japanese aggression in Asia from 1931 to 1945. The tampering is reflected in school textbooks and popular literature, films and television, and has rendered some of the war's tragedies almost benign.

NO MORE WAR
戦争への道を許さない
女たちの連絡会
No More War!
反対

MITSUHIRO WADA—GAMMA LIAISON

TOKYO, 1991 **Misunderstanding**

Japan's ruthless invasion of China is termed an "advance." The 1937 rape of Nanking, in which imperial troops massacred thousands of Chinese civilians, is deemed problematic because of "muddled factual data." Other harsh episodes like the Bataan death march are wholly ignored, perhaps in hopes that dodging the unpleasant will somehow make it disappear.

But the bitter memories will not go away, and Japan is too pivotal and wealthy a global power to be allowed—or to allow itself—the luxury of historical amnesia. Increasingly, Asian neighbors demand that it deal more forthrightly with its past, especially if it hopes to play a leading regional role. Many Japanese scholars, exasperated by Tokyo's studied forgetfulness, are joining foreign critics in insisting on the same thing. "Without a deep understanding of the many facets of the war," says Makoto Ooka, a prominent poet, "the Japanese people cannot regain their sense of dignity in the world."

Almost imperceptibly, that view is gaining acceptance beyond a limited circle of intellectuals. The need to air the topic, if only for the benefit of audiences in Asia and the West, has nudged discussion along. The recently replaced Prime Minister, Toshiki Kaifu, did his part. On trips abroad, he was direct in addressing Japan's wartime transgressions. In the Netherlands he expressed "sincere contrition" for the "unbearable sufferings and sorrow" the Japanese army inflicted on Dutch nationals in what is now Indonesia. In September the new Emperor, Akihito, carried similar messages to Southeast Asia.

Still, Japanese schools have done a highly inadequate job of teaching the facts about the country's aggression. This year, for example, the Education Ministry insisted that a textbook passage that said "over 70,000 people were reportedly killed by the Japanese imperial army" in Nanking be changed to "a large number of Chinese people were killed." Many Japanese scholars are appalled at such censorship. Over the years they have sued to protect their books, while the teachers' union, a bastion of liberalism, has fought to reinstate some text cuts. At times they win, generally after foreign protests, but progress is slight.

Some teachers do attempt to strike a more balanced view. Shinji Mikabe, a faculty member at the Matsubara High School in Tokyo, devotes time in a course on discrimination to telling students what they should have learned in history class. "To understand discrimination," says Mikabe, "they must begin with the historical background, and that includes the war." His students consistently admit that they know little about what the Japanese army did in China and Southeast Asia. They are, by contrast, familiar with the U.S. atom-bombing of Hiroshima and the bloody battle for Okinawa.

Lack of balance is also evident in popular treatments of the war. In movies and TV documentaries, a few scenes from black-and-white newsreels seem to appear over and over again: the damage from Americans' fire-bombing of Tokyo, U.S. Marines using flame-throwers to clear Japanese troops out of Okinawa bunkers and foxholes, the mushroom cloud over Hiroshima, imperial army generals on trial in Tokyo. The images convey the sense that the Japanese people were the war's real victims—of both the Allies and the militarists who led the nation into disaster. Seldom is there a hint that Japan victimized others.

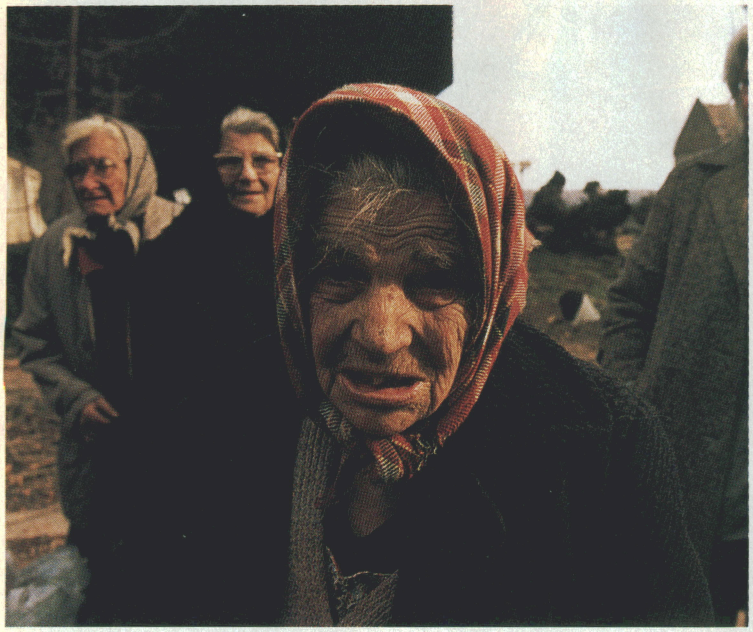
Confronting the past is hard partly because of Japan's headlong rush, since the mid-19th century, toward modernization. Says Junichi Kyogoku, president of Tokyo Women's University: "We always look ahead. So the Japanese people are not particularly self-reflective." Asked about Pearl Harbor's anniversary, one Japanese official replied testily, "It's a historical fact. We can't deny it, but let's move on."

Japanese who were youngsters in 1945 recall how politicians and teachers who had been extolling the Emperor and Japan's war aims one day turned into instant democrats and peace lovers the day after surrender. It smacked of betrayal and helped spawn the cynical, rebellious generation that marched through Tokyo in the '50s and '60s. Defeat and disillusion also weighed heavily upon the older generation. They passed the blame, considering it best simply to avoid the past—especially after U.S. occupation authorities rehabilitated some key wartime politicians and businessmen with hardly a question asked.

Antipathy to war of any kind took root deeply. The Self-Defense Forces now are well below their authorized strength of 274,000 because of trouble in recruiting young people. So desperate are the forces to fill officers' billets that in September, for the first time ever, women were allowed to take the entrance exam for the National Defense Academy, a striking concession in a nation where most men still prefer women to hold jobs that allow them to do little more than serve tea.

The relative insensitivity of some Japanese men to the hardships of women and ethnic minorities has antagonized some U.S. communities where Japanese companies have set up shop. Yet a growing number of Japanese, especially younger ones, are more aware of that shortcoming. The Social Democratic Party is set to begin a series of symposiums examining Japan's wartime exploits. *Kembei* is not a word used in these circles, which are peering through the smoke of war memories and postwar trade frictions to find a durable basis for relations with their trans-Pacific partner in destiny. They only hope that Americans see fit to join them.

—With reporting by David Aikman/Washington



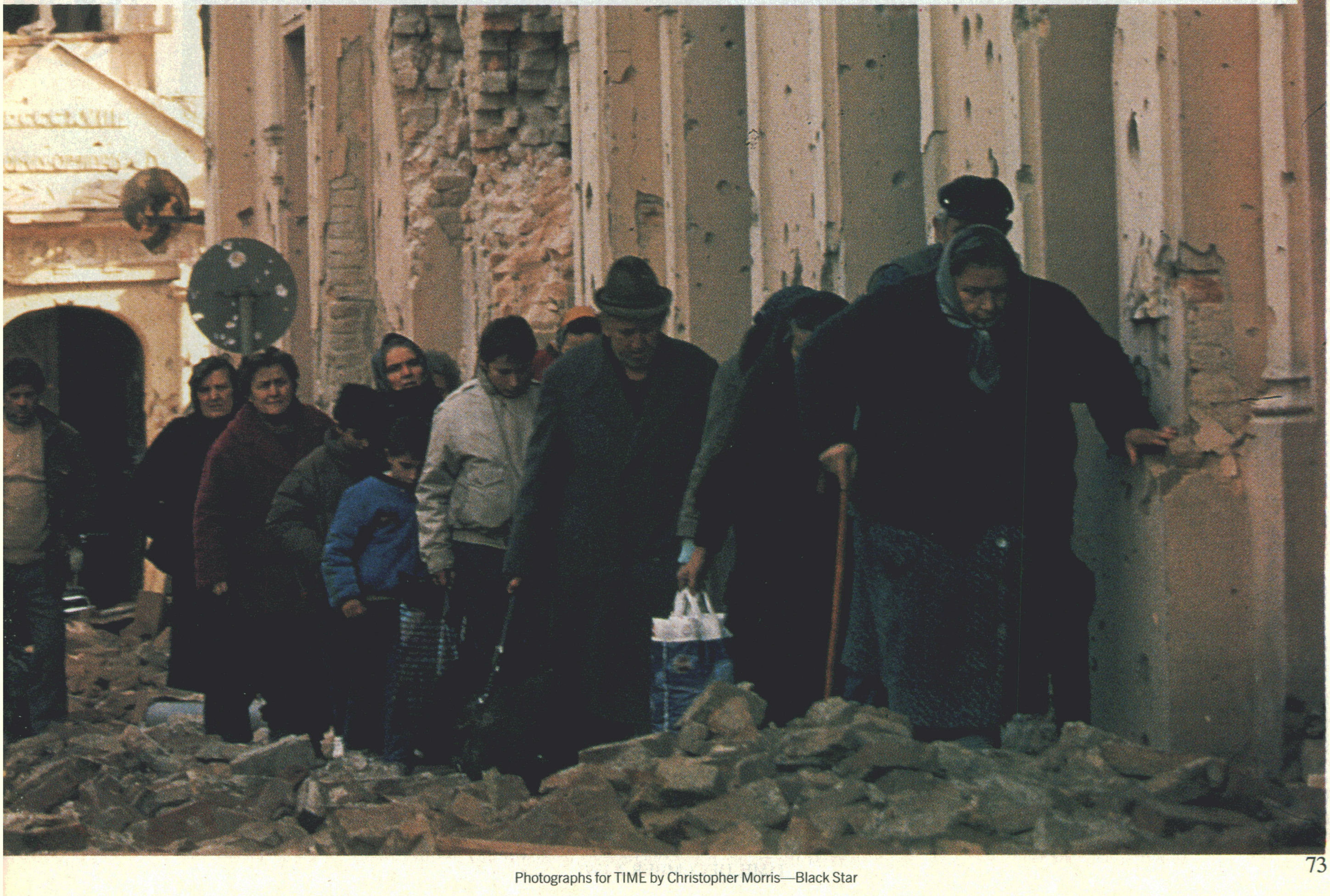
The Faces of Pain

Shaken and dazed, the remaining 5,000 of the town's original 81,000 inhabitants stagger out of their makeshift bunkers—cellars and courtyards scantily stocked with food and without running water—into a city in rubble. An aged Croat woman, above, waits at an army roadblock for her papers to be checked so she can leave the shattered town.

YUGOSLAVIA

A Living Hell

These look like scenes from World War II, yet they are occurring in the center of Europe in 1991. For three months, the Serbian-controlled army assaulted this Croatian town on the Danube. Vukovar has given up—but the killing goes on.



Photographs for TIME by Christopher Morris—Black Star

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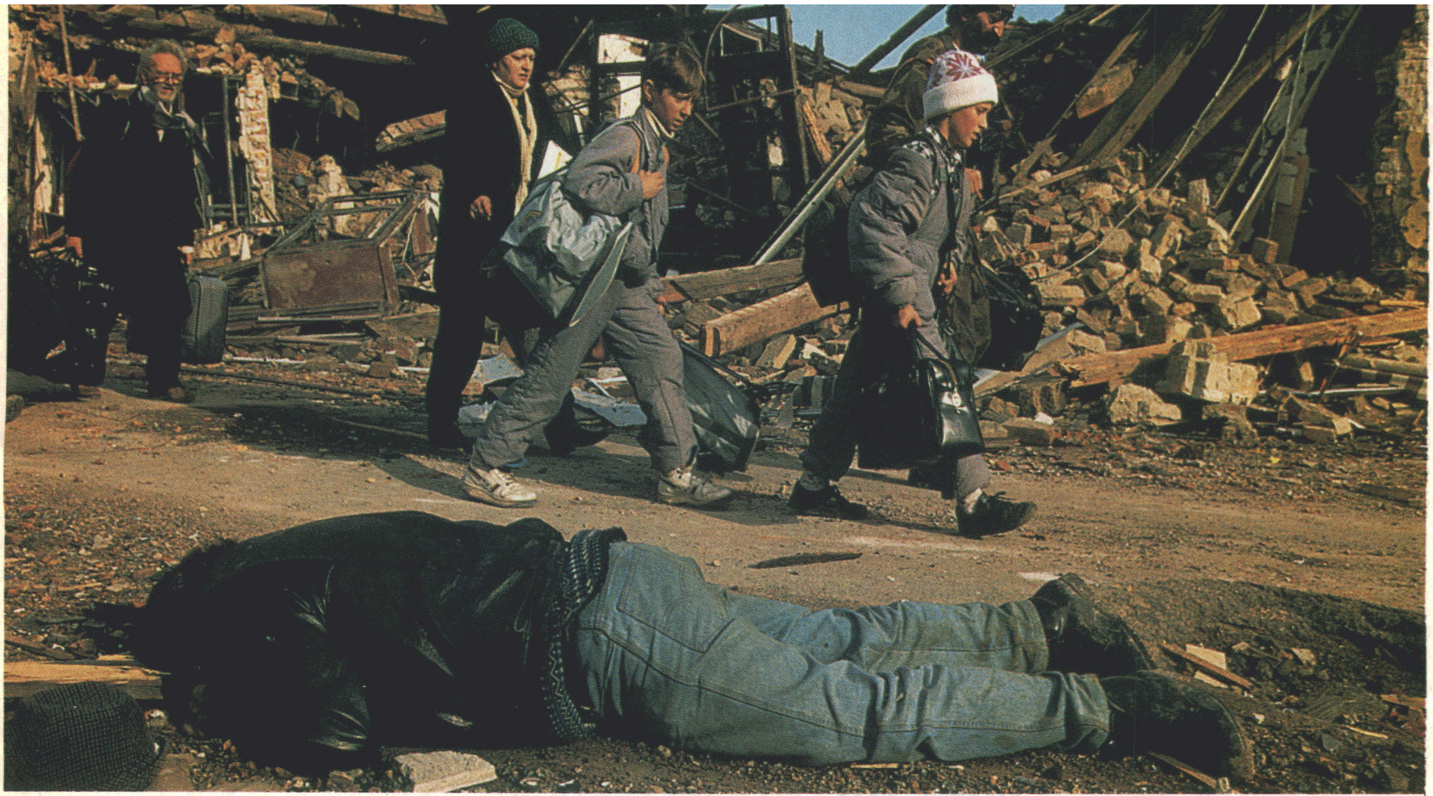

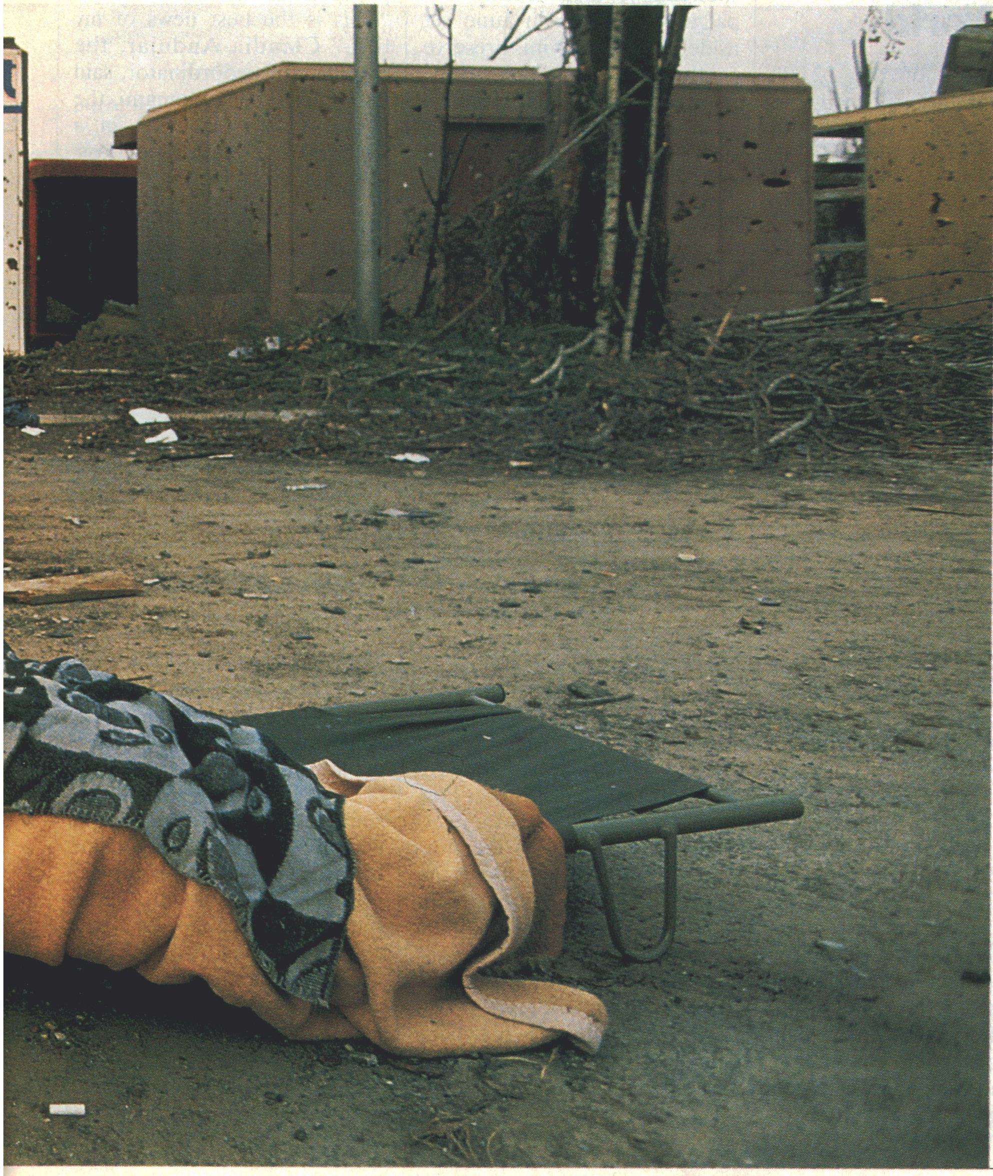

Forced Evacuation

With Vukovar—dubbed Serbia's Stalingrad by hopeful Croat leaders—in ruins, most of its people are forced to leave. One man, above left, is flushed out of a cellar by soldiers who fired their rifles into his refuge. Two schoolboys, above, trudge out of town, hurrying past one of the dozens of bodies that lie uncollected, some of them with eyes gouged out or limbs hacked with axes. An old woman, left, waits for someone to help her on her way. Two federal soldiers picked up her litter, carried it a few feet, put it down again and walked away.

SOMALIA

The Battle of Mogadishu

The civil war in the Horn of Africa continues to devour its children. Artillery shells and rockets again pounded the center of Mogadishu, the capital of Somalia, last week, killing and wounding hundreds. Fighting erupted in several parts of the city, including its port, and relief workers described the carnage as "appalling."

After Somalia's longtime dictator, Mohammed Siad Barre, was overthrown by a coalition of clan-based armies last January, he was replaced as President by Ali Mahdi Mohammed of the Hawiye clan in central Somalia. In September the new President's authority was challenged by General Mohammed Farrah Aidid, a fellow clansman and chairman of the ruling United Somali Congress. The President, meanwhile, has been trying to have Aidid ousted from his position as party leader. An estimated 500 people were killed in street fighting two months ago. Weapons flooded the city, and most urban males began carrying rifles. After a lull, the struggle resumed last week.

President Mahdi has been unable to establish his government outside the capital area, and northern Somalia, declaring itself a republic, seceded in May. Now rival clans throughout the country have begun choosing sides in the battle for Mogadishu and threaten a return to full-scale warfare. ■

ALEXANDER JOE—AFP

Aidid, right, and one of his men

HERVE COLLART ODINETZ—SYGMA

A place to call their own: Yanomami in the Amazon rain forest of Brazil

BRAZIL

Fending Off The World

Though most of the 22,000 Yanomami Indians living in Stone Age conditions in South America are not aware of it, their survival has been a cause for conservationists and anthropologists for 20 years. Responding to their recent campaign, Venezuela in June set aside a 32,000-sq.-mi. preserve for the Yanomami.

At the end of October, Brazil's President Fernando Collor de Mello had been expected to do the same thing when he designated 71 protected areas for other indigenous peoples. Instead, under pressure from the military and mining interests, Collor postponed his decision. Several weeks later, he changed course again. He announced that 36,000 sq. mi. of Amazon rain forest adjoining the Venezuelan sanctuary will be set aside for the undisturbed use of the Yanomami, who roam freely across the area.

Leaders of the nonprofit Commission for the Creation of the Yanomami Park were jubilant, praising Collor for his courage. "This is the best news of my life,'' Claudia Andujar, the commission's coordinator, said last week. The Yanomami, the largest tribe still living in a primitive state in the Americas, offered no comment. ■

INDONESIA

Shootings In the Dark

Security forces have killed thousands of independence fighters in East Timor since 1976, when Indonesia annexed the former Portuguese territory, but there was no significant outcry from world opinion. This time it may be different.

Indonesian troops opened fire two weeks ago on a crowd of 1,000 marching in memory of a militant student at a cemetery in Dili, the capital of the province. According to various estimates, the soldiers' weapons killed 19 to 200 people.

Two American journalists witnessed the attack and, though they were beaten, escaped to report it. Outrage followed swiftly last week. The European Parliament called for an arms embargo on Indonesia. The Netherlands, which heads an aid consortium for Indonesia, halted new assistance, and there were street demonstrations in Portugal. ■

ALEXEI BOITSOV—NOVOSTI

Reconciliation: old friends get together again to save the union

SOVIET UNION

Same Place, New Times

When Eduard Shevardnadze abruptly resigned as Soviet Foreign Minister last December, warning of a coming dictatorship, he provoked widespread shock and alarm. His reappointment last week brought an international sigh of relief.

Since joining the resistance to the putsch attempt in August, Shevardnadze has been watching from the sidelines as the power of the central government has drained away to the ascendant republics. His decision to rejoin Mikhail Gorbachev is likely to lend credibility to the Soviet President's efforts to reconstruct a union and to solicit Western aid for the ailing economy.

But Shevardnadze's resumed role will be far from what it was before. He will have to devote much of his time to resolving disputes with the republics rather than globe-trotting. Shevardnadze was hardly upbeat. "There is no reason for congratulations," he told the newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda.* "The time has come when the fate is being decided not just of our country, but of peace on our planet." ■

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WOMEN ON TOP by Nancy Friday
Simon & Schuster
460 pages; $22

By MARGARET CARLSON

Nancy Friday's latest compilation of musings from women who responded anonymously to her sex questionnaire—about as representative a group of people as those who call radio talk shows—would not be quite so annoying if Friday didn't insist on patting herself on the back for her courage in pasting them together. Oh, the relief and gratitude women feel now that the Truth Can Finally Be Told by the dauntless Friday, selflessly taking on "the sex haters who will stop at nothing" to silence her.

Pity poor Friday, who has had to endure the hostility of several women friends who cannot stand her success or "bear seeing pleasure, especially sexual pleasure, in another." She has also had to give up being taken seriously by all "the enemies of sex," like the TV anchorman who sits next to her at a dinner party and hastens to tell her that he has not bought her book. "Was he afraid," she asks, "that I might think he'd purchased my book and then gone home to masturbate, he, an opinion maker who appears nightly on millions of TV screens?"

JAMES KEYSER FOR TIME

Friday: more affidavit than aphrodisiac

All this sacrifice in the cause of bringing us the four-page fantasy of Tara, who dreams of being restrained for an entire night by a man performing acts that produce intense pain, require plastic sheets and extra-absorbent diapers and include an invasive medical procedure usually confined to a hospital and the intake of a gallon of ice-cold liquid. Hannah's imagination, to take another example, embraces one horse, one dog, two women, four men, one bottle and two electrical appliances.

Women's fantasies have changed, Friday maintains, since her 1973 book, *My Secret Garden,* in which the leitmotiv was submission. The 150 responses culled from the thousands Friday says she received this time demonstrate that there has been another sexual revolution. Women are now in charge, "on top," as the title says, in sexual posture and every other way. "I will never forget these women," vows Friday, "for they have swept me up in their enthusiasm and taught me, too. 'Take that!' they say, using their erotic muscle to seduce or subdue anyone or anything that stands in the way of orgasm."

Among the findings that have swept Friday up is that many women like sex as much as, if not more than, men. The last time the opposite was true was in the 12th grade, but Friday finds the phenomenon so surprising

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that she devotes an entire chapter to it. Another change Friday sees from the fantasies of *Garden* to those of *Women on Top* is the replacement of victim-of-rape fantasies with aggressive perpetrator-of-rape fantasies; but this is belied by the frequency of bondage and bestiality in the new book. Women nowadays, it seems, aren't so much dominant as mutually sadistic.

Gone are the appealing men, comfortable settings, clean sheets and room service of prefeminist fantasies. There is no intimacy, comfort or consolation from the sex these women dream of, no momentary sensation of not being alone in the universe. Instead Friday's courageous respondents' heads are filled with thoughts of prisoners, children, animals (farm, zoo and domestic) and so much equipment that batteries ought to be included.

Forget finding anything erotic here. Much of what Friday recounts is so unfathomable—the body has neither the openings nor the agility for it—that it is hardly titillating. The book ends up being ridiculous when it isn't repetitive and boring, having the effect of an affidavit rather than an aphrodisiac. Still, if Friday hadn't padded her pages with psychobabble about women claiming their sexual destiny, and Simon & Schuster hadn't been willing to print anything to make a buck, *Women on Top* would be available only by mail and would arrive in a plain brown wrapper. ■

Full Service

THE MAN TO SEE by Evan Thomas
Simon & Schuster
587 pages; $27.50

By RICHARD LACAYO

Influential Washington attorneys are like political parties, one of those essential institutions of government that the Constitution doesn't mention. In a town where access is power, they have their hands on all the best doorknobs. They also keep the workings of justice supple enough to accommodate Washington's many influence peddlers, fixers and shifty politicians, who can go about their business secure in the knowledge that in a pinch, they can always phone their lawyers.

Those who could afford it used to phone Edward Bennett Williams, who until his death in 1988 was one of the most effective lawyers Washington had ever seen, the attorney of choice for malefactors of great wealth or high profile (among them Senator Joe McCarthy, Teamster chief Jimmy Hoffa, Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. and Mob boss Frank Costello, the model for Mario Puzo's Godfather). Evan Thomas, Washington bureau chief of *Newsweek*, tells the Williams story as it should be told, with due attention to the man's boozy, backslapping charm, his genius for the law, and his untiring willingness to place his gifts at the service of dubious characters.

DIANA WALKER FOR TIME

Williams in 1980

An Irish Catholic from a modest Connecticut family, Williams was a courtroom spellbinder with a photographic memory and an endless bag of trial-winning tricks. The powerful took notice. In time Williams' client roster would feature fewer names like "Nutsy" Schwartz and more like former Treasury Secretary John Connally. With his controlling interest in the Washington Redskins, Williams made the owner's box a showplace for Washington's élite. By 1974 he had become treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, a job that didn't keep him from voting for Gerald Ford, who had once offered him the job of CIA director. Williams turned it down. For one thing, he couldn't afford the pay cut.

Williams never quite comes off as admirable in this book. But Thomas makes you see the man's rough charm in his role of Mr. Fixit, first courtier at various thrones and, as Thomas calls him, "a full-service favor bank for his friends." ■

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Play It Yet Again, Lucy

Why is TV recycling its history more exhaustively than ever? Are the endless reruns better, or just different?

By **RICHARD ZOGLIN**

Sooner or later, we always seem to wind up back in the candy factory. You remember the scene: Lucy and Ethel go to work on a candy-wrapping assembly line. A conveyor belt feeds them chocolates at a ridiculously fast clip. They try desperately to keep up, frantically stuffing the candy into their blouses, hats and mouths before the supervisor returns. A comedy classic.

And now a comedy cliché. Nearly 40 years after the scene was first aired—on Sept. 15, 1952, as the opening episode of *I Love Lucy's* second season—it may be the most frequently repeated bit of film in television history. One recent sighting came in October, on the NBC special *Funny Women of Television*. It got a vigorous workout during all those TV tributes to Lucille Ball following her death in April 1989. It is one of two episodes reprised in full on a laser disc released by the Criterion Collection to commemorate the show's 40th anniversary. And, of course, on any given day it is probably being shown on some local station somewhere, part of the endlessly renewable cycle of *I Love Lucy* reruns.

Has a popular art form ever been so infatuated with its past? Increasingly, it seems that we are not viewing television so much as perpetually re-viewing it. A network show that becomes a hit is only starting its TV life cycle. The next step is a big syndication deal, then years and years of reruns on local stations and cable. Virtually every TV anniversary, star's death or Emmy Awards show provides an excuse to trot out another edition of Scenes We Like to See Over and Over Again: Ralph Kramden bickering with Alice, Elvis gyrating on *Ed Sullivan,* Lou Grant meeting Mary Richards for the first time ("I hate spunk!").

CBS

Baby-boomer icons: Sullivan with sidekick Topo Gigio

FIVE PICKS FROM THE PAST

THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW It's one of the most popular shows on TBS, Ted Turner's superstation, and with good reason: it remains TV's funniest, most affectionate evocation of small-town America.

THE FUGITIVE Nearly forgotten since its mid-'60s heyday, this brooding drama about a man on the run, currently on A&E, offers intense morality plays.

I LOVE LUCY It ran for only six seasons on CBS, but the mother of all sitcoms has spawned a nostalgia industry: syndicated reruns, books, a laser disc and even a record of Ricky Ricardo music.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW Two CBS prime-time specials have recaptured the showmanship of TV's Great Stone Face. Now where are the weekly reruns?

THE DICK VAN DYKE SHOW Too little seen in recent years, this classic '60s sitcom, now on Nick at Nite, combines brilliant physical comedy with perceptive satire of suburban neuroses.

Even network prime time is falling under the spell of the past. Last February, CBS drew stellar ratings for a two-hour special celebrating *The Ed Sullivan Show,* and did nearly as well with tributes to *All in the Family* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show.* Last weekend the network launched another classic-TV binge, with homages to *M*A*S*H* and *The Bob Newhart Show,* along with a second compilation of *Sullivan* clips. In June, to much fanfare, the network introduced a new sitcom from Norman Lear. The show, *Sunday Dinner,* was soundly beaten in the ratings by the program that followed it—20-year-old reruns of Lear's *All in the Family.*

TV's recycling process has been pushed to peak capacity by a profusion of cable channels searching for low-cost programming to fill their schedules. Nick at Nite woos baby boomers each evening with campy sitcoms like *The Donna Reed Show* and *Get Smart.* The Family Channel has cornered the market in old westerns (*Wagon Train, The Virginian*), while the Arts & Entertainment Network, originally conceived as a haven for fine-arts programming, now runs oldies like *The Avengers* and *Mrs. Columbo.* Ted Turner's cable operation may attract a lot of attention with MGM movie blockbusters and environmental specials, but its most dependable ratings grabber is that unglamorous, uncolorized war-horse, *The Andy Griffith Show.*

Newer cable outlets are being forced to scrounge ever deeper in the vaults for fresh oldies. Comedy Central, the all-comedy cable network, has resurrected *C.P.O. Sharkey,* a dog from the mid-'70s starring Don Rickles. Nostalgia Television, a six-year-old network aimed at the "mature" audience, has unearthed such forgotten chestnuts as *Date with the Angels,* a short-lived '50s sitcom starring Betty White, and *The Dennis O'Keefe Show,* a one-season wonder from 1959-60.

The godfather of TV's back-to-the-past movement is the Museum of Television and Radio, a 15-year-old repository of memorabilia founded by former CBS chairman William S. Paley. At its elegant new quarters in midtown Manhattan, visitors can wander in and out of four screening rooms, browse through a computerized card catalog listing some 45,000 items, and repair to one of 96 TV and radio consoles to enjoy anything from President Kennedy's Inaugural Address to Don DeFore's inaugural appearance as Thorny on *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet.*

The museum's aggressive president, Robert Batscha, insists that his institution is not pandering to nostalgia but preserving an important social and cultural record. Sure enough, the museum has rounded up hundreds of kinescopes and tapes from TV's past that might otherwise have been lost. Its curatorial work, moreover, has sparked a revival of interest in such seminal TV figures as Jackie Gleason and Ernie Kovacs.

Rummaging through the museum's collection is rewarding on both levels—nostalgic and scholarly. A Woody Allen TV special from 1969, for example, provides a rare glimpse of Allen in his transitional phase from stand-up comic to film innovator. One segment is a brilliantly re-

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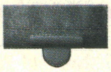

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alized silent-movie short, with Allen as the Chaplinesque hero and a young Candice Bergen as his co-star. But the show's most startling revelation is a guest appearance by the Rev. Billy Graham, who joins Allen for a lighthearted but essentially serious discussion of God, morality and premarital sex. It is fascinating simply because it could never happen on a TV entertainment show today.

The vogue for vintage TV can be at least partly attributed to the baby-boom audience, which grew up on TV and has a seemingly insatiable appetite for revisiting the media icons of youth. But it may also reflect a rejection, by audiences of all ages, of the creative exhaustion and tired formulas of most current TV fare. Television of the past was, to be blunt, not only different but very often better.

An old drama series like *The Fugitive* (with David Janssen as Dr. Richard Kimble, on the run after being wrongly convicted of murder) looks hopelessly unfashionable today, with its melodramatic narration, simplistic characters and stubborn avoidance of social relevance (no date rapists to be found). It does offer, however, something rarely seen in current TV drama: dark, intense morality tales, pitting one man's instinct for survival against his instinct for doing good.

Not every recycled show holds up so well. Some fondly remembered oldies, like *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis,* seem dated, and neither time nor camp tastes have improved *Mister Ed.* But even middling sitcoms like *The Patty Duke Show* are more effortlessly engaging than most of the nervous joke machines that pass for comedies today. Good ones like *The Dick Van Dyke Show* remind us that the trivial plot lines of old domestic comedies were often a mask for shrewd satire of suburban neuroses. The best ones, like *I Love Lucy,* which invented the vocabulary for the modern sitcom, have the formal perfection and infinite repeatability of great pop music.

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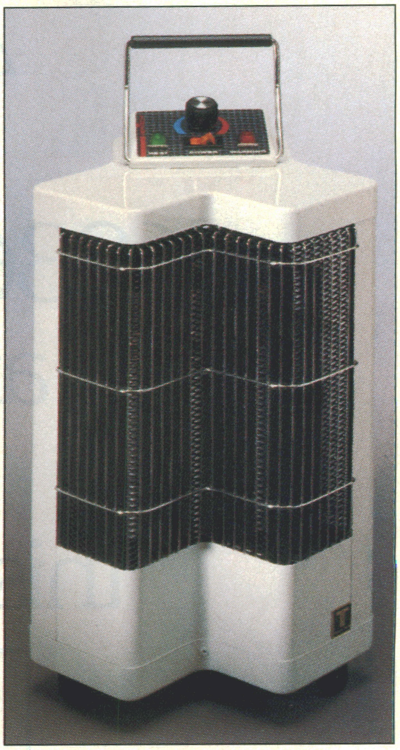

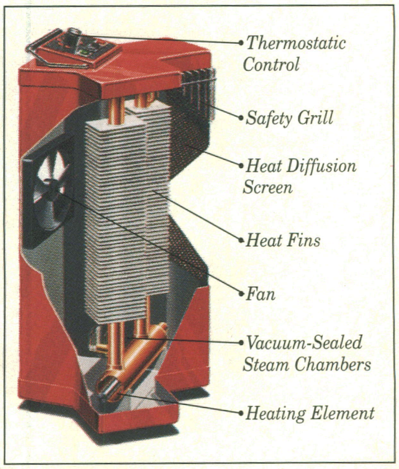

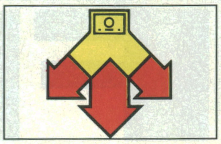

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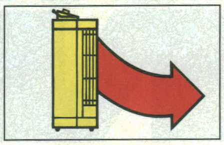

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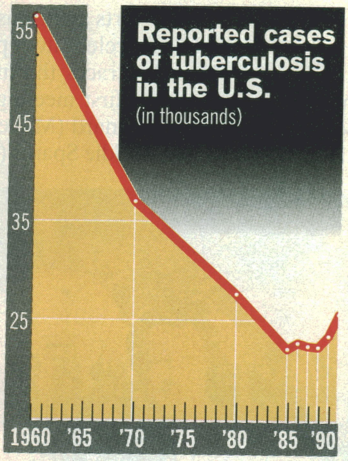
TB Takes a Deadly Turn

Doctors thought tuberculosis was under control. But now a drug-resistant strain is on the loose.

Taking the cure, circa 1920: doctors want to revive sanatoriums to ensure proper treatment and limit contagion



AMERICAN LUNG ASSOCIATION; TIME GRAPHIC SOURCE: CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL

Despite its romantic reputation, tuberculosis was never a disease of just retiring operatic heroines and "sensitive" poets. It was an indiscriminate killer, taking over 100,000 lives each year in the U.S. until the middle of this century, when antibiotics brought it under control. So when TB re-emerged in AIDS patients six years ago, it was greeted with alarm. Still, most doctors believed it posed little risk to the general population, since modern antibiotics could contain the infection before it flared into full-fledged disease.

That view appears to have been overly optimistic. Last week prison authorities in New York State revealed that 13 inmates and one guard have died of a form of tuberculosis that proved impervious to antibiotic therapy. It was the sixth major outbreak of so-called multidrug-resistant TB in the U.S. in the past two years. So far, these cases have been largely confined to AIDS patients and others with weakened immune systems. But experts fear that the disease, which kills about half those it afflicts, could spread to other groups. "TB has once again become a real killer," said Dr. Michael Iseman, a TB expert at Denver's National Jewish Center of Immunology and Respiratory Medicine.

Drug-resistant tuberculosis is not entirely new. It has arisen sporadically since antibiotic therapy was introduced in the 1940s, primarily as a result of failure to maintain proper treatment. Taming the bug usually requires up to six pills daily for six months. If a patient fails to complete this regimen or if his immune system is impaired, the drugs may knock off only the weakest germs, leaving their more tenacious, drug-resistant cousins to proliferate and possibly spread to other victims.

Until the 1980s such cases were rare. But the sudden surge in TB among AIDS patients as well as the homeless and rural poor has greatly increased the odds. "These are people that have a lot more to worry about than just taking their medicine," notes Dr. Lee Reichman, president-elect of the American Lung Association. Over 20% of TB patients in the U.S. fail to complete their therapy.

The noxious bacilli are transmitted through the air, and it is possible to contract the infection in just a few days of exposure. More typically, a person must be in close contact with an ailing patient for over a month to catch the bug. Even then, infection leads to full-fledged disease in only 5% to 10% of cases, at least among those with healthy immune systems.

Many doctors are urging the government to restore funding for the old TB-control programs and even revive sanatoriums so that infectious patients may be quarantined during their treatment. Cuts in such programs may have laid the groundwork for the recent outbreaks. "We've not been too wise over the years," concedes Dr. Dixie Snider of the Centers for Disease Control. Snider points out that almost everything about the science of TB is too old or too slow. Simply diagnosing the resistant strain can take three months or more, and treatment efforts, which succeed only half the time, last an average of three years. It may therefore require a fresh infusion of research funds as well as public health measures to catch up with an old killer that has learned some dangerous new tricks. ***—By Andrew Purvis. With reporting by Dick Thompson/ Washington***

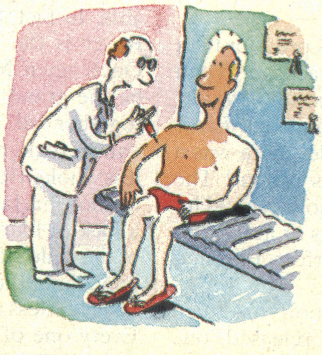
Want a Shot of Sunshine?

A new drug can tan the skin indoors, but don't throw out the Coppertone

In the 70 years since Coco Chanel's bronzed mannequins helped make the perfect tan a symbol of leisure and affluence, a well-browned body seems to have joined the pantheon of inalienable human entitlements, right there alongside life, liberty and the pursuit of good TV reception. How else to explain the fuss made last week in the prestigious *Journal of the American Medical Association* about the newest way to achieve that sun-kissed look: by injection.

In a seven-page report, with accompanying editorial, a team of scientists led by University of Arizona dermatologist Norman Levine told how, in a randomized, placebo-controlled experiment, visible tanning was induced in 15 healthy men after 10 injections of a potent hormone called MSH (melanocyte-stimulating hormone). The tans lasted nearly nine weeks with no immediate side effects beyond a brief flushing sensation and a mild stomachache.

But it's hard to imagine sun worshipers lining up at doctors' offices for their bimonthly tanning fix. No one should take any hormone without considering the long-term consequences. And as the *J.A.M.A.* editorial points out, MSH is a powerful brain chemical associated with a wide range of neurological effects; it is known to influence verbal memory in humans and sexual behavior in rats. Levine and his colleagues argue that tanning shots might offer protection for fair-skinned patients who sunburn easily, a group increasingly at risk for skin cancer as the ozone layer shrinks. But is that anything that can't be achieved at lower cost and less danger with a smear of sunscreen and a wide-brimmed hat? ■



GARY ZAMCHICK FOR TIME

Cinema

A Brassy New Golden Oldie

FOR THE BOYS Directed by Mark Rydell; Screenplay by Marshall Brickman, Neal Jimenez and Lindy Laub

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

She's all bubble, bounce and ribald badinage. And, boy, can she belt a song, especially ones from the age when people wrote songs for stars to belt. It's tempting to call Bette Midler a force of nature—except there is nothing natural about what she does. She's a living, breathing high concept, a bundle of nerve and other people's conventions (a little Mae West, a touch of Judy Garland, maybe all three Andrews Sisters rolled into one). But if as a performer Midler conjures up an older, bolder show-biz era, she doesn't nostalgize it. She gives it a rude, shrewd yet affectionate twist, satirizing and energizing it for contemporary audiences.

FRANCOIS DUHAMEL

Caan, Midler: a slightly dislocating blend of warmth and knowingness

You don't cast a creation like Midler—you package her. Or allow her to package herself, as she has in *For the Boys,* which her company produced. Not surprisingly, *Boys* comes out a lot like one of her songs, a slightly dislocating blend of warmth and knowingness.

The film, no less a golden oldie than most of those tunes, is reminiscent of the kind of '40s and '50s musicals that recounted the entire professional histories of show folk but left plenty of room for production numbers. At its best, it simultaneously evokes, subverts and transcends those sentimental and celebratory pictures.

The film traces the intertwining of an act from the first meeting of singer–funny girl Dixie Leonard (Midler) and song-and-dance man Eddie Sparks (James Caan) at a USO show in wartime England to the final tribute to them as national treasures. That treasurability derives from a willingness to perform for U.S. troops wherever and whenever they are embattled, and from the public's belief that despite the couple's bickering, they really love each other.

Maybe so, in their way. But how come they never married, and slept together only once? Well, partly because she can't help topping him onstage or in moral debate. It's hard to cuddle up to all that brass. But also because he's tricky goods, with one of those smeary little mustaches that signal untrustworthiness and the kind of stage manner from which unexamined overuse has drained both spontaneity and authenticity. Even Eddie's devotion to the USO circuit is suspect. His piety is a bit too hair-trigger, and there's always a self-serving glint in his eye when he volunteers the duo for hazardous duty. It's a way for an unlovable man to get love.

Both performers are brave in their willingness to dig into familiar show-biz types and critically, if often hilariously, deconstruct their belovedness. They are also resourceful in the ways they find to retain our affection. Good writing, in which strong satire never breaks faith with emotional reality, helps them. So do the easy stride of Mark Rydell's direction, covering a variety of ground without shortness of breath, and a lively supporting cast.

But the crucial decision was to give the film an epic scale. It encompasses 50 years, four continents and three wars, not to mention the rise of TV, the ugliness of McCarthyism and the horror of Vietnam. That spaciousness relieves the claustrophobia that sometimes builds up after prolonged exposure to larger-than-life figures (a particular danger when Midler is bent on proving herself as a dramatic actress). *For the Boys* is an ambitious film, but it wears its ambitions lightly and lovably. ■

Music

Out Front

Michael Jackson's new album bares heart and soul

By JAY COCKS

Bart Simpson, we trust, is prouder than ever of his pal Michael Jackson. When he recently ceded some Fox network airtime so that the new Jackson video *Black or White* could debut in style, there was a great outcry. The video was violent! The video was dirty! Michael's moves would incite kids to unspeakable acts of autoeroticism and social outrage! Perfect. Bart and Michael, soul mates forever.

Now that the commotion has died down and the album been released, one thing must be said: Michael sings better than Bart. Dances better too. But Bart has the edge in humor. *Dangerous* lacks only the Simpson sass to make it a dazzler. As it is, the album is merely terrific.

The *Black or White* track is driven by an infectious riff that sounds like prime Keith Richards. In fact, Slash of Guns N' Roses is the guitar man here. Once again Michael proves to be the grand master at pulling together all sorts of styles—dance, rock, rap—into a seamless whole. He may be reluctant to show his face—only his eyes, a lock of hair and a tiny image of the child star of the Jackson 5 appear in the album art—but he is fearless about his feelings. Every one of these 14 songs is out front and unashamed, whether in the soulful snap of *In the Closet* or the smoothly streetwise *Why You Wanna Trip on Me?* In his music, the reclusive Michael never gives himself a hiding place.

AP

The infamous video

This is most clear late in the album, beginning with *Will You Be There,* a song that sounds a little like *Paul McCartney's Liverpool Oratorio* and a lot like a spiritual scored for the first cathedral in outer space. Lush, sentimental sounds continue through the next two tunes before things settle back to the hard rhythm of *Black or White.* It's a virtuoso performance. Michael may wear his heart on his sleeve, but a fair portion of his soul, it seems, is still back in church. Sorry, Bart. ■

Milestones

SUSPENDED. Jack Kevorkian, 63, the retired Michigan pathologist dubbed Dr. Death because he has helped three women commit suicide; from practicing medicine; by the State Board of Medicine; in Lansing, Mich. Kevorkian first came to the attention of the authorities last year when he helped an Alzheimer's patient kill herself by hooking her up to a suicide machine he had invented. After he was charged with murder, the case was dismissed because Michigan has no law against assisted suicide. But Kevorkian was barred from helping people commit suicide in Oakland County. In October he called police to an Oakland County cabin in a recreation area north of Detroit where he had helped two women die. The county prosecutor's office is investigating their deaths.

RESIGNED. Alan Robbins, 48, consummate dealmaker and veteran Democratic California state senator; after consenting to plead guilty to federal corruption charges and to cooperate with prosecutors in their two-year probe of corruption in the state capital. Robbins agreed to a five-year prison term and a $250,000 fine. He will also be disbarred from practicing law. Robbins confessed to committing a $52,800 tax fraud, extorting more than $200,000 from a developer and taking $30,000 in bribes.

SENTENCED. Stephen Randall Jackson, 30, who sang with his superstar brother Michael in the Jacksons; to a month in jail for beating his wife and baby daughter; in Los Angeles. Jackson, known as Randy, was also ordered to serve two years' probation and to enroll in a domestic-violence rehabilitation program. His conviction is the newest scandal to shake the Jackson family: earlier this year sister La Toya charged her father with abusing her and other Jacksons, which her father denies. Brother Jermaine has criticized Michael's cosmetic surgery and hermetic life-style.

DIED. Harlon Carter, 78, militant gun-control foe who, as chief executive officer and executive vice president of the National Rifle Association from 1977 to 1985, helped turn the organization into one of the nation's most influential lobbying groups; in Green Valley, Ariz.

DIED. David ("Sonny") **Werblin,** 81, multimillionaire talent agent and a founding owner of the New York Jets; in New York City. Werblin, who climbed the ladder at the talent agency M.C.A. to represent Shirley MacLaine and Dean Martin, in 1963 bought a share of the New York Titans, renamed the Jets. By signing quarterback Joe Namath to the team at a salary of more than $400,000, Werblin helped start a bidding war for football players. "My life," he once said, "has been selling tickets."

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People

By ALEXANDER TRESNIOWSKI/Reported by Wendy Cole

ALOMA—SHOOTING STAR

No. 2, with a Bullet

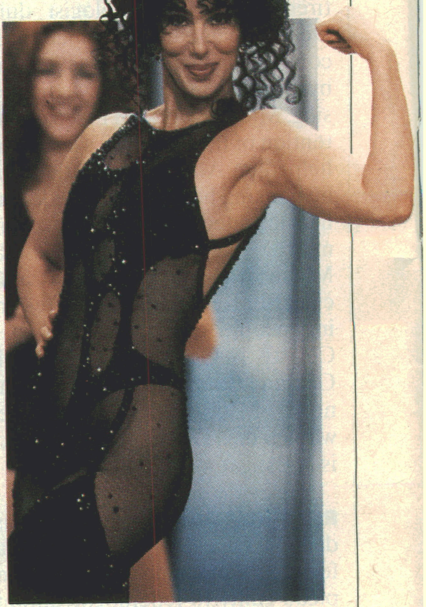
The criticism of Michael Jackson's car-smashing video rampage is kid stuff compared with the charges being hurled at rapper ICE CUBE. After his new album, *Death Certificate,* unexpectedly entered *Billboard's* pop charts at No. 2, several groups quickly denounced its lyrics (one song threatens Korean grocers; another suggests Ice Cube's former manager, "a white Jew," should be shot). "The album is a cultural Molotov cocktail," says Rabbi Abraham Cooper of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, which is trying to bar the record from stores. Even *Billboard,* in an unprecedented editorial last week, said the lyrics "express the rankest sort of racism and hatemongering." But the angry rapper insists *Death Certificate* is simply an honest statement about black life in America. "This is a racist country," he says. "I know that white America is against me. But rap music is a form of education, and as long as black kids are buying the record, that's all I care about."

CHRIS BROWN—SIPA

Here's Johnny!

As if to stem the flow of Kennedy bashing at the jury selection for the William Smith rape trial, clan members are now rushing to the West Palm Beach courthouse, most notably spiffy heartthrob **John F. Kennedy Jr.**, who last week lent his considerable aura to cousin Willie. Legal experts stressed the importance to the Smith defense of projecting family solidarity, but not all prospective jurors were impressed by the presence of the dashing assistant D.A. "He's O.K.," one told reporters, "but he's no Patrick Swayze."

Fiscal Fitness



ROBERT FERRONE

Cher is shedding these days, pounds and clothes. She's typically immodest in ads for her latest album and in her first-ever fitness video. The album is called *Love Hurts*. The video is not called *And So Do Deep Knee Bends* but rather *CherFitness*, and in it Cher bends, squats, lifts, splits and gyrates her way through a workout that, one way or another, will leave viewers breathless. Fans of Cher's music videos will recognize the trashy getup, just as her butt-baring ads for *Love Hurts* seem designed to spark sales of the fitness tape. "Cher tries to coordinate her different careers," understates a Cher rep. It's a shrewd bit of marketing synergy, a canny double dose of flesh that could even start a trend. *Abs and Buns with Madonna*? It'd sell millions.

VIRGIN RECORDS

Boy Oh Boy

Shaking off a serious late-'80s hangover, **Boy George** is back. The fey crooner's outrageous androgyny made him an early MTV favorite, and very nearly a permanent victim of cultural whiplash, but he's bravely reinvented himself as—himself, with less makeup. "I'm basically the same person," says Boy, who has become a Buddhist, meditates regularly, and is touring behind his record *The Martyr Mantras*. "I'm just more enlightened now."

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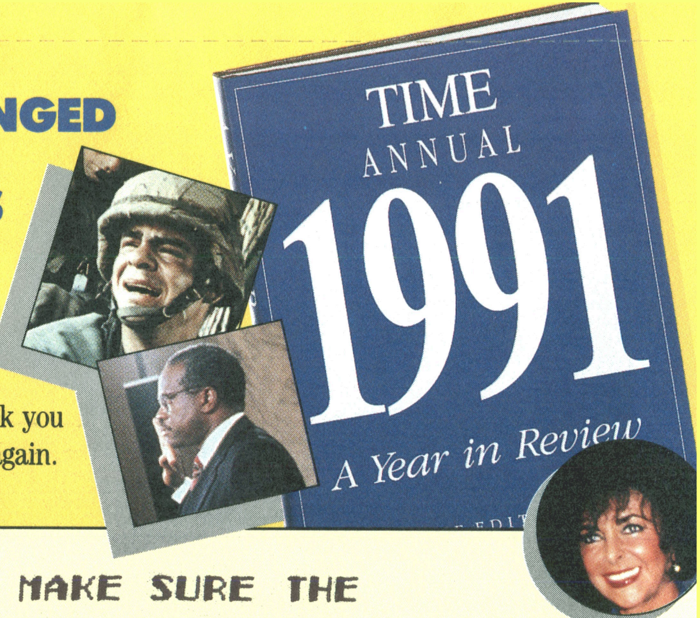

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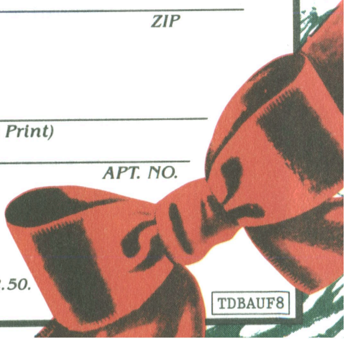

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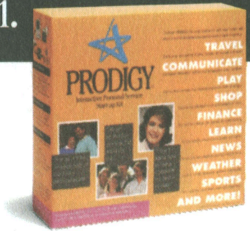

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2 ☐ Feature Film Two-Pack:
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3 ☐ Sports Video Two-Pack:
The Record Breakers of Sport and
Wimbledon '91—A Look Back

4 ☐ CD Two-Pack
Bela Fleck & The Flecktones,
Flight of the Cosmic Hippo and
Earl Klugh, *Midnight in San Juan*

5 ☐ *A Child's First Library of Learning* Books:
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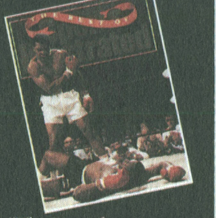
The Best of
Sports Illustrated

1. "The Best of Sports Illustrated" Book

Best Actor
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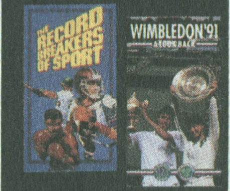
All of Me

2. Feature Film Two-Pack


The Record Breakers of Sport
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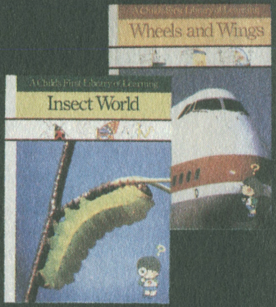
A Child's First Library of Learning
Wheels and Wings
A Child's First Library of Learning
Insect World

5. "A Child's First Library of Learning" Books